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TRAVEL PICTURES

His Highness Sir Bhawani Singh. K.C.S.I.
Raj Rana Bahadur of Jhalawar.

TRAVEL PICTURES

THE RECORD OF
A EUROPEAN TOUR

BY

BHAWANI SINGH

RAJ RANA BAHADUR OF JHALAWAR

58748

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT
AND 96 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA
1912

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TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

GEORGE THE FIFTH

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND OF THE BRITISH OVERSEA DOMINIONS AND EMPEROR OF INDIA

THIS DIARY OF A EUROPEAN TOUR IS, WITH HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

THE impressions left on my mind by a prolonged tour in Europe are given to the world with considerable diffidence. In 1904, I kept a diary recording the wonderful sights which I was privileged to witness, primarily for the benefit of my people in Jhalawar, whose ideas of European civilization were of the vaguest. Several friends who examined the MS. advised me to address a wider public; but I postponed taking action in this direction until the Coronation Durbar of 1911 had passed into history. It is the custom with Indian chiefs to offer precious gifts on such occasions to the Emperor; and, when we learnt His Imperial Majesty had expressed a wish that the practice should not be observed, it occurred to me that I might be allowed to submit the Diary of a tour in Europe in lieu of the customary presents. His Imperial Majesty having been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of my volume, I have been enabled to realize an ardent desire to do something—however little it may be—for the good of my fellow-creatures.

These facts will, perhaps, account for the delay which has occurred in the publication of "Travel Pictures." Things move rapidly in this twentieth century; the Europe of 1904 is not the Europe of 1912; many friends who welcomed me then have

joined the great majority; new ideas are current, and each has left its stamp on civilization. I venture to think, however, that the experiences of one who was an "untravelled thane" when he jotted them down may not be without interest for the public of this country, of India, and the United States.

A faithful picture must have its shading as well as its lights. My readers will, I trust, pardon the frankness with which I have indicated what appeared in my humble opinion as shortcomings in the marvellous environment which has been created in Europe by science and goodwill.

In conclusion, I would express my deep obligations to Mr. Francis H. Skrine, late of the Indian Civil Service, for a very careful revision of my Diary; and to Major R. A. E. Benn, C.I.E., now Political Agent in Baluchistan, who was truly a "guide, philosopher and friend" throughout my wanderings.

BHAWANI SINGH

59 CROMWELL ROAD,
LONDON, S.W., *Oct.* 1912.

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CHAPTER I

BOMBAY TO MARSEILLES

We left Bombay at 11.45 on April 16th, 1904. On reaching the Ballard Pier, we were taken for medical examination to the Port-Doctor, who received us very politely, felt our pulse, and gave each of us a pass. Thakur Umrao Singh, Dr. Ramlal, Abdulghafur Khan and Onkar, who formed my party, were allowed to come with me to the Docks; the rest remained outside. Though I was going on a pleasure trip, I felt greatly the separation from my people, whom I was leaving. Just as we reached the Docks one of the steam-launches left without us, but I was glad of this mishap, as it afforded me an opportunity of bidding them a long farewell. At last we took our seats in a launch which put out to sea, and the little group who had come with me from my Capital, Jhalrapatan, dwindled to the merest speck.

When we reached the S.S. "Egypt" a ladder was thrown from the steamer to the launch, and we all boarded her easily. Dr. Ramlal too, though naturally very nervous, did not find any difficulty in transferring himself to the great ship.

On leaving Bombay, we found ourselves in the waters of the Arabian Sea. It is a continuation of the Indian Ocean, which is bounded on the North by Beluchistan and Arabia and on the South by an imaginary line which passes through 30° of South latitude. The colour of the water where the steamer had been lying was muddy; after steaming for two or three hours it turned to green, and next day, when we were in the open sea, it changed again to deep blue.

The steamer was a quite new thing to us, and we therefore had some difficulty in finding our cabin, but as I saw other passengers hurrying to theirs, I had to ask my way. On reaching the cabin assigned to me I sent for its steward, named Kemp, who proved most obliging. We made a mistake in bringing so many trunks into the cabin, as it was very small, being meant to accommodate three passengers only. It contained an *almeira*, or cupboard with three drawers, two wash-stands, and a writing table. There was a port-hole on one side, through which a sufficient supply of fresh air came in. In my opinion one should take only a trunk for three changes of clothes and an evening dress suit, and a smaller box to hold shirts, of which one is required every day. An overcoat and an umbrella should never be forgotten; they can be placed in a hold-all.

We felt very lonely and uncomfortable, and had to look to the steward for everything. On the first evening we did not go into the saloon, but asked him to bring our dinner to the cabin. We were quite helpless, and so had to keep quiet; fortunately we had some fruit with us.

The whole steamer was lighted with electricity. Our cabin, not being on the deck, was rather close, and we were much afraid of being sea-sick, but I did not feel anything of the sort. The steamer was very steady, the sea being calm. Owing to the discomfort and anxiety, we were so tired that we were all asleep by nine o'clock. The cabin which had been assigned to Abdulghafur and Onkar, being on a lower deck, was not a good one, and they felt very miserable. In fact, their cabin was below water-line, and the port-hole had to be kept shut all the time. I told them to sit in ours, which was quite a treat to them. Electric fans can be fixed up in the cabins at a low price, and one should certainly hire them, as they are a great comfort, especially in the Red Sea.

There were only a few bathrooms in this steamer, and sometimes one had to wait a long time for one's turn. Passengers donned a dressing-gown, armed themselves with a big towel, and stood waiting outside the bath-rooms until one was vacant. At first I did not like the idea of bathing

in salt water, but after sluicing myself once, my opinion changed, and I enjoyed it very much. The marble bath had two taps, which gave hot and cold water, but the quantity of fresh water allowed to each bather was not large.

At 7 a.m. every morning, tea and coffee were served to the passengers, with biscuits and various kinds of fruit. The breakfast hour was 8.30, after we had taken our bath. There were eight or nine courses. A man who is not accustomed to English food finds it rather difficult of digestion.

When we went on deck I met an Indian gentleman who had spoken to me in the steam-launch. He proved to be the Hon. Amir Ali, one of the Justices of the Calcutta High Court. He told me that he was writing a History of the Saracens, in which he was going to prove that the Mohammedans and Rajputs are descended from a common stock.

At one o'clock luncheon was served. There were again nine or ten courses, and ices were handed round at the end, which are very pleasant when the weather is warm. After luncheon, Sunday service was held in the dining-saloon. The ceremony was very impressive, and hymns were sung at intervals. I visited the Library; a passenger can become a member by subscribing half a crown for the voyage, and is then entitled to take out one book at a time. It contained a good many, but most of them were novels; there were no scientific works whatever. We went up and sat on deck, where it was rather windy, as a nice breeze was blowing. It is better to remain on deck as much as possible, because the cabins are usually stuffy.

Every Sunday a muster is held of the crew and stokers; it is the duty of the latter to look after the furnaces in the engine-room and see to the proper supply of coal for combustion. It must be a real treat for them, as they have to take a bath and change their clothes before the Sunday muster. All of them belong to tropical or semi-tropical countries—Abyssinians, Indians, Arabs, Negroes and Chinese being represented. It would seem that Negroes are most suited for this sort of work, for the air of their habitat is

nearly as hot as the engine-room, and their skulls of immense thickness.

A deck-chair is indispensable, and if a passenger can take one or two extra, so much the better. No one should be without binoculars either, for these are useful when one happens to see other steamers at a distance, looking like toys on a vast sheet of water. Flying fish are abundant in these seas; they have wings and can fly for a considerable distance, but always close to the surface of the water. It is very amusing to watch the antics of their enemies, the porpoises. These big fish dive into the water and spring out of it again. In this way they go on diving and jumping while they keep pace with the ship.

The steamer makes a sort of path in its rear. I heard an amusing story about it which related to the time when the last Expedition was sent out to China. One of the Pathans from the frontier, who had never beheld the sea in his life, and was of course quite ignorant as to how ships were steered, seeing a path behind the steamer and none in front, expressed his surprise to his English officer, and wanted to know how the captain was able to steer his ship when there was no track in front! When the sun shines at a proper angle on the spray caused by the motion of a steamer, a tiny rainbow is produced which looks very lovely.

If a passenger is fond of reading, he cannot find a better place in which to indulge his taste than on a steamer. It is really very pleasant to sit on deck and read. Life on board ship is very regular and simple; one gets everything required by merely asking for it. Tickets are supplied for mineral waters, etc., and all one has to do is to enter on the ticket the article required, together with one's name and the number of one's berth, and the article in question will be sent at once to the cabin.

Every week there are two baggage-days, on which the hold is opened for the passengers, and they can get their things if their trunks are marked "Wanted on the Voyage."

Lemon-squash is a common beverage on board. I saw some passengers sipping it through straw tubes, and thought at first they were taking medicine. But one day I ordered

lemon-squash, which was brought to me with a straw tube, and I soon found it was something far more pleasant.

Generally the officers on a steamer are very polite, and if a passenger wants to know all about the navigation, he should make acquaintance with them. Our Captain's name was "Lendon." I visited him in his room and expressed a wish to know how a ship was steered. He took me to another room, where one of the quarter-masters was turning a small steering-wheel, which kept the ship's head on the course indicated by a revolving compass in front of him. The Captain also showed me how time is ascertained with the sextant, and then introduced me to Mr. Wright, the Chief Engineer, whom he asked to show me the engines. Mr. Wright took me to the engine-room, deep down in the hold. The first question which occurred to my mind was, "How can such heavy things float in water?" The temperature here was 108° Fahrenheit, but the Engineer told me that in hot weather it goes up as high as 120°. It is fearfully hard work for the stokers and others who have to be there. In this ship there are two engines which supply the motive power for everything she needs. They distil water, pump it up, steer the ship, light it with electricity; and the electric bells and fans are also worked by them: they make ice and clean the steamer, and indeed are "jacks of all trades." Mr. Wright explained everything to me, but it was so noisy in his realm that I could not catch all his words. On reaching the upper region again, I felt quite exhausted.

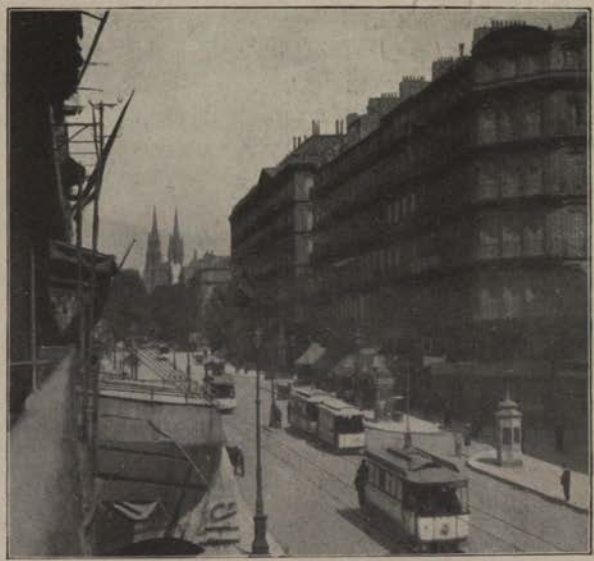
Towards evening on April 19th a wind sprang up, and the waves began to rise. While we were at dinner, some water found its way into the dining-saloon, through the port-hole, and two gentlemen at table were drenched. During the night it happened two or three times that water came into my cabin through the port-hole. The "wind-sail" is a tube made of iron. In calm weather it is attached to the port-hole on the outside of the ship, catches the wind and sends it into the cabin. When the sea is rough the port-holes are closed.

I passed a bad night, and could not sleep at all, owing to my expedition to the engine-room. In the morning the sea

became so calm that we did not feel the motion of the ship. After breakfast we went on deck, from whence we saw the coast of Arabia. We tried our binoculars, but to little purpose, as there was not much to see. The mountains, apparently of sandstone, remained visible for two or three hours. All the passengers were enjoying themselves on deck, when suddenly we heard the alarm whistle. A number of sailors and *khalasis* ran to the upper deck, got into a life-boat, and began to lower it. Soon afterwards, however, another whistle was heard, which indicated that their services were no longer required, and so they got out of the boat and secured it as before. We learnt afterwards that it was only a test. Such alarms are given to see whether the people belonging to the steamer are doing their work properly, and the life-boats in good order.

On the 20th April at 11 p.m. we reached Aden. As it was night-time we could only see the lights of the town and a huge mountain in the back-ground. As soon as our steamer was anchored, a steam-launch brought two boats full of coal. After they had been secured to the steamer, a crowd of coolies began coaling. On such occasions the port-holes of the cabins occupied by the passengers are closed by a thick circular glass, rimmed with brass, to prevent coal dust entering. But fresh air is also excluded, and as the steamer lay at anchor the heat became unbearable. Besides, the coolies made a fearful din. Several times I went on deck, but could not get a breath of air. I sat down to a game of cards with a Parsi gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted on the ship. There were also two or three Indian gentlemen on board, whose acquaintance I was glad to make. They were very polite, and when they learnt it was our first voyage they did their best to make me and my party comfortable. Mr. Barucha was from Bombay, and Mr. Vakil of Ahmedabad was accompanied by his nephew. These nice people lent me books. There were also two Parsi ladies who were going to America.

I sent a telegram to Major R. A. Benn, of the Indian Political Department, who had been deputed by Government to accompany me during my tour, to the effect that I



MARSEILLES, THE CANNEBIÈRE

CASCADE IN THE PALAIS DE LONGCHAMPS

would not disembark at Suez, as I had intended, owing to the quarantine. I also asked him to come on board at Port Said, adding that we would leave the steamer at Marseilles.

On the morning of April 21st we passed through the straits of Babelmandeb, between Arabia and Africa. The sea here is very narrow, and so we could make out the mountain-ranges on both sides. We had now entered the Red Sea, and some people expected to find the water of that colour.

After luncheon we were sitting in our cabin when Kemp came to tell us that the Captain wanted to examine the compasses, as it was a very favourable place to do so, inasmuch as it abounded in small islands. We dressed in haste and went on deck. We saw two or three lofty hills standing out of the sea, one of which had a light-house. The mountains are quite barren, without even a blade of grass. The Red Sea is full of reefs, and often stormy; hence many light-houses have been erected on its coast. A new system of throwing light is adopted, by which flashes at short intervals are succeeded by a longer period of darkness. Each light-house has its particular group of flashes, and every captain of a ship has a chart showing how many to expect. A concert was held in the music-saloon after dinner. We spent a very restless night, for the Sea seems to get "red" hot; it bears a very appropriate name after all.

Every morning a lottery takes place. Tickets, bearing various numbers indicating the number of miles the ship is likely to travel that day, are drawn, and then sold by auction to the highest bidder. At noon, when bearings by the sun are taken, the number of miles which the steamer has made is given out, and the passenger who bought that number wins the whole stakes.

During the afternoon of 22nd April, while we were sitting on the deck, an alarm-whistle was heard, which we thought was testing the sailors, but seeing all the passengers hurrying to one side we followed them and learnt that a lascar had fallen overboard. At first we could see nothing, but after a few seconds made out a black object floating on the surface. As soon as the ship drew near, the life-boat was lowered and

quickly rowed to the spot where the poor fellow was floating, with the help of a life-belt which had been thrown to him. After he had been lifted into the boat a roar of applause arose from the passengers, who were watching the scene with much anxiety. The man was quite unconscious when rescued.

I had a long talk with Mr. Barucha, who was a great admirer of the Maharaja of Gwalior. I was glad to hear such appreciative remarks about an Indian Prince.

It was chilly when we neared Suez, and we were glad to get into warmer clothes. That morning we saw a flight of pelican; these birds have a pouch near their necks, which they fill with fish.

At 2.30 p.m. on April 24th we reached Suez, where the steamer was anchored for some time. There is a mountain in the background, but the town is picturesquely situated on a plain. The sight of trees, where everything else is dry and barren, was most refreshing to the eye. On a promontory there are a few buildings occupied by Consuls and other high officials. A bay separates the town from these buildings. The town is connected by a railway line from Cairo, and during the short time we stayed there we saw two railway trains running. The houses are generally four storeys high and are painted in different colours, which do not blend at all; every man has his own fancy. The mail was taken on board. I received a letter from Major Benn, and the mail agent kindly gave me Reuter's telegrams. The passengers were delighted to read them, as they had had no news since we left Aden. The Egyptian medical authorities boarded us to examine passengers. We were told to sit in the dining-saloon, and then, as each was called by name, he went on deck. The doctor did not feel our pulse, he merely ascertained whether we were able to walk. These precautions are taken in order to detect the presence of plague or cholera on board.

We had also a printing-press which did job work. I learnt this on seeing the programme of a concert given on board. I had noticed the dinner and other menus in print before, but I thought that the authorities, with their accurate

knowledge of everything connected with the ship, had had the menus printed in Bombay before starting.

A few gendarmes of the Egyptian Government came on board to preserve quarantine by preventing passengers from going ashore. They belong to different nationalities, for the Egyptian service is free to all, without restriction.

Before starting from Suez a pilot came on board to steer us through the Suez Canal, which extends to Port Said. Its length is only about 100 English miles, a quarter of which had to be excavated, while the rest is formed of the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah. The breadth of the Canal averages 327 feet, though in some places it is less than this. At the bottom it is only 72 feet, and the depth is kept at 26 feet. At first manual labour was utilised to clear the bottom of mud, but that system did not work effectively, and so steam-dredging was applied. I saw many dredgers which were scooping mud from the bottom of the Canal. The mechanism resembles our *rainths*, or water-wheels used for irrigation. Just as there are small pots in the *rainth*, which lift water out of the well, so a dredger carries buckets, which go down empty and come up filled with mud. The latter is transferred to smaller boats, which discharge it into deep sea. The level of the Red Sea is only six inches higher than that of the Mediterranean. Napoleon Bonaparte thought of making this Canal in 1798, but the engineers of that time declared that the level of the Red Sea was 33 feet higher than that of the Mediterranean, and so he gave up the idea. In the Canal, at suitable distances, stations are built where steamers can pass one another. Here I saw a search-light for the first time; to-night they are using it to discover the course of the ship, which is marked by buoys, lighted with gas after dark. When a ship has an electric head-light, everything in front can be seen very clearly.

When I got up on the morning of April 25th our ship was nearing Port Said. We took thirteen hours coming through the Canal, and reached Port Said between 9 and 10 a.m. This town appeared neat and clean, but the absence of trees made it look barren. There are some very good buildings, which we could see from our ship. The quarters occupied

by the Canal officers are magnificent, and those of the higher class agents hardly less extensive. Thomas Cook & Son, Henry S. King & Co., Pears' Soap, and the *Times of India* are advertised in huge letters on the wall of a house. There is a light-house which is 180 feet high, and is supplied with strong electric light. Near by there stands a statue of the French engineer, Count de Lesseps, who made the Suez Canal. It shows de Lesseps with his right hand pointing out the Canal to approaching steamers. His was a wonderful work, and was completed by French engineers, for their English colleagues laughed the project to scorn. After many delays it was begun in 1859, and practically completed in ten years.

Major Benn came on board at Port Said and handed me a letter from Sir Curzon Wyllie, in which the latter kindly promised to do all he could for me in London.

The halting places on the Suez Canal reminded me of the rural railway stations in India. They are groups of small godowns, each of which has its patch of verdure. Fresh water is supplied from a special canal connected with the Nile, which enables station-masters to lay out tiny gardens and even to rear trees, which break the dull monotony of the desert. There is a railway line from Suez to Alexandria, which was much used in old times, but since the completion of the Canal very few people cross the Isthmus by land. Midway in its course the line approaches the Canal and then runs alongside it to Port Said. In the southern portion there are no trees on either bank, but as soon as it meets the fresh-water canal there is plenty of coarse grass and some trees.

We reached Port Said between 9 and 10 a.m. on April 26th, and left for Marseilles at 7 in the evening. Although it was dinner-time, I went on deck to see the lights of Port Said. The light-house, fitted with electric light, throws its beams to a great distance. At Port Said our ship again took in coal, and we endured the same noise and discomfort that we had experienced at Aden. When our steamer emerged into the Mediterranean, she began to roll a bit, but it was a nice cool evening, and we enjoyed ourselves on deck.

A doctor is provided by the P. & O., but I did not require his services, having my own attendant in the person of Dr. Ramlal. We had taken with us a medicine chest from Bombay, which proved a great convenience. Early in the morning Kemp told me that the body of a European passenger was being taken on deck for burial. I dressed myself quickly and went on deck, but the sea had already claimed its prey, and the Bishop of Lahore was reading the final prayer, after which the Union Jack, which had been placed on the coffin, was taken away by a sailor. Funerals at sea are of rare occurrence, and, from what I have heard from other people, I gather that they are very impressive ceremonies.

There is a barber's shop on board, but it would hardly be wrong to call it a general emporium of small commodities. In India barbers are renowned for being talkative, and their European confrères are not free from this habit.

The Mediterranean Sea is often rough. Our ship began to roll, making us feel very uncomfortable. I remained in bed, and my port-hole was closed as the sea rose higher, sometimes darkening the cabin. I found lemon-squash and champagne better preventives of sea-sickness than the remedies brought by Dr. Ramlal.

On April 27th we passed the island of Candia, or Crete, but could see only the peaks of lofty mountains.

On April 28th the ship began to roll violently, and I felt very miserable indeed. If it had been possible I should have landed, for I longed to set my feet on *terra firma*. During the afternoon we entered the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily. The former is more picturesque. The white houses of the town of Messina and Reggio, dotting the green mountain slopes, looked very beautiful, and it was interesting to watch the railway trains speeding along the coast and crossing the numerous bridges necessitated by mountain torrents. The island of Sicily appears to be barren, but is not so in harvest time. Communication with the mainland is maintained by small boats, but the day will come when Italy and Sicily are connected by means of a tunnel.

On April 28th we passed through the narrow Straits of Bonifaccio, between Sardina and Corsica. The latter island produces excellent ponies, small in stature but very strong. But Corsica's chief title to fame is the fact that it was the birth-place of Napoleon, who, if the Fates had been kind to him, might well have conquered India. The small island of Elba, lying to the east of Corsica, was his sole domain after he had been beaten by the Allies in 1814.

On the morning of April 30th we neared Marseilles. After breakfast we reached the quarantine station, close to the ancient Château d'If, well known by hearsay to readers of *Monte Christo*. Here our ship cast anchor, pending the doctor's visit; on satisfying him that we were free from infection, we were allowed to proceed to the landing-place. It was a great sight for me—the vast number of vessels lying in harbour. As soon as our ship came alongside the quay, the gang-way was lowered, and passengers swarmed ashore. Major Benn was of great use to us; without him I should have been very helpless. He arranged everything so admirably that all I had to do was to get into a carriage and drive to our hotel.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL TO PARIS AND LONDON

On reaching the Grand Hôtel du Louvre et de la Paix, our carriage drove under a circular porch, roofed with glass. We were shown into the lift, which, as soon as we had taken our seats, flew upwards to the floor on which our reserved suite was situated. A waiter who accompanied us led the way into our rooms, which were really splendid. I was so struck with their grandeur that I had to express amazement to Major Benn. The wall-paper in my sitting-room was very pretty; the ceiling displayed different designs in gold, and the curtains were of rich tapestry. By and by I began to think more calmly, and then examined the things with greater care. What a poor life Indian Princes lead compared with that of a passenger who has taken up his abode for a day or two in such a palace as this! In front of my room there was a balcony which overlooked the street, and even from my writing-table I could see everything that was going on beneath. Electric tramways pass the hotel every two minutes, and there is a never-ending flow of carriages. This hotel has seven storeys, but some buildings have eight or nine, and there are many, of course, with fewer. Carts, carrying grain and other heavy commodities, rattled by, drawn by six or seven horses in a team. French horses seem to be almost as big and strong as our Indian elephants!

We wished to go out for a drive during the afternoon, but could not get a decent carriage for love or money; so many weddings were taking place at this time of the year that

nearly all the carriages had been hired. I saw many wedding parties passing, and, by way of contrast, a funeral procession. The coffin, draped in dark blue cloth, with a cross of white cloth, was placed in an open hearse. The chief mourners who followed in carriages were bareheaded, and every passer-by took off his hat as the cortège drove slowly by.

Major Benn speaks French quite fluently, and did everything necessary for us; I cannot express what a comfort he was to me. Towards evening we got a dirty-looking carriage and drove to the telegraph office, a huge building, in the centre of which were two tables supplied with writing materials. In small wooden boxes the telegraph forms were automatically arranged, so that when one takes out a form another hangs half way down. On one side telegraphic messages are written, and if one wants to send a telephonic message, he has to write it on the reverse side. I think this is an excellent arrangement.

We called at booksellers' shops, and bought Baedeker's *Guide to Spain*, and two manuals of conversation in Spanish and English. A constant flow of men and women is to be seen on both sides of the streets, which are paved with stones, while the side-walks are reserved for pedestrians. The shops are fitted with electric bells and lights; they are closed on Sundays, for it is forbidden to work on that day, when country people come into town to enjoy themselves. Coffee and wine are the favourite drinks of the French. I bought a camera, which proved very useful; I felt grateful to my friend Major Benn for the suggestion. People here are very fond of dogs; and women of the lower classes walk about the streets without any hats. As soon as the doors of one's bedroom are opened, one is greeted by the noise of the traffic, which is incessant.

After tea, Major Benn and I went for a walk. We passed along a famous thoroughfare called the Cannebière, and went as far as the church of St. Vincent de Paul. Near this church there is a beautiful boulevard serving as a promenade for all classes. There are *Chinars* or plane trees on either side, which give plenty of shade. Men and women were walking there in endless streams. Cafés seem very popular;

they are crowded with families enjoying themselves in a simple way.

Though we were to be in Marseilles for a very short time, we had the good fortune to see most of the characteristics of the place. This city is noted for strikes, and one was in progress at the time of our visit. The strikers paraded the streets with flags and banners, while thousands of people followed them, creating a fearful dust.

Near the church of St. Vincent de Paul stands the monument of " Les Mobiles des Bouches du Rhône," which is a beautiful production by a M. Turcan. France is shown as wounded, with her brave soldiers at the foot of the monument. We went to the " Jardin Borely," formerly a private garden, but now laid out as a public park. I noticed many European trees and plants which one never sees in India. The walks are bordered with shrubs, and the slopes covered with the choicest flowering plants. There is a small pond, which the guide told us had been frozen over some fifteen years ago, when the people of Marseilles actually skated on it. It is very seldom that snow falls here. There is also a museum attached to this garden, which contains Egyptian articles. I was very interested with some mummies four thousand years old, and I learnt that dead bodies were embalmed, after the heart and intestines had been removed and placed in jars ; we saw some which were used for keeping human ashes, proving the great antiquity of cremation. We were also shown some coffins which had contained dead bodies ; the corpse's biography was written in hieroglyphics on the lid. We saw many articles of interest pertaining to ancient Greece and Rome ; some enormous jars used for keeping oil and other substances, and a flour-mill resembling those used in India. Some European visitors expressed surprise at the mill, and remarked that the ancients used very rough means for grinding corn. If they went to India they would see every house provided with such appliances. We saw many human faces carved in marble and other stones. The sculpture is really beautiful ; people of those days did very fine work with tools of the roughest kind. There were some pillars, the

carving of which was magnificent, and so deep that it could hardly be copied with the aid of machinery. Then we went upstairs to inspect the curtains and tapestries made two hundred years ago at the Gobelins manufactory. They represent trees, creepers, flowers, and are so exquisitely and ingeniously worked that they look as fresh as if they had left the loom but yesterday. There are also some chairs upholstered in the same stuff. Gobelins tapestry is very rare, and fetches enormous prices; modern manufacturers try to imitate it and make money by such shams. There is a chapel too, which M. Borely, who sold the garden to the town, kept for his private use. We also saw some old English armour. There is a miniature plan of Marseilles as it was in 1821; since that time a great many harbours and buildings have been added. In front of this house there is a small tank which contains fish of different colours. Two stone lions stand on either side, discharging water from their mouths. Further on some fountains were playing; the white spray rising from them looked beautiful against the background of green lawns and trees. The turf was of emerald hue, and here and there were many beds planted with gorgeous flowers. After going round the park we drove to the Palace Hotel by the "Prado." Here we took coffee, as all French people do on Sundays. We passed a bridge which is named the "Bridge of False Money." The story told by our guide was, that in old days many spurious coins got into circulation. People began to suspect that there was a regular band of *budmashes*, or swindlers who counterfeited the coins, and so the police were ordered to bring the culprits to book. They lit upon a cave near this place where the false money was made. On a search being instituted, all the tools were found there, whence the name of the bridge. Driving by the Rue de Corniche, we saw the old and the southern ports. Owing to the strikes there were a number of ships at anchor without a single sailor on board. The Roman Catholic Church here is a very fine edifice. Its foundation stone was laid about fifty years ago, but the building has not yet been completed. The guide told us that subscriptions were being continually raised, and that as soon

as a certain sum has been collected, the work is started again. On the port we saw thousands of persons in a great state of excitement, owing to the elections which were going on at that time for the Chamber of Deputies, a French House of Commons.

In the evening, after dinner, we went to a variety entertainment. We were surprised to see the audience wearing straw hats and not in evening dress. There were some acrobats who performed very difficult feats, and a buffoon excited roars of laughter. Returning to our hotel we heard much shouting and singing below, so I went out on the balcony to see what was going on. It was an election crowd, talking, gesticulating and drinking. When an election takes place the candidate plays all sorts of tricks with the people of his constituency; he makes them drunk and then asks them to vote for him. I think that such a practice should not be allowed, for a vote given under such circumstances is of no value. We saw a few carts drawn by donkeys. As the island of Corsica is not far from here, people use its tough little ponies in carriages. We went to the Palais de Longchamps, which is a very fine building, containing a museum and picture gallery in either wing. In the middle there is a triumphal arch, through which a cascade of water falls into a basin. At the head of the cascade there is a figure representing the river Durance, in a chariot drawn by four bulls, accompanied by others symbolizing wine and wheat. Marseilles is supplied with water from this river: the canal which brings the water is a triumph of modern architecture. It is fifty-seven miles long, and at one place it passes through a tunnel of considerable length. In the museum we saw some excellent sculpture carved out of huge marble blocks. The best group represents Jesus Christ and His Mother. The expression on the Virgin Mary's countenance, as she gazes at her son, is most life-like, and does great credit to the sculptor. In the upper storey we saw some very large paintings. I was simply horrified to see one of the Massacre of the Innocents. It was a whim of King Herod of Judea, who ordered all children in arms of up to two years old to be slain, in order to destroy the infant Jesus. There is a

Zoological Garden in the rear of the Palace. After quitting it we ascended a lofty hill by means of a lift, and the panorama grew more and more beautiful as we mounted. On reaching the summit, the whole town of Marseilles lay below us. These lifts are worked by electricity, and the weight of passengers counteracted by water. There are two cars which go up and descend simultaneously, that is to say, when one goes up the other comes down. The top is about 270 feet above the ground. We entered a church known by the name of "Notre Dame de la Garde," owing to the protection which the Virgin Mary is supposed to give to mariners. It stands on the highest point in Marseilles, and offers a landmark to ships twenty miles from shore. The dome is crowned by a figure of the Virgin Mary, 50 feet high, made in three pieces only, and heavily gilt. Though this church is quite small, the rich mosaic work of the ceiling is most imposing. The principal altar displayed birds and other pretty designs worked in mosaic. That on the ceiling is made of small pieces of stone, or glass imitating gold. Candles, some of which were 3 feet in length, were burning near the gateway, and there was an altar for the reception of *ex votos*, or offerings made in pursuance of a vow taken at a time of great danger. There were two red lamps, in which the lights were kept perpetually burning, and therefore called "everlasting lights." Over the principal altar there is a figure of the Virgin Mary, 3 feet high; the heat of the candles melted the first one, but now another has been put up in its place. Many of the congregation held strings of beads in their hands and were whispering *Pater Nosters* equivalent to our "Ram, Ram." There were a few confessionals, or enclosed recesses of wood. The priest takes his seat in one of them and the person who wishes to confess his sins whispers them through a stone lattice-work which prevents his being seen by the priest. This church is approached by a drawbridge. As we were entering, we met some nuns coming out. There is a company of soldiers who guard the place, and as soon as a ship is seen from here, the news is telephoned to different places in the town.

On the 3rd May, after luncheon, we drove to the cathedral,

" Sainte Marie Majeure," which is a magnificent building. The central dome is no less than 197 feet in height. In the chancel is a figure of Jesus Christ, which represents Him after He had been crucified; blood is oozing from His side and a crown of thorns is on His head. Near the cathedral there is a bronze statue of Archbishop Belsunce, who tended sufferers from the plague of 1720. It was imported by a vessel hailing from Smyrna, and claimed sixty thousand victims.

At 8 p.m. on May 3rd we left Marseilles for Barcelona, travelling by a line which runs more or less parallel to the Mediterranean coast. The early part of the night there was no moon, but when it rose, most beautiful scenery was unfolded before us. On one side was the sea, and on the other hills and woods, which looked lovely. After travelling for several hours our train stopped at Cette, a busy little seaport founded in 1666 by Colbert, who did more to develop the industries of France than all her kings put together. There are two hills on each side of the harbour, which are fortified and held by a considerable garrison.

At 3 a.m. next day we reached Portbou, where the French and Spanish boundaries meet. Every Customs facility was kindly afforded us. The country between the frontier and Barcelona is studded with villages, which looked very picturesque, with forests, fields and the snow-clad Pyrenees in the background. The peasants prepare their fields with the greatest care, leaving no clod unbroken, and reducing the earth to a finely pulverised condition. Considering the rugged and mountainous character of the country very little land is left uncultivated. Water for irrigating the fields is lifted from wells by a wheel resembling our Indian *dhekli*. Indeed it has an eastern origin, having been imported into Spain by her Saracen conquerors. Rain water is also utilised; it flows from the hills through trenches paved with stone, which drain off the surplus not required for irrigation.

On reaching Barcelona at 8 a.m. we put up at the " Grand Hôtel de Colon," which is a magnificent building facing the " Plaza," the biggest square in Europe. The Spanish women cover their heads with a sort of veil called a mantilla, made

of lace, while those of Marseilles go about without anything on their heads. The public conveniences of this city have more privacy than those at Marseilles. I think the French might well follow the example of Barcelona in this respect. The hotel is very modern, and every room is fitted with telephones, electric bells and lights. The staircase is of marble, which is very pleasant to walk on. There is also an automatic lift which takes people up and down, saving their time and energy. Our rooms look out on a very wide thoroughfare, which is known by the name of " Rambla." Electric tramways run along it every five minutes, and there are altogether seven roads, two pavements for pedestrians, and two lines for tramways. Barcelona ranks next to the Spanish capital in importance. In this part of the country, the door of a house draped with a black curtain indicates that someone within the house lies dead. The same custom is followed in the churches ; if black curtains are put on the church doors, one knows that a funeral service is going on. Barcelona is surrounded with hills, and on one of them called Montjuich there is a citadel which protects the harbour. Another may be ascended by means of a funicular, literally " cable," railway. This has two carriages, which are attached to the ends of a cable working on iron cog-wheels placed between the two rails, on which the carriages run. At the top there is a huge roller which turns round, and with each revolution it winds up one end of the rope and lets go the other end. In this way, while one carriage ascends the other descends, and the weight of the one counterbalances that of the other. The city of Barcelona and the harbour lie below as one mounts in the car, and are seen at their best. The weather of Europe cannot be relied upon, but in Spain there are more chances of its being fine than further north. On the top of the hill there was a shooting range, which was quite a new thing to Thakur Umrao Singh. He and Major Benn tried some shots, and were successful in some of them, but Dr. Ramlal was very cautious, and never risked any adventures. On our way back we saw the Columbus Monument, at the top of which stands a colossal statue of the discoverer of America. From this place we

BARCELONA

A MAIN THOROUGHFARE

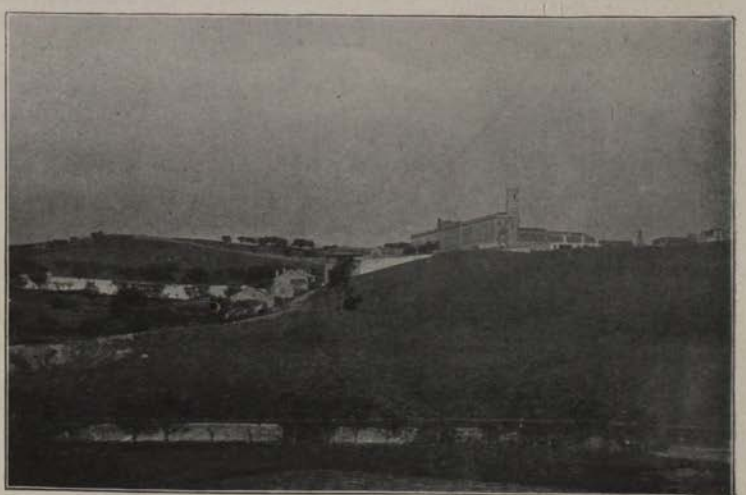
could see the whole town and the harbour spread out like a raised map.

There is a cemetery at Barcelona which is well worth seeing. There are hundreds of monuments displaying statues, besides family vaults which cannot be opened till two years after the last coffin buried there. If a second death takes place in the same family within that period, a vault is hired until the two years have elapsed, so that even a dead man has to pay for his temporary abode. These vaults are covered with creepers, which look very beautiful, and beds planted with the choicest flowers abound. Unless he were told, a visitor would hardly know that it was a cemetery. One of the monuments commemorates a doctor who was very expert in anatomy, and displays a rather gruesome skeleton on his grave, beautifully carved in white marble. There are some larger ones which are very fine indeed. The people of Spain, being Roman Catholics, take delight in spending lavishly on things which to others seem an utter waste of money. Some have lavished fortunes in this way. The cemetery has been excavated from a rocky hill which overhangs the Mediterranean Sea.

I left Barcelona for Madrid by the night train on May 5th, and next morning found myself in a rugged and mountainous country, of which every available square inch was covered with some crop or other. In hilly regions the rapid flow of water does much damage to fields by carrying away the soil. In order to prevent this happening, Spaniards plant trees on the edge of the *nullahs*, or water-courses, and at some places they turf it. Hill-men in India might adopt this plan with advantage. When we were a few miles from Madrid, the whole city came into sight, unfolding a magnificent panorama. We reached our halting place, the " Grand Hôtel de la Paix," at 11.30. It is not so good as the hotels of Marseilles and Barcelona, and I experienced some difficulty in getting a bath. In the afternoon we went for a drive, hoping to see the library, but it was the closing hour, so we could not get in. We visited the Botanical Gardens, where we saw many very curious plants. There are two or three conservatories here, in which tropical plants are

grown, but not on as large a scale as one might have expected. Then we visited the old cathedral, which is a very solemn building. A new cathedral is in course of construction. We visited churches dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi and to St. Isidore, patron of Madrid. The latter has a stupendous dome and statues of the twelve apostles in Carrara marble. The mural paintings are also fine works of art. Major Benn, who knows Europe well, says that he has not seen anything so fine elsewhere. In the cloisters are some monuments of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but the wooden entrance doors were carved in relief by an artist who is still alive. The church is really a grand and glorious work. There is a public park in front of the royal palace, which contains statues of some of the kings and queens of Spain. There is also a recreation ground known as "High Life Park," in which about two thousand carriages of all sorts may be seen in the afternoon. All the ladies and gentlemen were dressed in their very best, and enjoying themselves after a fashion. Their carriages went round and round in a circle, but I do not think there was much amusement except from the splendid display of horses and carriages. After dinner we went to the circus, where a box holding six had been engaged for 50 pesetas, equivalent to 30 rupees. A lady acrobat performed very difficult feats on a pole resting on a man's shoulder. Then a model steamer was shown with her captain. He mounted a ladder placed on a table without any fixture, and then began to handle the ship in various ways. He took her on his feet and ran up sails and flags, illuminated the hull with coloured glass balls, lighted her furnaces and got up steam. There were two buffoons whose patter was amusing, and who performed some difficult acrobatic feats. There was a bicycle ride in the arena, quite excellent. A military march was shown on the stage, which was very effective. Thought-reading was also done, but it was nothing but trickery. Three men did wonderful feats on horizontal bars, and at the close they leaped from a height of 100 feet, and, falling on a net, walked away with unconcern. Lastly, a smart negro in uniform introduced four African elephants, which performed some very clever

BARCELONA, A ROMAN GATEWAY



SUBURBS OF MADRID

tricks. There is a false impression in Europe that the elephant of Africa cannot be domesticated, and they are slaughtered in thousands to supply the world with ivory.

The paintings in Madrid are simply wonderful. The people, being Roman Catholics, love to spend their money on churches and religion. They are proud of their country and have immense self-respect, but are very ignorant. The standard of education in this country is very low in comparison with that of Western Europe. The Royal Armoury contains a really good collection of arms and of means of defence of the olden time. We visited the House of Lords: it is a splendid hall. The Ministers sit on a sofa covered with blue velvet, and the other chairs are upholstered in red. The opposition party sit in front. We visited the library, where the people in charge kindly explained everything to us. The books in the library were dusty, which was to be expected, as, according to the gentleman in charge, they are cleaned only once in two months. The system of issuing books from the library is as follows: A member of the public is supplied with a brass ticket bearing a number, which enables him to borrow one book from the library. He takes the ticket to the index office, where the names of the authors and their works are kept. He must give the name of the book with its author's; this enables the person in charge of the index to find the reference number of the work required, and he sends one of the servants to fetch the book from its place on the shelves. A great drawback in this system is that, unless one knows the name of an author, one cannot get a book desired. There is a large circular reading-room in the centre of the building.

The jail of Madrid is situated near the park: people who suffer simple imprisonment are kept here. We drove further on, and saw the asylum founded by the Queen of Spain for the paupers and cripples. Its park will be very fine when completed; the natural scenery is very pretty. We saw the house in which the notorious forger Madame Humbert was living when arrested. From this place the river and the portion of Madrid on the opposite bank look very picturesque.

In the evening of the 7th of May we dined at the British

Embassy with Sir Edwin and Lady Egerton, who were delightful people and very hospitable. They did everything in their power to make my short stay pleasant. In India, when Europeans go into the dining-room, the gentlemen offer their right arm to the ladies and seat them on their right. When dinner is over the gentlemen stay behind, while the ladies retire to the drawing-room. On the Continent, at the end of a dinner, the gentlemen first take the ladies back to the drawing-room, and then betake themselves to the smoking-room. We had to observe the same custom. I shall ever remember the hospitality of these charming people. As it was the first time I had ever taken a lady into dinner, I was somewhat embarrassed, not being certain whether what I was doing was correct or not; I therefore advise any Indian gentleman of position who goes to Europe, to learn all the rules of etiquette before he leaves India. I was relieved of much anxiety when Major Benn assured me that I had not made any mistake.

I was sorry that the King was not at Madrid. We saw all the paintings in the picture gallery; the collection is indeed a grand one, nearly every school in Europe being represented. We had very little time at our disposal, so we saw everything in haste. Last night Sir Edwin Egerton told me that there was no gallery in the world to match that of Madrid. The pictures are really well worth seeing, but at the same time one requires plenty of knowledge before one can appreciate such work; I wish I had learnt something about it. I left a card at the Ministers' houses who called upon me when I was away. The Prince of Bourbon also called, but, unfortunately, I was not in the hotel.

In the afternoon we saw a bull-fight. It was very cruel, and I never want to see such a spectacle again. We did not see the procession, as we were a few minutes late. From what I have heard from other people, I conclude that it must have been most picturesque. The picadores, dressed in uniform and riding very lean horses, lead the way. I must here explain that the persons who engage in a bull-fight are of three descriptions. The Matador, or killer, is the

MADRID, A BULL-FIGHT, COMMENCEMENT

PLANTING BANDERILLAS IN THE BULL

principal. He is armed with a sharp, straight sword, and he it is who kills the bull in the end. He has a number of assistants, of whom those who attack the bull on horseback with their lances are called Picadores, or prickers. The others, who conduct operations on foot, are styled Banderilleros, because they use small barbed darts like javelins, called "banderillas," which are ornamented with gay streamers. When the procession has come into the arena the picadores remain there while the others retire. Then the President orders the bull to be let loose. As soon as the bull enters, the picadores prick him with lances the heads of which are only one or two inches long. He is lashed into fury, and kills one or two of the horses. Sometimes the picadores themselves are wounded. Then the President orders the banderilleros into the arena. These plunge six banderillas into the bull, after which the poor beast is generally quite exhausted. Sometimes he is extra strong, and then the President orders firework banderillas to be used. One requires plenty of practice and skill in placing them adroitly. The Spaniards know when to hiss and when to applaud. Ladies also take much interest and delight in this sport. At last the bull's strength is utterly spent. The matadors are then ordered to put an end to its life. They enter with their swords, and one of them stabs the bull through the heart or lungs. It falls; whereon another man, with a hammer and sharp instrument, appears on the scene and drives the instrument into the head of the bull, which dies in a few seconds. Then a team of four or five mules, gaily decorated, enters, and the dead animal is attached to this team and dragged outside the arena, where it is cut into pieces, furnishing beef-steaks, which people eat with much relish. The day I was there, some banderilleros were wounded, and a matador, mortally. He died two or three days afterwards. One picador lost an eye. Thus I saw more in a short time than one would ordinarily see in many years; but I must condemn this practice as utterly barbarous.

In the evening of the 8th May we left Madrid for Lisbon. Next morning I found the train travelling through a very

rugged and mountainous country, but here again not even the smallest piece of land has been left uncultivated. At about 8.30 we reached a station on the frontier of Portugal. Here the Customs authorities put wire round all our boxes, and on the beds we had in the brake vans, in order that no article could be put into them or taken out. A few miles further, the country becomes more fertile than Spain. Slopes on the railway line are covered with wild flowers; the honeysuckle and other plants growing in wild profusion. The people of this country have a national costume which differs little from that of the Spaniards. Before reaching Lisbon we entered a tunnel which took seven minutes to traverse, and we reached the station at 4.30. The hotel in which we were staying has a private entrance to the station, and thus a carriage is not required. It "is replete with every comfort," as advertisements say. We had only just time to take a drive through the city, which is much cleaner than Madrid. The roads are very steep; it is wonderful that accidents do not take place every day. We saw a horse fall when going down a hill, but he received no injury. After dinner we went to the opera-house, which I should think would hold ten thousand people, or even more. The piece was in Italian, but translated from the English; the programme was in Portuguese, so we could not understand much of it. The opera-house was very malodorous: everyone in the stalls and boxes was smoking, and the stage loomed dimly through a cloud of tobacco. Madame Maria Galvany sang beautifully; she has a powerful voice, and whenever she appeared on the stage she was warmly applauded. The whole opera was rendered with great delicacy and taste, and I much enjoyed it.

On the 10th May the British Minister, Sir Martin Gosselin, called on me and said that I could be presented to the King of Portugal the next day at 1.30. After a hasty luncheon we left the hotel, and were just in time to catch the train for Cintra. After leaving the tunnel the whole route is surrounded with green fields and pretty villas encircled by small gardens. We reached Cintra at 1.45, and, hiring a carriage, drove straight for the Moorish Castle, which is

AT BAY

THE BULL'S FUNERAL

more than a thousand years old. We saw a Moorish mosque, and bath-rooms and water-tanks. The men in charge told us that the water in the tank neither rises nor falls, but keeps one level. Then we visited the late King's palace. Many ancient tiles have been used in building it. We could not see the valley below, as everything was covered with mist. The garden surrounding the palace is beautifully kept. There is a very good collection of camelias and azaleas, and some rhododendrons and begonias, but rather a poor show of roses. His Majesty is fond of tennis, and plays it in a court on the top of the hill. At Cintra we saw the Queen's palace, which has a chimney in the Arabic style built by the Moors. We were very tired walking up and down the hill, so we took some coffee at the Lawrence Hotel, which is situated between the town and the hill. In the Queen's palace we saw " The Swan " rooms, and the room occupied by a king who was imprisoned there. The tiling of the floor is deeply furrowed where he paced to and fro for eight weary years. We left Cintra at a quarter to six, and, on regaining our hotel, dressed ourselves in haste and left for the Embassy.

As I have said, the roads are very steep, and, although the coachman was familiar with the place, he found it difficult to steer his horses. Sir Martin Gosselin introduced me to Lady Gosselin, his daughter and other ladies. After some time we went in to dinner. I took Lady Gosselin in, and talked about many things with her. I find people who have not been to India know very little about it. We returned at 11, after a very pleasant evening. On our way back an accident took place. The horse of a policeman shied and came down on the carriage. The policeman was thrown and became very excited, but the coachman kept his presence of mind, and so no one received injury. At Cintra I noticed that coachmen were very polite; they always give way to others and do not quarrel, whereas in Madrid they are always fighting one another.

At 1 o'clock on the 11th of May we went to the British Embassy. Lady Gosselin asked me to write my name in her book of autographs in as many characters as I knew. I have met a great many people during my visit to Europe

who are keen on getting signatures from other people. Sir Martin Gosselin accompanied me to the palace. When we reached it His Majesty the King was having luncheon, and so we had to wait for a short time in a room with a number of high officials of the State. I was introduced to many of them. As soon as His Majesty had finished luncheon he sent for us, and we were ushered into his presence immediately.

I approached the King, who shook hands with me, and then I introduced Major Benn. The King spoke very kindly to me, and I thanked him in a brief speech for granting me audience. The conversation turned on Cintra. The King asked me if I had seen the palace and the garden there. I told him that I had, and thought that there was a good collection of camelias and azaleas. I also told His Majesty that I was very pleased to see a tennis-court there, and to find that His Majesty takes an interest in English games; that we Indians had also taken up some English sports, which had now become to a certain extent our national games. Major Benn and I were in evening dress, as my oriental costume had been sent on to London. On the Continent, when people visit others of rank they should wear evening dress and a white tie. We looked rather funny in that dress at mid-day. After luncheon we went to see the Museum of Lisbon, where there is a good collection of stuffed animals, and the rib of a mammoth which must have been far larger than any animal now in existence. A great variety of snakes and fishes is to be seen here. We saw a whale suspended in the middle of the room; at first it appeared to us as a steam-launch. There are thousands of skeletons of different animals, and a very good collection of shells.

We went through the Botanical Gardens. There is an avenue of palms which looked very pretty. Though the palm is an Indian plant, Indians never grow it merely for ornament. On our way back to the royal cemetery our carriage collided with an electric car, but fortunately no one was hurt. There we saw the coffins of the Kings and the other members of the Royal Family of Portugal. The

PORTUGUESE PEASANT

LISBON

corpses of the grandfather of the present king and of the Emperor Pedro of Brazil could be inspected through the glass lids of their coffins. That of the late king was covered with wreaths, crosses and crowns, which people had sent as a mark of respect. We drove by the river Tagus and left our cards on Sir Martin and Lady Gosselin. On our way back, as our carriage was turning a corner, one of the horses fell. Sir Martin Gosselin, having heard of the mishap, came out of his house in a hurry, with a number of servants, to help the coachman. Major Benn, with much pluck, jumped down and sat on the head of the horse which had fallen. I knew that he did this to keep the horse quiet, as it is often the case that the head of an animal is the heaviest part of the body, and the smallest weight put on it will keep him from kicking. When the harness had been put right the horse would not rise, and the people who were standing there did not know what to do. But Major Benn slapped the horse on his ear; after the second stroke the horse was up again on his feet. Since we came to Lisbon we have had a series of accidents—many mishaps in such a short time! Such things must be expected in this city of hills. After dinner we went to the play. A lady, beautifully dressed, came on the stage, holding two pairs of castanets, or small discs of hard wood, which she struck together, keeping time with the music and with movements of her pretty feet. We left Lisbon at 8.50 p.m. on May 14th. Sir Martin Gosselin came to say good-bye at the station; it was really very good of him to do so. He also handed me a letter addressed to the Customs authorities of France.

Near Lisbon the country is very beautiful, but the further we left it behind, the more rugged and mountainous it became. The people of Portugal are more polite than those of Spain. In our carriage there was an old gentleman with his daughters, who were going to Paris. They were very pleasant and spoke English well.

The peasants of Portugal and Spain are similar to those of India. They have the same sort of ploughs, drawn by bullocks, or mules. Horses are rarely used for agriculture in these countries, and their heads are protected from the

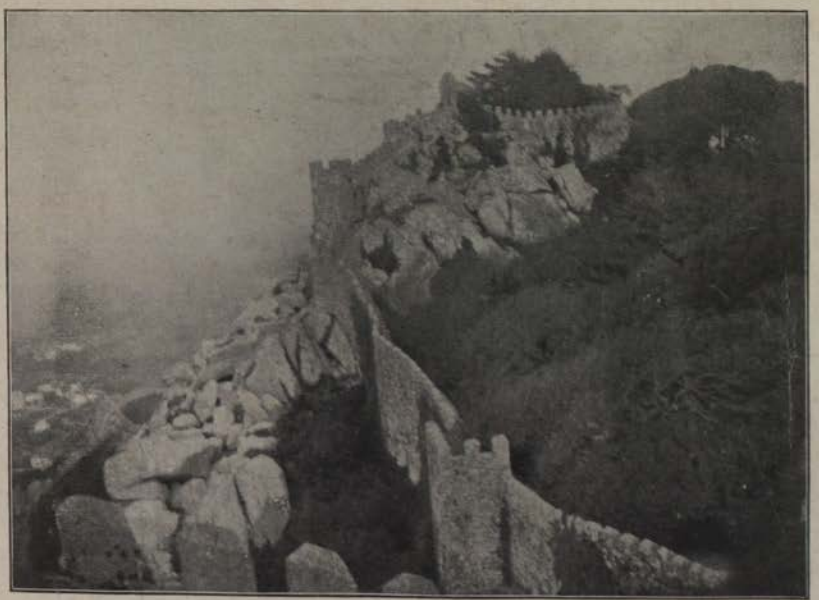
sun by a sort of cap made of straw. The common people are very ignorant; they feel no shame in begging from a stranger. One sees well-dressed boys and girls asking for coppers at railway stations. This practice of begging is a great curse for a country; when it is once established it can never be got rid of.

On the morning of May 13th we were near Miranda. Though the country is not mountainous, it is undulating and very picturesque. The fields look green and pretty with wheat, barley, etc., but the cultivation of grape vines predominate, and wine is very cheap. In India few are fortunate enough to drink such good wine. Sir Martin Gosselin told me that people made wine in such quantities that if, before the next season came, they have not been able to sell the old stock, they throw it away in order to find room for storing the new wine.

The style of building houses in this country is somewhat like that of India, but the people are more hard-working than ours, and the produce of their harvest brings in more money. At the same time their needs are many, consuming their whole income. The winter is very severe, and a good supply of fuel and warm clothing is required.

The country from Miranda to St. Sebastian is very beautiful. At this place we saw the Bay of Biscay, which is notorious for being rough nearly all the year round. About 3 p.m. we reached Bordeaux. The hotel in which we put up is connected with the station, like that of Lisbon. Here I learnt with dismay that there was no bath-room attached to any bed-room. This was my first experience of the kind, for all the hotels where we had stopped had bath-rooms.

The journey from Lisbon to Bordeaux was very dusty. On European railways there are long corridor carriages, holding about thirty passengers. In each there are two lavatories, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen, but there are no arrangements for bathing, and sometimes there is little or no water for washing one's hands and face. I learnt from Major Benn that bathing is a rare thing for continental people to indulge in. I do not know how they manage to live without cleanliness. I had to stay in the



CINTRA, A MOORISH CASTLE

MEDIÆVAL GATEWAY, BORDEAUX

carriage for thirty hours without a bath, and to me that was indeed a great discomfort. Bordeaux is not so clean as Marseilles and Barcelona, but in time it will improve, as it is situated on the bank of a river. The sea is only sixty miles distant, so that a tidal wave reaches here, and therefore it may be practically called a port. The bridge across the river is one of the best in Europe. It was built by Napoleon, whose undertakings were on a stupendous scale; in a very few years he accomplished much, and the world has seen very few to equal him. We visited Messrs. Calvert's wine-cellars. The head of the firm took us all over the premises. He showed us how the bottles were sealed; when seen, the process is very simple, but I had thought quite the contrary. Then he took us to an immense range of cellars, where bottles were ready for shipment. Next he led us to cellars where casks were piled in spacious corridors. If all the wine which is here in bottles and casks were to be put in one place, it would fill a good-sized tank. Every cask contains 300 bottles of wine. Then he showed us a lift by which the filled casks and empty ones are sent up and down. It is really a very good arrangement. He told us that when wine gets old it improves; that some deposit settles in it at the bottom, which makes it look richer, and that in every cask the whites of six or seven eggs are used to clear the contents. He was very polite to us, and spoke English very fluently. He gave us photographs, and a short history of the firm. Our guide took us to a tower which stands near St. Michael's Church. It is very high, but as there was no lift we did not care to go to the top. We were taken into an underground room at the basement, in which there were seventy dead bodies standing in a circle. The man who had the key of the room told us these had been there for the last hundred and fifty years. There was a cemetery on the ground where the church was built, and in excavating the foundations these dead bodies were found in good condition, so they have been placed in the tower. Some of the corpses had traces of clothing: one lady had a lace dress, and another a bonnet. A whole family who had died of poison were shown to us. The skin of these corpses resembles parchment,

and all the flesh has perished. After driving through the streets and photographing a mediæval gate, we returned to our hotel, and left after dinner by the 10.30 train for Paris.

In the morning of the 15th May we reached the brilliant city of which we had heard so much. From a great distance we could see its white and gilded domes. When I got up, the train was going through fields and surrounding country covered with charming vegetation. The horse-chestnut trees were in flower, making a glorious show. As we neared the capital, houses began to thicken. It was quite cold, and I had to put on an overcoat. We reached the terminus, but having tickets for a second one, we continued our journey for a few minutes. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son sent a man to the station to meet us. We left our baggage in his charge. Really Thomas Cook & Son have done wonders for the comfort of travellers all over the world. This firm has agents in every city who are ready to do anything in their power to help foreign passengers, whether clients or otherwise. Their system of issuing letters of credit is excellent. They are furnished in exchange for money deposited with the firm, and can be cashed at any bank or hotel with which the firm has dealings.

At the station, carriages were waiting for us, and we lost no time in reaching the hotel. We put up in the Elysée Palace Hôtel, which is very stately and comfortable. I had a good sitting-room, which I used only for a short time, as most of my stay was spent in sight-seeing. After leaving the station we passed the Pont Alexandre, called after the late Emperor of Russia, which is very spacious and beautiful. In other cities which we have seen so far, the streets were paved with stone-blocks, but here wood is in favour, to the great advantage of traffic. There is hardly any street without its avenue of trees. The houses are high and the architecture most symmetrical. The first day we only drove through the city, noting all the important places from our carriage. Our guide, a Mr. George, was an intelligent man; he took us to the other side of the Seine across the Pont Alexandre, where a fair was being held for army pensioners

quartered in the *Invalides*. We saw the two huge buildings which were erected for the Exhibition of 1900. One contains a collection of paintings, and the annual exhibition of artists, called the *Salon*, is housed there. The building opposite it is a museum. Then we came to the Place de la Concorde, a very spacious square. In the centre is a huge obelisk brought from Luxor in Egypt, eighty years ago, and fountains throw their water high. The square is surrounded by statues representing the different cities of France. Those of Alsace and Lorraine, which the French lost in the Franco-German war, are decked with funereal wreaths and pieces of black cloth to show that they are in mourning. When the Empress of Germany paid a visit to Paris, the Government ordered all the drapings and wreaths to be removed. This is the place where two thousand five hundred unfortunates were beheaded during the Reign of Terror (1793-4). A broad thoroughfare, called the Avenue des Champs Elysées, was once a deserted place, where the Duke of Wellington encamped his army after capturing Paris in 1815. His own quarters are now occupied by the British Embassy, which is the best in Europe in every way, and generally coveted. We saw a column made of two thousand five hundred guns which Napoleon captured from the Germans and Austrians; it is surmounted by his statue.

After taking luncheon at a restaurant attached to our hotel, we went to the race-course at Longchamps. The restaurants are very beautiful and some of them exquisitely fitted. French people are very gay and take delight in good living. There is generally music at a restaurant, supplied free of charge by the proprietor. In about an hour's time some two thousand carriages had passed us; there were all sorts of conveyances, and automobiles are very popular. There are bicycles also, worked by motors. We reached the course after one race had been run. There were about fifteen thousand spectators, deeply interested in the races. We were invited to invest in the "Pari Mutuel," or totalizator. I was rather puzzled, until Major Benn explained the system. A lottery, it seems, is held on each race, the tickets costing five or ten francs. One selects the horse he

thinks likely to win, and invests the cost of one or more tickets on its chance of its coming in first. After the race is run the whole amount is divided among the ticket-holders who have backed the winner. One can also back horses for a "place," *i.e.* bet that they will be among the first three, but the profit is proportionately small. We backed some horses, and the net result of the evening was that we won forty francs. When the races were over we drove back to our hotel through the Bois de Boulogne. There were so many carriages that for a long distance our horses had to go at a walk, and at some places we were blocked and had to wait before we could proceed further.

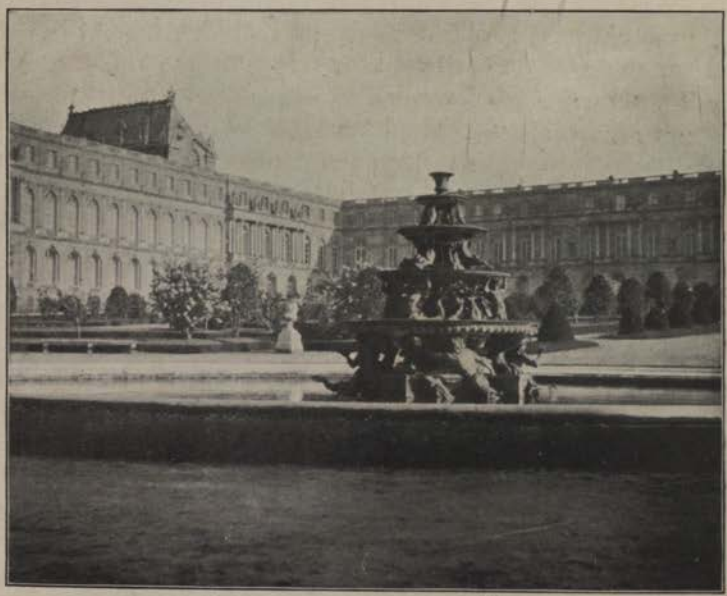
After dinner we went to the Comédie Française, a subsidised National Theatre, where "Hamlet" was being played. We had intended to patronize an out-of-doors theatre, but the magic word "Hamlet" was irresistible. Mounet-Sulley, who played the Prince of Denmark, was simply splendid; he must be in the very first rank. As the play was in French we had great difficulty in following the actors, but were fortunate in securing a book of the words. Madame Lara, who took the part of Ophelia, rendered it with much pathos, and so did Mlle. Dublay, who played the part of the Queen.

Next day we passed a huge triumphal arch commemorating Napoleon's victories, and, driving through the Champs Elysées, reached the Eiffel Tower, which is the highest building in the world. It stands on four vast pillars and as many arches, which support the whole construction of solid iron. There is a lift for visitors which takes them to the upper storey, as far as the public is allowed to go. One has to change to another lift at every stage. There is a small room at the very top, but it is reserved for M. Eiffel, the engineer who designed and built this tower. He has now gone to America, to give his opinion on the Panama Canal. On every stage there are shops for the sale of trumpery articles and silly penny-in-the-slot machines for revealing one's character and fortune. From the upper floor we could see the whole of Paris, as it was fortunately a fine day.

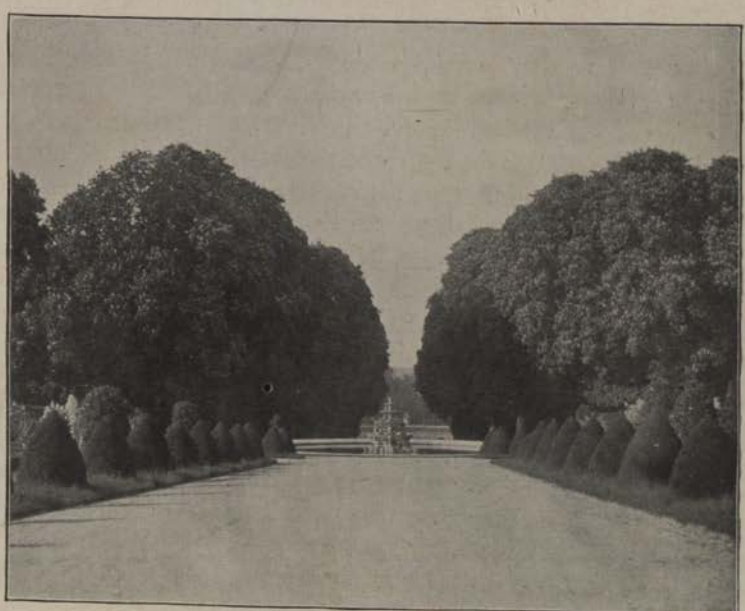
The Champs de Mars, formerly a military parade-ground, lies on one side of it; it was used for the Exhibition of 1900. On the other side rises the Trocadero Palace, built for the previous Exhibition of 1878, set in trim gardens with fountains which enhance their beauty. The river Seine flows between the Eiffel Tower and the Trocadero. Thence we drove to Versailles, a mighty palace built more than two hundred years ago by Louis XIV. It contains a good collection of pictures, which, though numerically not larger than that of Madrid, has many finer paintings of battles, some of which are the largest that I have ever seen. One represents an Algerian battle, in which the French took a Moorish Sultan prisoner. It is of the same length as the room, and was painted to the order of a Rothschild, who afterwards declined to purchase it, so the artist painted Rothschild's grandfather as an Algerian Jew escaping with his money-bags. Poets and painters are apt to take such revenge; Firdausi, the author of the "Shah Náma," played a similar prank as regards Sultan Mahmud. No visitor to Paris should omit Versailles. We saw the room where Queen Victoria changed her dress when she visited Paris in 1855, during the reign of Napoleon III. The gardens and park which surround Versailles are very stately. There is a very fine avenue of chestnut trees, and I noticed the wild myrtle, which looks very well in a shrubbery. There are innumerable fountains which play with wonderful effect. The exterior of the palace is rather patchy in architecture, but inside it is worthy of a great king, being richly furnished and decorated. Napoleon I. took a fancy to the palace, and arranged some rooms after his own taste, but it was too vast even for his all-embracing mind. We saw the gallery of mirrors, where William I. was proclaimed German Emperor in 1870: what must the shade of Louis XIV. have thought of the sacrilege? At a smaller palace, called the Trianon, hard by, we saw the State carriages. There are few old ones, for when the Republic was proclaimed in 1792, everything belonging to the throne was smashed or sold. A handsome new one was built when the present Tsar of Russia paid a visit to France. On our way home we visited

the site of the St. Cloud Palace, destroyed during the Franco-Prussian war. Now there is no trace of any buildings left, but a beautiful little garden is laid out with nice trees and flower beds. Here Queen Victoria of England stayed in 1855. From a terrace above this place Napoleon was fond of reviewing his Capital. After seeing the barracks, fortifications, and the village of Sèvres, famous for its porcelain manufactory, we returned to our hotel. After dinner we went to the opera, where " Rigoletto " was given ; some of the singers were very good. The opera-house is really magnificent.

In the morning of May 17th we visited the Louvre. This is an extensive square of buildings, in the centre of which is a statue of Gambetta, the first President of the present Republic. This ancient palace is so called from a sort of chimney (Louvre) which once crowned its roof. It contains a vast collection of pictures, a museum of antiquities, and innumerable things of curiosity and beauty dating from the Middle Ages. In one of its apartments King Henry IV. was married, and here he died in 1610 from the effects of a wound given by an assassin. In this room there is a splendid mantel-piece which was designed by Jean Goujon, who was shot there by a sentry as he was a Protestant. In another room we saw a famous statue called the " Venus de Milo," because it was discovered in the island of Milo, which belongs to Greece. It represents the best period of Greek Art, and always has a throng of admirers. Then we were taken into a room which King Henry II. prepared after his own taste. The deep wood carving to be seen in the ceiling is really exquisite. There is also a portrait of Courbet by himself, and one of Napoleon's Coronation, in which the new Emperor is seen crowning his wife Josephine. In the Gallery of Apollon we saw portraits of the eminent persons, men and women, of old France worked in Gobelins tapestry, the crown of Napoleon and his sword, two fine diamonds and a ruby, and also " The Wedding of Cana," a perfect picture. In another State room there are two huge vases, which are so constructed that, if a man speaks slowly into one, the listener will hear the same words issuing from the other vase. At



VERSAILLES, GARDEN FRONT



GARDENS

the Louvre we saw the first Venetian glass, which was presented to Francis V. by a Doge of Venice in 1541.

Before coming to Europe my Diwan told me not to forget to see the map of France which the Russian Government presented to the French nation. In this map a very fine ruby represents Paris, and diamonds and other precious stones the important towns and cities of France. Then we went to the National Library, the largest in the world. It contains five million books, and a very fine collection of manuscripts. From this place we went to the Cluny Museum, a restored mediaeval palace and monastery, containing vast collections of antiquities. One room is solely reserved for boots and shoes; I should think there are about two thousand pairs of old shoes of the queerest make. Afterwards we saw Notre Dame, one of the finest churches in Europe and one of the oldest, its foundations having been laid in 1100. It was in this church that Napoleon I. crowned himself and his wife. Near Notre Dame is a mean building called the "Morgue," where dead bodies found in the city of Paris are kept for some time for identification. If no one claims the corpse it is buried, after being photographed. Nothing of this sort is done in any other country; and I think the plan a very good one. After dinner we saw Sarah Bernhardt at her own theatre. I was simply spellbound by her golden voice: there was also a young actress who would improve if she would only persevere.

At 9.43 in the morning of May 18th we left Paris for Calais. The country we passed through is monotonous though fertile at first, but Normandy is really beautiful. Here I saw ploughs drawn by oxen, which are used for other agricultural work. Normandy is noted for good cheese and butter, due to the abundance of fodder. The cattle are in excellent condition. The Seine, which flows beside the railway, is very picturesque, with trees growing on its banks. The hills covered with verdure and well tilled fields blend so nicely that the landscape is entrancing. We reached Calais at about 1.30 p.m.; and in five minutes' time we were on board the steamer "Pas de Calais," which left at 2.15 and reached Dover in two hours. The sea was fortunately not

so rough as usual. The best thing one can do on board ship is to sit in the middle, as the motion is felt least there. Ten minutes after we had left Calais we saw something white on the horizon, which later on proved to be the chalk cliffs of England. When we reached Dover, the weather was so fine that I took some photographs of the harbour and the forts which overlook it. Our train for London entered a long tunnel, through a hill called Shakespeare's cliff, as it is supposed to be alluded to in one of his plays. The railway carriages which run between Dover and London are inferior to those of continental lines. After travelling for an hour and a half we observed huge clouds ahead, which, as we approached, turned out to be the smoke of London. This is the greatest agglomeration of human beings in the world; we were in its suburbs at fifteen miles' distance from London proper. The city is so immense that no one who has not seen it can possibly form a correct idea of its size. We passed through a belt of country houses, occupied by people who go into London for business every morning, returning after the day's work. The late Sir Curzon Wyllie most kindly met us at the station and brought a carriage for me. I was exempted from the Customs' duties, and as Major Benn had caused labels to that effect to be put on our boxes we had no difficulty in getting them on our arrival in London. We drove to the Alexandra Hotel, dropping Sir Curzon Wyllie near the India Office.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

CHAPTER III

LONDON

AN excellent suite of rooms had been reserved for me at the Alexandra Hotel, overlooking Hyde Park, which is one of London's prettiest sights. As well as the endless flow of carriages, a great many hansoms are to be seen. These are one-horsed vehicles, seating two people inside. The driver, who is perched on a high seat outside, receives any instructions required to be given through a trap-door in the roof. The two-horse 'bus, accommodating some thirty persons, is also a great convenience. Then there are electric tram-cars running in all directions outside the city, but not allowed within its limits. A frock coat and top hat are indispensable for London, so Major Benn kindly instructed Hill Brothers of Bond Street to come for the necessary orders. The needful head-gear was supplied by a well-known firm of hatters, who used an instrument for automatically registering the shape of the head. The process, though simple, is very successful, and a perfectly fitting hat the result.

The late Colonel Sir Curzon Wyllie called and asked me whether I had suitable dress to wear on the occasion of the Court, which was to be held on May 20th at Buckingham Palace. In the afternoon I wrote my name in the visitors' books at Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House and Clarence House. While driving back through Piccadilly and Hyde Park, I noticed a number of long, narrow iron boxes standing on the roadside, in which dust and other rubbish are collected, prior to their removal by cart. In Hyde Park there are thousands of chairs, which anyone may use

on payment of one penny. I also saw the Serpentine, an artificial lake in Hyde Park, so called because its bank is a series of graceful curves. There are some quaint people who bathe daily here and in the Thames at 5 a.m., having to break the ice in winter before they can get into the water.

On May 20th a Court was held at Buckingham Palace, and I received a gracious invitation from His Majesty to attend it. Before going to the Palace we visited the studio of Mr. Langfier, where Major Benn and I were photographed. He has a splendid studio, fitted with electric light, for taking photographs at night. There was a big camera on castors, and by revolving a wheel a strong light could be produced. A circular stand, to which about fifty electric lamps were attached, was used to diffuse the lights; with fine muslin forming a screen between them and myself. The artist exposed the plate for three seconds; but I could not see much, being anxious to reach the Palace by 9.30 p.m. A carriage card sent to me beforehand contained full instructions for our coachman as to where to take the carriage and where to drop us. After walking through many long corridors we were met by Sir Curzon Wyllie, and at 10.15 p.m. I was taken into a room, where he presented me to His Majesty. After making three bows, the first at the entrance, the second at half distance, and the third near the King, I met with a very kind reception, His Majesty speaking to me in a musical voice, with a sweet smile on his face. He enquired whether it was my first visit to England, and, upon my answering in the affirmative, asked whether I had seen any other European countries before coming here. I said that on my way to England I had been to Spain and Portugal. Then he said that he sincerely hoped I should like England, adding that I spoke excellent English. It was the kindly disposition of His Majesty which prompted him to say this. With a pleasant manner he introduced me to Her Majesty the Queen, who shook hands with me. After this we went to the White Drawing Room, where their Majesties soon followed, attended by high dignitaries. They stood in front of two arm chairs, while the Diplomatic

Corps was presented, after which they took their seats. Then the ladies who were to be presented entered one by one, wearing sumptuous dresses with long trains. Some of them were exceptionally lovely and carried bouquets which harmonized with the colouring of their attire. They curtsied to the King and to the Queen, who sat on his left hand. The Ministers of China and Korea were in their national dress, which was very picturesque, and not unlike that of India. About eight hundred and fifty presentations were made. The Prince of Wales stood on the right-hand side of the King and the other members of the Household were also present. I stood a few feet behind the Prince of Wales. The whole ceremony was most impressive and beautiful. The room in which the Court was held is very large; there were quite a thousand people, with space to hold as many more. In front of their Majesties, on a balcony above the chief entrance, a string band discoursed excellent music at intervals. In this room twenty-one brilliant electric lights, hanging from the ceiling, turned night into day. The Court being over, we proceeded to the rooms where supper was served; after partaking of some fruit tart, I left for the hotel. The arrangements for summoning carriages were excellent. Upon reaching the entrance one name has to be given to the man in charge of the telephone, which is connected with a house outside, and in a minute's time the carriage is at the door. Upon reaching the entrance I found it raining, but this did not deter thousands of people from collecting in the streets to see those who had attended the Court. The police and other people on duty were kept very busy.

One should certainly pay a visit to the Army and Navy Stores, a vast edifice consisting of four or five storeys. In London all buildings have a basement floor, used either as store rooms or for cooking. The other day I saw on the street side receptacles for dust and rubbish, and to-day noticed some boxes filled with gravel, which is spread on the road to prevent horses slipping. There is a "Messenger Boys' Brigade," which employs little fellows of eleven to sixteen in carrying letters, parcels, etc. The usual fee is

sixpence, but for greater distances a higher sum is charged. They are chiefly sons of old soldiers, and very reliable; anything may be entrusted to them for delivery. A question which is becoming more and more serious every day in London is that of procuring servants. A company called the "Motor Dinner Company" has been started for supplying people not only with meals at fixed hours, but glass, china, knives and forks, napkins, etc. If a person has friends coming to dinner, he has merely to telephone to the company the number of guests expected and the hour; at the time arranged a car arrives with all that is needed—even waiters. After dinner the room is cleared and everything removed. These people also supply wine. I really think that there is a company for everything in London! Soldiers who have been disabled in one way or another, or are out of their time, find employment as Commissionaires (answering to our *Jemadars*) in shops and other places. The police arrangements are excellent. The constables are generally sturdy, obliging, and ready at all times to give any help people may require at dangerous crossings. Traffic in this city is enormous, but at the same time the hand of a policeman, when it is raised, is more powerful than a sword. Every driver must rein back his horses, and wait until the policeman makes a sign to him to proceed. Sometimes carriages are blocked, but only for a minute or two; in less than no time they begin to move on again, and the road is clear once more. If a conveyance is desired, it is necessary to decide whether it is to be a "hansom" or a four-wheeled cab, usually known as a "growler," from the rattling it makes. Two whistles will bring a hansom and one a growler. In London the letter boxes are very large; some twenty years ago similar ones were introduced into India. Many of the shops are closed after twelve o'clock on Saturday, not only in London, but in most parts of England; this enables the employees to get away for a short holiday. The people are very hard-working, and really stand in need of this well-earned rest. Shops and offices are entirely closed on Sunday, making the business quarters, which during the week are

busy and lively with people, look like a city of the dead. Few persons are to be seen where, on a week-day, there is hardly room to move.

We drove through Hyde Park, which faces our hotel. There were thousands of people enjoying themselves in different ways. Some were sitting on chairs or benches, others walking with their friends, whilst others again were listening to the amateur preachers and orators who hold forth there on Sundays. I heard singing, too, at several places. Crossing Westminster Bridge we obtained a fine view, from the opposite side, of the stately Abbey. We also saw St. Thomas' Hospital, consisting of seven detached buildings for the reception of the sick. Returning by way of Waterloo Bridge, we passed the magnificent Hotels Cecil and Savoy, both extending from the Embankment to the Strand; we saw, too, the "Metropole," "Victoria" and Grand," all of which stand in Northumberland Avenue.

Fire-alarms occupy very prominent places in the streets. When a fire breaks out someone immediately rushes to one of these and smashes the glass of a small case containing a handle, which, when pulled, communicates with the nearest Fire Brigade Station, intimating the number of the alarm by means of electricity. Upon receiving this signal the fire-engine, is brought out, the horses harnessed, and the whole apparatus arrives at the scene of the fire in an incredibly short time.

As we drove along I noticed straw spread on the roadway, and learnt that this is done when someone is seriously ill in one of the houses in that street, as a sign to the passer-by not to make a noise, and also to deaden the sound of the traffic. I think this an excellent plan, which might well be adopted by other countries.

After driving through the Park, we went on to Paddington Station, which the King always uses when visiting the West of England. Near the railway bookstall our attention was attracted to the figure of a stuffed dog standing in a glass case, which, during its lifetime, collected something like £800 for the widows and orphans of the company's servants. It used to go about the station with a box hung round his neck,

into which the people dropped their contributions. These may still be given, for there is a slot at the foot of the case in which he now stands.

Observing a man sitting on the pavement with a broom, I learnt from Major Benn that he was a crossing-sweeper, who earns his bread by keeping the crossing free from mud. There is also a class of people who gain their livelihood by carrying luggage. When one of them sees a cab loaded with boxes, he runs after it to its destination, hoping to be allowed to remove the luggage and receive a " tip " in return. I was astonished to hear that both the crossing-sweepers and the men who run after the cabs have a code of honour—that is to say, one crossing-sweeper would never take the place of another, neither would a man who follows cabs endeavour to outrun a comrade. At fairly frequent intervals in the streets and squares small moveable houses for cabmen are to be met with, where they can prepare and eat their food. These must be a great boon to the men, especially in winter. At convenient distances, too, are troughs of water for horses to drink. I should not have thought that animals required much water in such a damp, cold climate. There are also arrangements for supplying drinking water to man as well as beast. Stands made of marble or other similar stone are placed at a suitable height, and furnished with iron vessels. Any one requiring a drink of water has merely to take up the cup and press a tap. This arrangement would not be practicable in India, where a man of one caste cannot drink water out of a cup used by one of another. When we noticed these drinking arrangements, we were on our way to see the " Cart-Horse Parade," which takes place every Whit-Monday in Regent's Park. Many of the carts were beautifully decorated with flags, and the horses were also specially adorned for the occasion, their tails being plaited with ribbons of different colours, and the harness cleaned up so well that it shone brilliantly. Some of the horses were really splendid ; I do not think I ever saw so large and excellent a collection. The municipal authorities do not allow unfit horses to be driven, by this means preventing cruelty to animals, and doing good work for dumb creatures. This parade encourages both

owners and drivers to keep their animals in prime condition, prizes being offered for the best ones shown. I shall certainly introduce this parade into my State for the *Ekka* ponies, which are generally in a miserable plight.

On the following day we took a motor car—undoubtedly the most convenient form of conveyance—and journeyed to Hampton Court, which we reached in three quarters of an hour, going straight to the Mitre Hotel. After depositing our coat and books, we proceeded to the Hampton Court Palace. This stately building—one of the finest of England's royal residences—was built by Cardinal Wolsey, in 1515, for himself, and eleven years later presented by him to his royal master, Henry VIII. It contains nearly a thousand apartments, a large number of which are occupied by royal pensioners and other favoured persons. We went round the magnificent State Rooms; these contain a fine collection of paintings and tapestries. There is a very old clock, the dial of which is divided into twenty-four parts, but the figures run from one to twelve, this number being repeated. The signs of the zodiac are also represented on the other side. Then we wandered through the quaint old-world gardens filled with choicest flowers, admiring as we went the ever-green turf. The river is seen at its best from here, and the view is wonderful.

Our next visit was to Mr. Herbert Birdwood, I.C.S., Major Benn's uncle, who is a notable amateur gardener. He took us over his garden, which, though small, is full of beautiful flowers, including Indian plants, which he takes great trouble in rearing. His wife is also most agreeable, and took much interest in my visit. This gentleman has two sons in the Indian Army, one of whom is on the staff of Lord Kitchener. He showed me a very good collection of Boer War trophies, which his son had sent him while serving in South Africa.

Taking Mr. Birdwood with us in our motor car, we went on to Kew Gardens, and there saw various houses containing orchids, palms, cacti, ferns, begonias and other flowering and aquatic plants. The whole show is quite unique, but one requires plenty of time to go through it carefully, for

it is so vast and contains nearly everything of interest in the botanical world. There are long stretches of turf, broken here and there by beds of rhododendrons and azaleas. Well worth a visit, too, is a house containing samples of wood from many parts of the world, some of the specimens being very large.

In the evening we went to a restaurant, where Major Benn entertained us with tea and ices. His mother and sister were also present. I liked them both very much, and was pleased to make their acquaintance. We returned home in our car, accomplishing the journey in half an hour. Motor-car driving was a new experience to me, and I quite enjoyed it, and was grateful to Major Benn for the suggestion. The London hotels, as a rule, present their accounts for settlement weekly; I think this an excellent plan.

After luncheon on May 26th we drove to the Agricultural Hall, where His Majesty the King was to open the Royal Military Tournament. The hall, a great building of about 1000 feet by 200, is roofed in with glass, and used for important cattle shows and trade exhibitions. The appearance of the King and Queen in the royal box was the signal for the National Anthem. As it died away, an outburst of cheering broke from the seven thousand spectators present. The seats in the hall were divided into different colours. We occupied some in the balcony, coloured blue, from which we obtained an excellent view of all that was going on. Some of the feats performed were splendid. There was a musical ride of a six-gun battery, drawn by the same number of horses; they made all sorts of curves in a very small space, and were, if possible, cleverer than their drivers. Another musical ride by cavalry, which took place next, appeared very difficult, but was most interesting. Each horse walked, trotted and cantered, keeping time; then they crossed one another at a gallop, just as they had done previously at a walk or trot. Here I saw for the first time a game of push-ball. The ball used was four or five feet in diameter and inflated with air. The horses had to push it from the centre to one or other of the goals. This was quite a new thing to me, and I enjoyed it immensely. The

battery exercises, shown by sailors, were also very good. In one moment the guns were ready to be fired on the enemy, in another they were all packed in a box, and an instant later they were taken to pieces and lying on the ground. The sailors did everything with extraordinary rapidity. The heat of the hall had made me feel quite tired, and I was glad to get into the fresh air. When we came out there was an enormous crowd at the door, and we had to wait nearly half an hour to get our carriage.

Later on I dined with Sir Curzon and Lady Wyllie. They asked me a great many questions about Rajputana, where they had been for a long time. It was a great pleasure to see them again. Sir Curzon did his best throughout my European tour to make it a success in every way, for which I was most grateful to him: none of his friends deplored his cruel fate more deeply than myself.

On the morning of May 27th we visited the Horse-Guards at Whitehall. During the day two gigantic Guardsmen occupy sentry boxes on either side of the entrance, and shortly before 11 o'clock daily the operation of "Changing the Guard" takes place. This is an interesting spectacle conducted in a very smart manner. In order to serve in the Guards, a man must be very tall and well built. They are the King's special troops, and usually form his escort.

On the evening of the same day I dined with my old friend Major Evans Gordon and his wife, the Marchioness of Tweeddale. It was an unbounded pleasure to see them after so long a time; I was so completely at home with them that I felt as if I were in my own house. They did everything in their power to make me happy, and I shall never forget the kind way in which they received me. They have a charming house facing the river. After dinner Major Gordon showed me some photographs taken at Jhalrapatan while he was there, which reminded me of the troubles we had in Jhalawar in 1895-6. The next day, May 28th, I went to Queen Anne's Mansions, where Major and Mrs. Bruce were staying. This is the highest block of buildings in London, and the only one with twelve storeys.

It is a huge place, but looks very ugly; such edifices cannot be otherwise while the main idea in building them is to make money. Major and Mrs. Bruce kindly accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens, which I had not visited until then. They were anxious to see a snow-leopard they had brought from Kashmir. The admission fee is one shilling each. I purchased a catalogue for sixpence, and wondered how they managed to sell such a well-illustrated book for so small a sum; I suppose the great number sold makes them pay. We went through the gardens, which are beautifully laid out. Some of the houses seemed very small to me; in India we build far larger ones, but, with the variable climate of England, these smaller houses are probably better for their inmates, as in winter it would be difficult to keep spacious rooms warm. Several of the animals we saw here were quite new to me; among these were the kangaroo, hippopotamus, giraffe and ant-eater. I consider an ant-eater the ugliest of all animals, whilst next in this respect comes the hippopotamus, with no hair at all, and eyes protruding from its head. We had our tea close to a band, which played at intervals. On my way back I called at Major Gordon's house. I was shown into the drawing-room, where Lady Tweeddale greeted me with a smile and asked me to take some tea, which I did, as in London it is considered impolite to refuse.

On the evening of the same day Major Benn returned from Guernsey, where he had been staying with his wife and father-in-law. He reached the hotel at 9 p.m., and I was indeed glad to see him back. Guernsey, which is one of the Channel Islands, belongs to England, and is celebrated for the excellence of its fruit, flowers and tomatoes. The inhabitants have Home Rule, and make their own local laws. Their Parliament consists of the Bailiff and a certain number of members called "Jurats," the latter being drawn exclusively from the oldest families; no new-comer could possibly be elected. The island is triangular in shape and very small, being only nine by five miles in extent. Sixteen policemen are sufficient to keep order. New residents are not called upon to pay income tax for the first three

years; this is doubtless to attract people to settle on the island.

On May 29th Major Benn and I lunched with Lady Tweeddale and Major Gordon. I had told Major Benn so much about them that I wanted him to make their acquaintance. After luncheon we made our way to Westminster Abbey, which we reached whilst the service was proceeding. The organ is very fine, and as the clear voices of the choristers rose and fell to its accompaniment, the effect was most beautiful. The Abbey was crowded with people and every seat occupied, so we had to remain standing. The London roads are paved with blocks of wood cemented with hot tar. I do not think these would succeed in India, on account of the high temperature; the wooden blocks, too, would wear away in no time.

On our way to visit St. Paul's Cathedral we called at the William's Typewriter Company, as my machine was out of order and I wanted to have it repaired. I asked whether any improvement had been recently made in the machine, and was shown a great many interesting things, and the manner in which various difficulties had been overcome. Then we went into the cathedral, which is a magnificent building. There are many fine monuments erected to the memory of the heroes, artists and painters of the country. In the centre of the cathedral is Nelson's tomb, on which is engraved his last signal at Trafalgar—"England expects every man to do his duty"—what a beautiful sentence! We saw, too, the tomb of the Duke of Wellington and the carriage which bore his remains to the cathedral. Then we went to the Whispering Gallery—so called because the slightest whisper against the wall of one side is distinctly heard on the other; a distance of more than 100 feet. The gallery runs round the interior of the dome, and is a wonderful piece of art and science. Mounting still higher we came to the Golden Gallery, from whence a magnificent view over London is obtained, finally reaching the Ball, which meant that we had ascended 616 steps. I was very tired with going up all these stairs, and Doctor Ramlal was simply miserable. Amongst many other interesting things we were

shown Sir Christopher Wren's original model for building the cathedral, also various paintings and mosaic work, as well as the library containing 12,000 books.

Before my trip to Europe I did not care for fish, for that which is kept in tanks does not compare with what comes straight from the sea. At a restaurant known as " Sweetings " every course consists only of different sorts of fish, served with vegetables. This place should certainly be patronized by people desiring the best fish. I saw there many devouring their lunch while standing ; these were business men, who are always in a hurry, and appear to me to sacrifice comfort to money making.

Although a little late, we were in time to see the State procession of the Lord Mayor, who drove in a quaint, old-world coach, accompanied by his sister, to perform the ceremony of opening an exhibition of pictures at the Guildhall. The coachman and footmen wore curled and powdered wigs and rich liveries. We were received at the entrance to the Guildhall and taken inside, being given *carte blanche* to wander about and see what we liked, but there was such a rush that I did not care to do so, as it is not possible to see or enjoy anything under these conditions.

On our way back to the hotel we visited the National Gallery, where works of British painters are, to my mind, better represented than those of the foreign schools of painting. Though the building does not compare with the Louvre, it commands a good view of Trafalgar Square, so named in commemoration of Nelson's great victory. On the southern side there is a statue of the hero himself perched on a high column, and in the centre handsome fountains are always playing.

After dinner we went to the Royal Court Theatre, where " Timon of Athens " was advertised to be played. I was so anxious to see a play of Shakespeare's on the stage here, but, unfortunately, the doors of the theatre were closed, and we were unable to gain admission, as the play was stopped owing to the illness of the lady who was to play the principal part. Such a thing seldom happens in London. Through the telephone we managed to secure a box at the London Hippodrome,

where I passed a very pleasant evening. The acrobatic and balancing feats were first rate, whilst eight girls did some wonderful tricks on bicycles. The performance concluded with a play entitled "Siberia," in which the scenery was particularly good, the representation of falling snow being most realistic. For the final river scene real water, ten feet in depth, was turned on, into which both men and horses jumped. The whole show was excellent, as also the arrangements for obtaining refreshments.

When London streets are under repair a canvas hut is erected to prevent passers-by from using the unfinished portion, and to serve as a shelter to the watchman. At night lanterns with red glass panels are hung up as an additional precaution.

London may be called the centre of all the arts and sciences, and consequently everything of the best is to be found there. Mr. Langfier, the artist, brought my miniature on ivory; it was very good indeed. I showed him some ivory paintings of Delhi which I had with me. He could hardly believe that they were done in India. No doubt the Indian artist is a good copyist, but this industry seems gradually dying out.

On the last of May I and my party dined with the Marchioness of Tweeddale and Major Gordon. After dinner we drove to the Houses of Parliament, which are immense buildings overlooking the river. First of all we saw Westminster Hall, 800 years old, and ranking first among the historical buildings of the Empire. The wood-work of the roof is simply wonderful; it was preserved from destruction in a great fire which consumed the adjoining Houses of Parliament in 1834. Major Gordon showed me the spot where King Charles I. stood when he was tried and finally condemned to death. He next escorted us to seats in the gallery of the House of Commons. A committee was sitting at the time, discussing various questions. Major Gordon, who was a member, made an excellent speech; and others also spoke on different subjects. I could not help noticing, however, that members were not always attentive to the speeches, and I wondered how under these circumstances they knew which way to vote.

As the House of Lords was closed, and would not re-open until the following month, Major Gordon showed us over the dining-rooms used by the Ministers and Members and also the Library; the latter chiefly contains Acts of Parliament and other documents connected with Government. After this he entertained us to tea on the terrace which overlooks the river; it was pleasant sitting there in the open air, and watching the endless stream of people and carriages passing to and fro over Westminster Bridge. There is a saying that whenever one looks at this bridge one is sure to see a white horse pass over it. After receiving these kindnesses from my friend Major Evans Gordon, we proceeded to Messrs. Hatchards', the booksellers. It is a treat to go into London shops, the people are so polite, and will always give any information connected with their particular line of business. I wanted to purchase one or two books on Buddhism, and was brought several on the subject, one of which, the *Life of Buddha*, had been just recently published. The books were arranged very nicely according to their subjects; those on Japan and Russia occupying prominent places, as the war was in progress at the time.

After dinner we went to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where we saw "La Poupée"—a very amusing piece. Miss Edna May, who took the principal part, is a beautiful woman and charming actress.

On Derby Day we left Victoria Station soon after noon, reaching Epsom Down about one o'clock. Special trains are run on these occasions, so that we did not stop at any intermediate stations, but, in spite of Major Benn's precaution in having a compartment reserved for us, three passengers were, at the last moment, hurled into our carriage. The guard who put them in had probably been "tipped." The practice of tipping is prevalent in every country, but I should say that there is less of it in India than elsewhere. In England it is quite as bad as on the Continent, for if a man of the people only answers a civil question he seems to expect something. The weather was fine when we left Victoria Station, but we found it raining on our arrival at Epsom, and learnt that it had been pouring there since early morning,

with the result that the road—if such it could be called—from the station to the race-course was in a terrible condition. It is at Epsom that the world-wide, famous "Derby" is run. Vehicles of all kinds, from donkey carts to four-in-hands, were requisitioned to convey visitors to the course. On stand and race-course alike people were packed like sardines, for the English are very keen on this sport. We did not see the first race, as we were taking our luncheon at the time. When we reached our seats every place was filled, and there was hardly standing room. The people were enjoying themselves immensely in different ways—one was to be seen giving a series of performances, another was making a speech, in fact everyone was doing something either to amuse himself or his neighbour. A great deal of betting was going on, both among men and women, and the "bookies" were busy trying to persuade people to bet. Before the Derby was run there was a heavy thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents. The horses were taken out of the paddock where they were ready saddled. Many thought that the French horse "Gouvernant" would win. Out of mere fun I asked Major Benn to back "St. Amant" for me, and gave him £5 for this purpose. As the horse was not a favourite he stood at 5 to 1 bar 1. Now of course our interest became more keen in the race. The horses were taken to the starting-place, and were soon off. "St. Amant" led from the first. I had little hope that he would keep it, but fortunately he did, and won the race, so, though we got wet through and our silk hats were spoilt, I won £25 in return for the £5 staked on "St. Amant."

Next day we visited the Royal Mint. No one is allowed to enter here without a special permit; this we had, and so were admitted, and shown everything connected with the Mint. First of all we were taken into a room where gold and silver is received in bars, and saw many of these lying about. In a room adjoining the silver ingots are melted and cast in bars of a suitable size. A portion is then sent to the alloy office to be analyzed, and the chemist reports whether each bar contains the necessary alloy of copper for coining. The melting furnace comes next; here everything is done by

hand, whereas in the silver room machinery is employed. We then saw the bars being flattened to the required thickness for coining, after which the pieces were weighed, and, if of the correct weight, stamped in a powerful press. All the stamping is done at once, and a very interesting process it is. After being cleaned coins pass through a special machine which sorts them into three different boxes—" right weight," " too heavy " and " too light." The latter are returned for re-melting, whilst coins of correct weight are handed over to boys for testing, which they do by flinging them down, one by one, on a block of iron. It was very interesting to watch this testing process, and to note how instantly the boys detected the slightest defect; they must require very keen hearing for this work. Last, but not least, of the wonderful machinery was that for reckoning the coins. We saw it counting sixpenny pieces for Hong-Kong, after which they were packed in wooden boxes to be sent out. Each box contained two bags, and each bag 5,000 sixpences. Full details are sent daily to the authorities for checking progress. Before leaving we were taken to a room where obsolete coins and medals are kept, and shown, too, the new Great Seal of England which was under preparation, finally visiting the place where dies are engraved.

In the evening we visited the Apollo Theatre, where " Veronique " was being played. I consider it the best piece I have seen in London, with the exception of the " Duchess of Dantzig." There are many tea-rooms here, where people go to drink tea and invite their friends to meet them. A separate room can be reserved if desired, but for any one who wishes to see London life it is better to take a table in the public room.

On June 3rd we visited Westminster Abbey. The Bishop of Calcutta, who takes a great interest in Indians, and said that they were always welcome at the Abbey, kindly acted as our cicerone, and showed us everything of interest. He first led us to the high altar, and then to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, which is in the centre of the Abbey. The Coronation Chair next claimed our attention, beneath rests an ancient stone brought from Scotland in 1297. Upon this

LONDON, THE MARBLE ARCH

THE RIVERSIDE AT STAINES

the Scottish kings were crowned for many centuries, and it has served the same purpose for every English monarch since the time of Edward I.

Through Major Gordon's good offices I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Lindsay, who is in charge of the Heralds' College, or College of Arms; he showed me the crests and badges of the Royal Family of England and other important personages. I admired the clear handwriting in the registers, and the painting of the crests. He also informed me that, on account of the antiquity of the documents, the rooms were made fire-proof. I found Mr. Lindsay was greatly interested in different religions, and he asked me, amongst other questions, the meaning of the word "Nirvana," which I explained to him.

After my visit to the College of Arms I drove to Queen Anne's Mansions, where my friends Major and Mrs. Bruce were residing. These mansions are very large, but the rooms struck me as low; the long corridors especially so, in comparison to their length. I noticed at the door of the lift an indicator placed to show its position at the moment.

On June 4th the Lord Mayor invited me and my suite to luncheon with him. Thakur Umrao Singh and I put on our oriental costumes and drove to the Mansion House. Dr. Ramlal was unfortunately unwell, and therefore could not accompany us. We stopped at Messrs. Van Dyck & Co.'s to be photographed. When leaving the studio some people in the crowd took snap shots of us, probably because we were in Indian dress. We reached the Mansion House at the appointed hour, 1.30, and were received by the daughters of the Lord Mayor, who joined us himself a few minutes later and escorted us to the dining room, where the table was decorated with beautiful flowers. At luncheon I sat on the right of the Lord Mayor, while upon my right was one of his daughters, who most kindly showed me every attention; I greatly admire these English ladies, who converse so well, and have the power of making a stranger feel so completely at his ease. After luncheon we saw the chief room, known as the Egyptian Hall, where as many as 300 people can be entertained at State functions. The Lord Mayor also showed

me the gold plate of the City of London, and cups of the same metal, used on special occasions for drinking wine, when the health of some royal or other distinguished visitor is proposed. Under the guidance of the head butler we visited the kitchens where the famous turtle-soup is prepared, as well as the place where huge joints are roasted by means of a simple contrivance called a "jack," which keeps the joint revolving, thus enabling it to roast equally on all sides.

The same evening we went to the theatre to see "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," and greatly enjoyed the acting of both Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Grace Fane.

Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition, which we visited on the following day, greatly interested me. It is a large collection of wax figures, of both ancient and modern celebrities. Some of them are really excellent; especially so are various groups of the Royal Family, whilst the figure of the late Queen Victoria, writing at a table, is beautifully done. Wonderfully executed, too, is a tableau depicting Napoleon's death. The gruesome "Chamber of Horrors," which contains England's most notorious criminals, also claimed attention. We then went on to the Tate Gallery, a handsome building containing some fine examples of modern British art. The fountains playing in various parts look very beautiful amidst the green foliage and plants surrounding them. There is a good garden at the back of the building.

I was very anxious to pay a visit to Mudie's Circulating Library, which I did. The premises look insignificant from outside, but directly we entered we were simply bewildered by the enormous piles of books which met our gaze. They were arranged in open bookcases, looking like streets of books, and leaving only sufficient room for a man to pass. The Librarian took us round and showed us everything, explaining, among other things, how subscribers obtain and change their books. He then led the way to the bookbinding department, a most interesting part of the work, where all the stages through which a book has to pass in process of binding were seen by us.

We went to His Majesty's Theatre in the evening, where

we saw the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford being played respectively by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Constance Collier, and creditably indeed they sustained their parts. This was followed by a new play entitled "The Man who Was," written by Rudyard Kipling, and dramatized by Kensey Piele.

Next day we saw the Victoria and Albert Museum, a large building to which additions are still being made. The ground floor is devoted to metal work, tapestries, carpets and other antique articles, whilst the upper storeys contain paintings, engravings and books, as well as furniture, porcelain, lace and many other beautiful things, which required a great deal more time to see thoroughly than we had at our command. As we left the Museum I saw a street artist drawing pictures on the pavement with pieces of coloured chalks. It was wonderful to see such effects produced with so little material. All the pictures were good, but two of them specially pleased me, one being of a ship and the other of a small snow-covered house in the woods.

When an Indian Chief visits London he has to call upon the Secretary of State for India. I therefore called on Mr. Brodrick in my Indian costume. A red cloth was spread from the carriage to the house; this is a mark of honour paid to Indian Princes. Sir Curzon Wyllie received me at the head of the staircase, and conducted me to Mr. Brodrick's private room. He asked me about the Mayo College and the future developments of the educational system, and I told him that we wanted more higher and technical education. The conversation next turned on my stay in England, my son's education in this country, then on the *anopheles* mosquito, which introduces germs of malaria into the human system, and finally on the treatment of lupus by the X-Rays.

My visit to a Ladies' Club was quite a new experience. Mrs. Rew, Major Benn's sister, kindly entertained us to tea at one to which she belonged, and afterwards showed me round. The rooms are comfortably furnished, and have a telegraph system by which the latest news which comes

to London is printed as received. In the smoking-room I saw one or two ladies indulging in cigarettes. It does not seem proper for ladies to smoke, and in my humble opinion this practice lessens their charm. I was entertained at seeing a placard bearing the word " silence " in a room set aside for writing and similar occupations. Here ladies are not allowed to indulge in their favourite habit of talking; if this state of affairs continues for long, the fair sex will become as reserved as men folk, and then society will be dull and lifeless. At present one sees ladies chatting all day without being tired, but the new system will, after a time, make them dumb and mute, for any habit a woman wants to cultivate in herself develops very quickly. I asked Mrs. Rew whether they had a lady secretary, but learnt that a man held the post; this gave me an opportunity for making a little joke. No one can enter these clubs except by the invitation of a member; even the husbands of members must remain outside unless invited.

After dinner I went to the Northbrook Society, wearing my Indian dress. I was received most warmly, and nearly every one present desired an introduction. I took Lady Wollaston in to supper. There were many people present who had spent long periods in India.

Having but little room at their disposal, Londoners often make a garden of their window ledges, and there are a good many books written on this subject. We bought a few plants for my room. One can buy anything in the shape of geraniums, lilies, roses, ferns and even trees bearing fruits, all of course in pots. The " red rambler " is a charming creeping rose, which produces lovely bunches of flowers.

Our next visit was to the Tower of London, which at various times has served the purposes of a fortress, palace and prison. The Chief Warder showed us over, and before entering the Tower drew our attention to the " Traitor's Gate," through which the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England, passed in as a prisoner. We were shown the Regalia, consisting of the crowns, sceptre and other ensigns of royalty used by the Kings and Queens of England, all of them ablaze with jewels. Here, too, were to be seen

swords of state, their scabbards glittering with precious stones. Then we went on to the Armoury, a valuable collection originally formed by Henry VIII., and added to by succeeding monarchs, amongst which are some interesting specimens of Indian armour. The cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, together with dark crypts and dungeons, were pointed out to us, the warder finally taking us to the spot where the block used to be set up for executions, and a chapel which contains the bones of many an illustrious victim. We were shown the window of the room where the two little princes were murdered by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

We next visited the British Museum, which is so vast a place that it would take a lifetime to know it thoroughly. An official kindly took us to the Library, in the centre of which is the famous Reading Room, a circular hall accommodating about 500 readers, the majority of whom come there for purposes of research. The printed catalogue alone consists of some 800 volumes. The arrangement of the books is so admirable that new volumes can at once be placed side by side with others on the same subject. This Museum is on such an enormous scale, that no one can realise what it is like unless they have seen it.

After dinner we went to the Vaudeville Theatre, where the "Cherry Girl" was being played. The plot was commonplace, and altogether more like a pantomime than a play.

The following day we left London from Victoria Station at 4.40 p.m., reaching the Crystal Palace in half an hour, and after mounting a few hundred feet found ourselves in the midst of a beautiful garden, having the Crystal Palace in the background. A little further on we came to the Polo Ground, which is quite different to those of India. The latter, owing to our dry climate, are very hard, and a faster game is played on them than is possible here, where the dampness of the atmosphere renders the ground much softer. I was pleased to see two teams playing polo, but I did not care to watch the game for long, as it seemed to me a poor affair after our faster play. We had a ride on the switch-back railway, and were much amused. The Palace,

a huge building entirely made of glass, is chiefly composed of the materials used in the first Industrial Exhibition of 1851; it was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton. Desiring to see something of the view, which we understood extended into eight counties, we ascended the tower by means of a lift, but the weather was unfortunately not sufficiently fine to allow of our seeing very far. We determined to try the water-chute, and were soon in the boat, sliding down the rails, which landed us a moment later on the surface of the water of a small artificial tank at the foot of the tower. I found the sensation both exciting and pleasant. We dined at a restaurant in the Palace, after which we went to see the fireworks. The display was excellent, and closed with a set piece showing a naval engagement between the Japanese and Russians. I greatly admired the beautiful effects produced by the changing colours on the fountains. We reached our hotel at about 11 p.m., having had a most pleasant time at the Crystal Palace.

Another day we visited the East End of London, which is the poorest part of the metropolis. Accompanied by the Rev. J. Watts-Ditchfield, Vicar of St. James the Less, we started on a tour of inspection. He showed us the existing chapel used for his Sunday and other services, and then took us to see a new building in course of erection. Some of the rooms here were to be reserved for medical purposes, and others utilized by the men and women of the parish as clubs. This clergyman seems doing a great deal of good for the poor people under his charge. We went on to a school where boys and girls were being taught; the method of teaching seemed excellent, and the Kindergarten system had been recently introduced into the school. From the balcony we saw a may-pole dance performed by eight boys and girls, some of whom looked quite young; they did it very nicely indeed, keeping perfect time. We noticed that the rooms in which classes are held can, by an arrangement of sliding shutters, be turned into larger halls when necessary. The Vicar showed us the rooms used by young women for cooking purposes, and where lessons in this art are given; we saw also some others to be utilized as reading rooms.

I next visited the house of Mr. Dore, a weaver whose Huguenot ancestors came to England from France during the persecutions of the seventeenth century. The art of weaving had been practised in his family for several hundred years. He was an old man, and proudly showed us everything with the greatest eagerness. He had made the velvet for the robes of their Majesties the King and Queen on the occasion of their Coronation, and produced for our inspection two pieces of velvet which he said were of the same material, and of such fine texture that one square inch contained 32,000 threads! I had never seen such rare and beautiful velvet before, and the old weaver assured me that so fine a fabric had never before been made in the world. When we came in he was engaged on weaving some material such as priests use for binding their sacred books. He gave me a photograph taken of himself in the act of weaving the velvet for their Majesties the King and Queen. As he had not at the moment any figured silk on hand, we went on to another man who was making some. It is wonderful how these people can produce such exquisite material on looms which are 200 years old. I was startled to learn that much silk made in England is sent to France, the same pieces being reshipped to England as French silk, and charged at a higher price on this account! After this we were taken to a house of a poor woman whose business was making match-boxes. If she toils for eighteen hours she can only earn 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. This is very hard work, and I saw how she made the boxes. Thin wood, cut into proper lengths, is supplied to the woman by the firm employing her, and it has to be made into boxes with paper pasted round them. The paper is also supplied free, but the woman has to prepare and provide the paste. She had two children, and only one room in which to live and do her work. In India the sum of 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. a day would be considered good wages, but it is not so in England, where higher house rent, heavy taxes and the greater cost of food and clothing make living so dear. We saw other two women making fancy boxes; this is also hard work at poor remuneration. We went next to the "Workman's Home Club," or Hotel, which is furnished

with beds and cooking rooms. Here a man can either cook his own food or get it prepared for him at a small cost. Intoxicants are not allowed; if a man gets drunk once it is overlooked, but on a repetition of the offence he is turned out of the house. Drinking too much is at all times to be discouraged, especially in people who cannot afford to indulge in so injurious a habit. We were taken on to the top of a house to see a roof garden. This reminded me of India, though in England there are no terraces, and owing to the cold climate one cannot really enjoy sitting on a roof.

That night we attended a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, which took place in the room in which the Court was held. A seat was assigned to me in the Ambassador's Gallery, from which I obtained a good view of all that was going on. It was pretty to see the dancing, as well as the dainty dresses and beautiful jewels of the ladies. The King and Queen looked both well and charming. It was late when their Majesties left the room, and I stayed only a short time longer, as the crowd was so great that there was hardly any space to move about in. It took us half an hour to cover a distance of hardly 50 feet.

The following day we visited the Royal Academy of Arts, a fine building in which annual exhibitions of pictures are held. It is considered a great honour for an artist to have his work accepted and hung here at all, and still more so if he is fortunate enough to secure a place "on the line," *i.e.* on a level with the spectator's eye. Each year new pictures are shown, and the old ones, if not sold, are either sent to other picture galleries or returned to the owner, as the same picture can never be hung twice in the Royal Academy. Some of them are very fine. There are separate rooms for water-colours and miniatures.

CHAPTER IV

LONDON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD; SHEFFIELD, MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL

AFTER visiting the Royal Academy's Exhibition we drove to the London Hospital, which is situated in the East End, and were received at the entrance by the Hon. Sydney Holland. First of all we were taken to rooms which are kept open day and night for the reception of accident cases. If the injury received is serious the patient is detained in hospital, but if only slight he is sent home after receiving proper treatment. Then we passed to the out-patients' rooms, full of applicants, where two doctors on duty were busy either attending to them or writing prescriptions, which were subsequently made up and handed to the patients through a small window. My eye was attracted by some notices I saw in the Hebrew character hanging up here; upon enquiry I learnt that many Jews resided in this part of London, and that it was for their convenience that these notices were written. Later on Mr. Holland told me that a wealthy Jew gave £13,000 to the Hospital on two conditions—first, that his name should not be made public, and secondly, that every patient should be treated alike, without distinction of creed or race. I think this a noble gift, and the conditions simply splendid. When a patient who has been under treatment for some time is not cured, he is seen by a specialist, and if, after examination, a surgical operation is found to be necessary, this is done in the best possible manner. Mr. Holland then took us to the room of Mr. Rigby, Professor of Surgery, who was at the moment explaining a case of nerve lesion to the students. The patient had received an

injury to his shoulder some time previously, which had affected his nerves, and he had consequently lost the proper use of his fingers. After this we were taken into the apartment where the medicines are prepared. Here I saw some clever pieces of machinery. One of them mixed medicines with marvellous rapidity; whilst there were others for making up dry and wet tabloids and pills. The dry are made from powder, pressed with such force that it becomes hardened into tabloid form; the wet ones by mixing the drugs well, and then preparing a layer of the mixture of the thickness required, which is cut into tabloids by the machine. There are other machines for grinding and purifying medicines. Passing on, we came to where the X-Rays apparatus was shown. I put my hand into it, and in a second my bones were visible. When my hand was under the rays I felt some slight shocks of electricity. We also saw some Radium, which shone in the darkness; the property of this substance is to emit energy without ceasing. We were shown, too, the ". Light " treatment room for the cure of Lupus. It is fitted with two great lamps, one of which was presented to the Hospital by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. One lamp gives sufficient light to cure four patients at a time. They have to lie down, and the nurses keep the light on the spot where there is any sign of disease. It is so strong that no one can remain under it for more than one hour, the specified time for treatment; a small instrument is therefore used, something like a compass with thick glasses, between which cold water is kept running continuously. We next made our way to the operating theatre. Previous to an operation the room and everything to be used—even the hands of the surgeon and his assistants—are sterilised, that is to say, purified from possible microbes, and made safe for operating purposes. Instruments both for amputation and boring were to be seen here; the latter will not cut any soft portions, but only bones. A special room is appointed for the cleaning of instruments, and hot water is always ready for the purpose. Here we also saw the different substances used for sewing up wounds. Silk was formerly utilized for this purpose, but as it caused pain and suppuration to the patient

it has been replaced by guts of varying thickness and strength, which disappear altogether after some time. The strongest is the tendon of a kangaroo's tail, which takes a year to absorb. The arrangements for eye treatment are perfect at this Hospital. The room is dark in which cases are examined, but contains separate cells, each of which is fitted with an electric lamp, giving a strong or weak light as desired. This was a novelty to me, as I had never seen an electric lamp which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. Then I was taken round the wards, which looked very comfortable. The thing which struck me most was a moveable screen which can be placed round any bed, securing privacy for its occupant. Choloroform is administered to patients before they are removed to the operating theatre. By this simple means the patient is saved the distress of seeing the preparations; I consider this a most humane practice. A room was also shown me where the high-frequency current treatment, more generally called the "electric bath," takes place. Two more valuable instruments were brought to our notice; one was the Crystoscope fitted with an electric light, by the help of which everything can be seen in the bladder, and the other the Lithotrite which, being very powerful, can crush a stone in the bladder into fine pieces in a short time. In passing through the wards I came across a Punjabi student who was suffering from acute pneumonia. My heart went out to him at once, and I begged that he might have special attention paid him. He had come to England to pass some examination, and may be useful to India by and by. This place is certainly full of wonders, and I was delighted with everything I saw.

Visitors to London should certainly make a point of driving through the small villages situated in its vicinity, more particularly those standing on and about the banks of the Thames, many of which are extremely beautiful. There are open spaces, too, such as Wimbledon Common and Hampstead Heath, where Londoners often go to enjoy a holiday, though many of them may never have seen the real country.

It was a great pleasure to me to make the acquaintance of Mr. Elliot, once tutor to the present Gaikwar of Baroda.

This gentleman and his wife are most agreeable people, and do their best to make the visit of any Indian coming to London pleasant and profitable. Many English people are deeply interested in Hinduism and Buddhism. On the evening of June 12th, when dining with Major Gordon, I met a lady who was much attracted by different religions, and asked me a great many questions concerning them. Indian ladies might well learn from their English sisters to take a more intelligent interest in educational and other matters.

Mr. Sutton, of Reading, the head of a well-known firm of seedsmen, asked us to lunch with him on June 13th. We left London in two motor cars at 10 in the morning, but just on the outskirts of Slough one of our tyres punctured, which delayed us for some minutes there. From this place we could see Windsor Castle, which looked stately and beautiful, towering above the plain, an imposing symbol of the world-wide British Empire. We resumed our journey, hoping to reach Reading in a short time, but unfortunately another bad puncture took place near the Crown Hotel, to which we went while the motor car was under repair, engaging a room to wait in. At this place the street was gaily decorated with flags, as His Majesty the King was expected to drive through the place during the afternoon. After refreshing ourselves with some tea we started again for Reading, but at Maidenhead a third firework-like explosion of the tyre took place which necessitated another rest, and we put up for a while at the Bear Hotel, on the roof of which is the figure of that animal. Our chauffeur was much vexed at these repeated accidents, but we assured him they were not his fault, and that we knew he was doing his best for us. We reached Reading about 3 o'clock, tired out and begrimed with the road dust. Upon arrival at Mr. Sutton's house we found luncheon still waiting for us, and felt both ashamed and unhappy at having kept it for over two hours. The luncheon was served very nicely, and the flowers on the table most artistically arranged, but I could not enjoy it greatly, I was so tired. After luncheon Mr. Sutton took me round his beautiful garden. I much admired Reading and the surrounding scenery, the hills in the

distance covered with trees looking very picturesque. Mr. Sutton had us conveyed in two carriages to see the premises where seeds are packed and prepared. These huge buildings cover six acres of ground. The sowing season having commenced, his whole staff were out in the fields, so there was not much going on within doors. What struck me most was the place where seeds are dried. They are placed in a room heated from below; when this room attains a certain degree of heat and the seeds are quite dried, they are packed in hermetically-sealed tins. Mr. Sutton, senior, showed us the room in which the King had lunched some time previously. Then we inspected the offices where the money transactions of the firm are conducted. The system of filing is excellent, and is the same as that used in the Library at Madrid. Passing on to the trial grounds, Mr. Sutton showed me various glass houses containing a marvellous collection of flowers which are sent to London for exhibition. We went to one in which melons were being grown; the method of cultivation was quite new to me, it was accomplished by means of hot gas tubes running through the house to maintain the temperatures favourable to their growth. Mr. Sutton gave us some melon, which was delicious. Then he took us over the trial grounds for vegetables, where he showed me different kinds of lettuces, and a particular sort of potato which is immune from the diseases to which other varieties are subject. At this place I also saw many kinds of turf planted in squares, which looked beautiful. The different sorts, he explained, were grown to suit different countries. I much enjoyed seeing all these various things connected with gardening, and shall ever remember the sight of the beautiful flowers I saw there. Reading Station commands a good view of the surrounding country, which is adorned with lovely streams, green hills and grassy meadows. It is here, too, that the river Kennet runs into the Thames. I left with a pleasant sense of the kindness and courtesy shown me by Messrs. Sutton & Co., and felt very glad to have made their acquaintance.

On the morning of June 14th we went to see the Bank of England, and were most kindly received by the Governor,

who took us round the various rooms on that floor. In the room where we waited were busts of the founders of the building, and we particularly noticed here a finely carved chimney-piece, whilst the one used for committee meetings is larger and equally handsome. What is now termed " the Garden " was formerly a churchyard, for the Bank occupies the site and nearly the whole parish of St. Christopher-le-Stocks. An assistant was deputed to go round and show us everything of interest. We were first conducted to a chamber where bank notes are kept, and saw, not only safes filled with these precious pieces of paper, but were allowed to handle a packet containing notes worth £1,000,000. We next visited the bullion room; here bars of gold were lying about as if of no value. We were shown bags of sovereigns, too, as well as coins of different dates. After this we visited some places which we understood needed a special permit, rarely granted. One was a room where sovereigns and bullion are weighed, the scales for this purpose being of the greatest perfection and accuracy; whilst in another we had the opportunity of seeing the intricate processes of printing bank notes, about 50,000 of which are issued daily. The currency notes for India are also produced here, and on the day of our visit they were printing Rs. 5 ones. It is wonderful to see the rapidity with which all this is done. A blank piece of paper goes into the machine and comes out a printed note, ready for use. There is a special machine for automatically changing the number, whilst quite a recent innovation is the printing of the latter in both corners of the note, whereas formerly it was only in one. Notes paid in are cancelled at once, but filed for five years, after which time they are destroyed. A collection of old notes bearing the signatures of various important personages is still preserved, and was shown to us, as also several forgeries, most ingeniously fabricated. There were still older ones, some of which were dated back to the seventeenth century.

Visitors to London should not fail to avail themselves of the steamboat service, the boats of which make daily trips for a trifling fare up and down the river Thames during the summer months. There are numerous piers, or landing

stations, at which travellers may embark or disembark, and all classes of people patronize the steamers in fine weather, some for trips only and others as a means of getting to and from their work.

Wonderful tricks are to be seen at Maskelyne & Cook's Hall of Magic. I saw some very good ones the night I went there; one where a man was put into a box, which was then heated, but when the door was opened he came out of it quite uninjured.

I shall ever remember June 15th, the day on which Professor Dewar gave a lecture at the Royal Institution on the liquefaction of air. He received us most courteously, and escorted us to his lecture room, or theatre, where we took our seats. He spoke so distinctly that we were able to follow every word. First he showed us carbonic acid, frozen solid, looking and feeling like snow; that he said was below zero, but the temperature of liquefied air was still colder, being 240° below zero. Next he demonstrated the action of liquefied air on various metals and other objects, showing us, for instance, a rubber ball which was elastic before being immersed, but afterwards becoming rigid and so brittle that, when the distinguished Professor threw it against the wall, it broke and fell on the ground in a thousand pieces. The effect of liquid air on sparklets, which are very elastic, was that they could be ground into powder. He then poured liquid air upon bromine and chlorine gases, which froze them to the spot as it entered the vessel. These gases were coloured respectively reddish orange and greenish yellow. The next experiment consisted of the making of liquid air, which he illustrated by means of some he held in his hand, showing its effect on a tube through which a current of electricity passed, as well as upon a rose, which it made so brittle that a touch reduced it to a fine powder. He then proceeded to demonstrate its action upon non-phosphorescent substances, such as ivory, wax or paraffin candles, silk, cotton, etc., afterwards bringing to our notice a few things which expand under the action of cold, such as rubber and water. The eminent professor next showed us the colour of the air through the spectroscope, which it

proved to be blue, as black bands appeared on the blue band of the instrument. He finally delighted us all with an exhibition of liquid air rising like a fountain, and producing most beautiful effects. My good fortune in having Major Benn with me led to my making the acquaintance, through his introduction, of Mr. Savage Landor, the celebrated traveller, explorer and author, who seemed to know nearly everybody of interest and importance in London.

On the morning of June 16th we got up a little earlier than usual, and left at 9 o'clock for the headquarters of the *Graphic* newspaper, which are situated in Tallis Street. I wore my Indian dress. The Manager, who was at the door to receive us, led us to his office and showed us various rough sketches received from correspondents, and improved upon by himself. We then went into the composing-room, where there were several desks fitted with cases for holding the various kinds of type. The compositor was instructed to show me how it was all done, and he complied by setting up a few lines of type under my portrait. Passing on to the printing-room, the Manager suggested that I should press the handle of the machine and print my own portrait and the letterpress just set up beneath it; this I did, and he was good enough to present me with several copies.

The casting-room was our next destination; here plates are stereotyped. When a passage of type is set up, an impression of it is taken on a sheet of plaster of Paris; this is put into a metal case, on which liquid lead, or *surma*, is poured. The plate is next placed in an electric bath, where it is first coated with copper, then plated with nickel. After this long preparation it is ready for use, and sixty thousand impressions can be printed from it. Previous to being placed in the electric bath the plates are cleaned and scraped with fine instruments, which act on it as though it were made of wax. We were then taken to the printing-room, where we beheld a truly marvellous machine. A roll of blank paper is inserted at one end, and comes out at the other as a newspaper, printed, stitched, folded and ready for sale. The knives are very sharp, and cut thick folds of paper as easily as one would slice through a radish. Hardly less

wonderful was a machine which indicated how others were working and at what speed. This is accomplished by means of a dial bearing the number of each separate machine. When a particular one is working, its corresponding number on the indicator lights up, whilst a bell attached to the latter marks the revolutions the machine in question is making per minute. The entire machinery is worked by electricity. We completed our tour of inspection by a visit to the room where the paper is stored on which the *Graphic* is printed.

The following day we attended Ascot Races, leaving Waterloo Station at 12.35 p.m. and reaching the course about an hour later. We passed through some charming and well-timbered country, the hills and plains being covered with well-cultivated fields. Upon reaching Ascot we decided to walk to the stand, and as our road lay through a beautiful garden, resplendent with rhododendrons in full bloom and fir trees which gave out a pleasant perfume, we enjoyed it greatly. We at once took our seats on the second tier of the stand, and shortly afterwards the royal procession was seen approaching.

I had already singled out as my favourite a horse called "Wild Oats," which won the first race. Before the second was run we started for the Cavalry tent in the hope of obtaining luncheon. There were crowds of people, and when at last we reached the tent, so many were standing at the door that we had to wait half an hour before we could effect an entry. It was during this waiting time that I noticed an Irishwoman with a brush in her hand attempting to brush down a gentleman, to his evident annoyance. Upon catching sight of me, she crossed over and began to talk, brushing, meanwhile, my *angarkha*, or coat. Major Benn requested her to desist, but as she would not do so, he told her that there was no use in addressing me, as I did not know her language. I had therefore to keep quiet to prove the truth of Major Benn's assertion, and after a time we managed to get rid of her. Major Benn kindly entertained me to luncheon in his club tent, where I had an excellent meal. After luncheon we returned to our seats, and I was fortunate enough to back the winner of the Gold Cup.

There were many ladies present, as it is supposed to be the fashionable race meeting of the year, and some beautiful dresses; white, pink, light blue and mauve being the favourite colours, although there was a sprinkling also of dark and light green, dark blue and yellow.

After the King's departure we walked back to the station by the same path that we had come, and upon arriving there the rush was so great that it was a difficult matter to find seats at all, so we pushed our way into a third class carriage—my first experience of travelling in one. I was not sorry to have the opportunity of seeing what they were like. The seats were quite comfortable, though perhaps not so soft as those of the first class, and I noticed that the backs were padded much in the same way. I think that Indian railway companies might well endeavour to give the same amount of comfort to third-class passengers as is enjoyed by Englishmen. The cost of travelling third class in England is one penny per mile, whilst in India it is only a halfpenny for the same distance. After dinner we went to see "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which was a farce rather than a play. The scenery was pretty, and both music and acting good.

In the afternoon of June 17th we visited the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, the Hon. Sydney Holland kindly accompanying us. Here are great warehouses for grain, tobacco and frozen meat. He took us first to see the place where tobacco is stored, for which there is an immense market. Then we passed on to the meat department. The animals, mostly sheep, are killed in Australia and New Zealand, and after being frozen are shipped to England. We went into these rooms, which were very cold, the thermometer marking only 16° Fahrenheit. This low temperature is maintained by evaporation, which is kept up by means of a solution applied to the carcases of the frozen animals, which preserves them, and in fact would keep them for ever. The system of storing meat is excellent, as also the method of distributing it to butchers. The distribution is accomplished by the use of a sloping gangway, on the top of which the meat is placed, and it slides down to the bottom, whilst carcases for storing

are sent up by lifts, the latter tilting automatically at the top and throwing the frozen meat straight into the storage room. Great care has to be taken by the butcher to unfreeze it gradually, as if heated too suddenly the meat would become bad.

A man-of-war in course of construction next claimed our attention. Crossing the dock by means of a tug, we passed through a bridge which opened for us, swinging round parallel to the bank. It is worked by hydraulic pressure, and opens for boats to pass to and fro, upon merely pressing a button. The bridge must be very strong, a double line of rails running across it, as well as a carriage road and path for pedestrians. Further on we saw two coaling stations, where steamers were being loaded with coal by means of a very interesting machine. Mr. Holland next conducted us to the dry dock, where ships are brought for repair. Upon their arrival this dock is filled with water, but after the ship has been floated in, the passage for the water is closed and what is left pumped out, leaving the ship high and dry. When the water in the docks gets too shallow, more is pumped in from the river. A large number of vessels were in the docks on the day of our visit; I had never in my life before seen so many at one time belonging to different countries. At the moment of our alighting from the tug a large ship was leaving, bound for New Zealand, and a sailing vessel was entering, just arrived from Norway. There is a railway at the docks belonging to the owners, by whose courtesy we travelled on it free. I felt truly grateful to Mr. Holland for showing us so much of interest. On our way to and from the docks we passed through some very poor parts of London; among these was Stepney, for which constituency Major Gordon sits in the House of Commons.

When travelling by train a few days previously I noticed a net affixed to it, and learnt that the mail bags were thrown into this at the stations where the train did not halt. Upon hiring a cab at a London station the number is taken by a policeman, and an enquiry made of the driver as to its destination; this enables the police, in case of necessity, to trace the occupant of the cab.

June 18th being the day appointed for placing wreaths on the tomb of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, we left the hotel at 9.30 a.m. and proceeded to Paddington Station, whence we started for Windsor. The country we traversed was very beautiful, and when still within some miles of Windsor we could see the flag flying on the Castle, a sign that the King was in residence. Upon arriving at Windsor we were received by the Station Master, who led us to a carriage awaiting us, the wreath, which was very heavy, following in another. We drove at once to the Royal Mausoleum, but the carriage containing the wreath did not appear, and we had consequently to wait outside the garden for some time. Eventually the gate was opened and our carriages drove in. I placed the wreath with my own hands on the tomb of the late Queen and Prince Consort, who lie side by side. The sarcophagus is composed of the largest known block of granite without flaw. On the death of her Consort in 1861 Queen Victoria at once commenced to erect the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, to which, when completed, the remains of the late Prince were transferred. On the top of the tomb lie effigies of both, carved in white marble. We then took a drive down the Long Walk of Windsor Great Park, which stretches southward from the Castle to an equestrian statue of George III., where the road bifurcates, one leading back to Windsor town and the other on into the country. The view from the southern end of the Long Walk is considered one of the finest in England. Both the trees and turf in the park itself are exceedingly beautiful. Here, too, we saw herds of graceful deer, so tame that they did not fear our approach. There were also great numbers of rabbits. These animals are not to be found in India, but were, some time ago, introduced into New Zealand, where they multiplied to such an extent that instead of being a benefit they became a nuisance, and the people are now anxious to exterminate them. Returning to the station we left for London.

We started out again after luncheon for Sunbury. Cricket matches seemed to be going on everywhere, and we stopped for a short time at several places on the way in order to

GARDEN SCENE, MAIDENHEAD

IN THE GARDEN OF THE THAMES HOTEL

watch the game. To reach Sunbury we passed through Hammersmith, Kew and Hampton, returning by Kingston, Barnes Common and Ranelagh. Just before reaching the latter place we came upon a poor pony lying in the road. It had become frightened at a steam engine, and, falling on its head, had died from the effects. It had a ribbon rosette on its head, having just taken a prize at the Pony Show at Ranelagh.

After dinner we visited the New Theatre, where "The Liars" was being played. The piece is a good one, and was well acted, the caste including, amongst others, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore and Miss Sarah Brooke.

Accompanied by Mr. Savage Landor, we went to call upon Mrs. Brown-Potter, who has a charming house on the Thames at Maidenhead. She is an ardent horticulturist, and her beautiful garden was full of roses. Having spent some time in India, she still takes a deep interest in my country and its people, so that I was particularly pleased to make her acquaintance. She showed me over her house, pointing out in passing various articles presented to her by royal personages. We next adjourned to the stables, where I saw some Shetland ponies, such dear little things and so small! Ordering a pair to be harnessed, she took me for a drive round the grounds. Upon our return, I was introduced to her mother who lives with her, and learnt later that both these charming ladies were Americans, and that Mrs. Brown-Potter was a very fine actress.

When luncheon was over, Mr. Kyrle Bellew took us in a small boat as far as the back-water, and then on board his house-boat, which is fitted up with every possible comfort; here he kindly entertained us to tea. I felt fortunate in making his acquaintance, for, as well as being a scientific man, he is one of the best actors in England. Towards evening we returned to Mrs. Brown-Potter's, where we partook of more tea, after which we started on our homeward journey, travelling by the Slough road back to our hotel.

On June 20th, about 10 a.m., I left Victoria Station, taking Abdul Ghafur Khan with me, *en route* for Hayward's Heath, which we reached soon after 12 p.m. Here I found Colonel

Kemball awaiting me. We drove to his house at Lindfield, a small village about fourteen miles from Brighton, where I renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Kemball and her mother, for it was five years since I had last had the pleasure of meeting these ladies. I was glad to see Colonel Kemball's two boys, Arnold and Christopher, and to find them grown so strong and healthy under the charge of their Swiss nurse, with whom they spoke French. They all seemed delighted to see me again, and before luncheon I had a game of croquet with these dear old friends. After this meal we went for a drive, in order that I might see something of the surrounding country, and upon returning went again into the garden, where we found both boys playing a game of cricket, in which we joined. Mrs. Kemball showed me a small tortoise she had brought with her from Venice.

We left Ivy House soon after tea, in order to catch the 5.30 train from Hayward's Heath, passing through two long tunnels before reaching Victoria, where I found Major Benn waiting for me on the platform.

On the morning of June 21st I paid a visit to the Paddington Workhouse. I was taken first to the Deputy's room, and from there conducted by the Superintendent, Mr. Elliot, to the quarters reserved for vagrants. In London begging is forbidden by law, and this is why one does not see beggars in the streets of the metropolis. Each district has at least one workhouse, and any vagrant applying for admission has, unless physically unable, to earn his keep by breaking stones or picking fibre, both of which mean real hard work. We were next taken to the wards occupied by aged men and women; only very light work is expected from these inmates. Thence we passed on to rooms where the children were housed, many of whom the Superintendent told us had been born there, as both married and unmarried women, if destitute when about to become mothers, are admitted to the Workhouse and allowed to remain there for a certain period. As a rule no other patients are put in the children's wards, as the latter are more or less noisy, but at one place I noticed some adults, and a nurse told me that this was only because they were pressed for room in other wards, but she

added they had been careful to select patients who were deaf! There were special wards for the insane, pending their removal to a lunatic asylum. We saw the dispensaries, where four doctors are employed in prescribing for the patients, medicine, like all else, being supplied free. Then we were taken round the hospital wards, and finally into the laundry and kitchen. Here I saw much which interested me greatly, the system of washing and drying clothes, for instance, being so different to that of India. In the kitchen everything was beautifully clean, and the food supplied to the inmates appeared to me excellent.

On our way back to the hotel I called upon His Highness the Maharaja of Raj Pipla. I was delighted to come across an Indian Prince, for it seldom happens that two Chiefs meet so far away from their homes.

That same evening we went to the Criterion Theatre to see a play called "The Duke of Killiecrankie." This theatre is underground, and the only one of its kind in London. Mr. Weedon Grossmith was very humorous, and both Miss Helen Ross and Miss Eva Moore acted well.

On the morning of June 22nd we dressed early and set off from Paddington Station for Reading. I have already described the country through which this line runs. At Reading Station Mr. Williams, one of the Directors of Messrs. Huntley & Palmer's Biscuit Factory, was waiting to receive us, and, taking us to his room, asked us to sign our names. In the course of conversation he mentioned that the directors did not allow any engineer to enter their premises, as they did not want to run the risk of their machinery being copied. I do not know whether they took us for expert mechanical engineers, but it was all shown us so hurriedly that we could not understand much about it. First of all the flour is kneaded and made into dough, the kneading being done with the same kind of machine as that I had seen at the London Hospital. After this the dough is rolled out into layers of the required thickness, and either cut into various shapes or poured into different moulds and baked in great ovens. The factory covers a large area of ground.

We hired a carriage and left for Maidenhead at 12.30 p.m.

Having been recommended to the Thames Hotel, which is beautifully situated on the bank of the river, we decided to go there. Luncheon over, we started in a steam launch for Mr. Kyrle Bellew's house-boat, with the intention of paying him a visit, but he was not there, and, after waiting for about a quarter of an hour, were compelled to return in order to catch the train back to town.

During the afternoon we called at a shop where copies of nearly all the plays on the London stage are to be seen, and French editions can be purchased.

We finished up the day with the Alhambra, which is one of the best houses in London for variety entertainments, and where, as in all places of the kind, smoking is permitted. Dogs came on the stage in motor cars, and performed difficult acrobatic feats, but what struck me most was the marksmanship of an American Colonel, who, amongst other astonishing performances, played two or three tunes on a piano by hitting the keyboard with bullets of his pistol, both notes and tune being played in time.

The following day we visited the Wallace Collection. The whole of these superb and unique treasures were bequeathed by Lady Wallace to the British nation, on certain conditions, one of these being that the Government should give a site in a central part of London and build thereon a special museum. It was thought that no place could be more fitting than their old home, Hertford House, which was accordingly purchased and reconstructed for this purpose. The collection was originally formed by the Marquis of Hertford, passing from him to Sir Richard Wallace, who considerably added to it, and bequeathed it to his widow. There are about 700 pictures and other art treasures innumerable, amongst which is a quantity of choice porcelain and glass, and arms and armour of every description. We noticed particularly some Persian swords, *churies* and *chhuras*. There are also precious stones in many and varied settings. The place is well worth a visit, and I could not help thinking how much a woman has done for educational art in England, contrasting her conduct with that usual in India, where there are very few rich people who take the smallest interest in education.

Accompanied by Major Benn I went to buy a pianola. It is a piece of mechanism which may be attached to an ordinary piano, and operates on rolls of paper perforated with patterns reproducing any desired tune. This may be set in motion by means of pedals, when pegs, traversing the perforations, strike the keys of the piano, making them discourse music. The veriest tyro can thus perform intricate pieces.

I went with Sir Curzon Wyllie to call upon Lord George Hamilton, who was recently Secretary of State for India. We had a most pleasant conversation, during which he asked me about railways, the Mayo College, cotton and other matters. Before leaving, he gave me his photograph, and asked for mine.

In the evening we went to the Gaiety Theatre, where " The Orchid " was being played. The music was good, and the scenery and dresses very beautiful. In London poor children stand outside butchers' and fishmongers' shops, where the proprietors often give away what is left over at closing time and will not keep. Sometimes they wait for hours, and do not get anything in the end, which must be most disappointing.

The English newspapers are also retailed by boys, who procure a certain number from the various offices to dispose of in the streets. Many of the papers are only a halfpenny each, and of some there are as many as six or seven editions a day. One may often see these boys waiting at the entrance of a theatre, where they sometimes prove very useful, for they will run to engage a cab, or if necessary call for one's carriage, either of which they do very rapidly, returning to open the door and, if it is raining, they put their hands between the wheel and one's dress, in order that it may not get soiled. They are content to do all this for a penny or two.

I went to Mr. Langfier's studio to sit again for my portrait, but had only ten minutes to spare, as I had to go on to the studio of Miss Lallie Charles, who usually only photographs ladies, but to whom I had promised a sitting in my oriental dress when I had met her some days previously at the house of Mrs. Brown-Potter. The day being fine she did not use

any artificial light. She showed me various beautiful photographs she had taken. Her house was a long way out, and we had a good deal of difficulty in finding it; it is known by the name of the "Nook."

On the afternoon of June 24th I went to pay a visit to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. He came to us in the audience-room, and welcomed me most kindly. His royal Highness also shook hands with Sir Curzon Wyllie and Major Benn. After greeting us he asked me to follow him to the drawing-room, where he made me sit on the sofa beside him, and began asking me about India and my trip to England, and how I was enjoying myself. The day chosen for my visit was fortunately the birthday of His Majesty the King, so that I was able to congratulate His Royal Highness on the occasion, and added that I might have used very splendid titles in speaking of the King whose birthday we were celebrating, but that I thought "father" a more fitting word, as there was no other name so dear to a man whose father was still living. I went on to Buckingham Palace, and called on Sir Dighton Probyn, who lives in the Palace. He had a charming manner, and his long beard was very becoming to him. In the armoury at Jhalrapatan I have a sword which he presented to the late Maharaj Rana Pirthi Singh-Ji, about thirty-five years ago, while he was still in India.

At the invitation of Mr. Savage Landor, I went to take tea at his rooms in Whitehall Court, where I met some most interesting people, amongst whom were Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mrs. S. Lewis and others. The latter wore an enormous pearl; I had never seen so large a one before. She had a black pearl, too, and a string of the same gems round her neck, every bead of which was perfect. Her husband is a great racing man. Mr. Savage Landor showed us drawings he had done whilst in Tibet.

Hearing that Madame Sarah Bernhardt was playing that evening in "La Sorcière," I decided to go to His Majesty's Theatre. She had a very difficult rôle, but, as usual, acquitted herself with distinction.

Doctor Gage-Brown called on June 25th and examined

me again, giving it as his opinion that I ought to go to Marienbad. I was extremely sorry to hear that this excellent man died of pneumonia a few months ago.

After luncheon we started for a garden party given by Sir Charles Elliott at his house, "Fernwood," on Wimbledon Common. There were about 300 guests, many of whom were greatly interested in India, and had held appointments there, either military or civil. Several Indians present had made their home in England, whilst others were studying at different colleges; there was also a Rajput gentleman from Agra, reading for the Bar. I was in my Indian dress, which was much admired.

On our way back I noticed, as we drove along, three brass balls suspended above a shop. Upon enquiry I was told they were to show that money was lent there on all kinds of articles. These people are known as "Pawnbrokers," and in their phraseology, to "pop" means to mortgage an article, whilst those who avail themselves of this shop speak of it, or rather its owner, as "My Uncle."

The same evening we went to the Duke of York's Theatre to see "Mice and Men." This play was a serious one, and the principal parts taken by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson, both quite excellent. Most actresses have stage names which are quite different from their private ones; they never change the former, as they would not be recognized by any other.

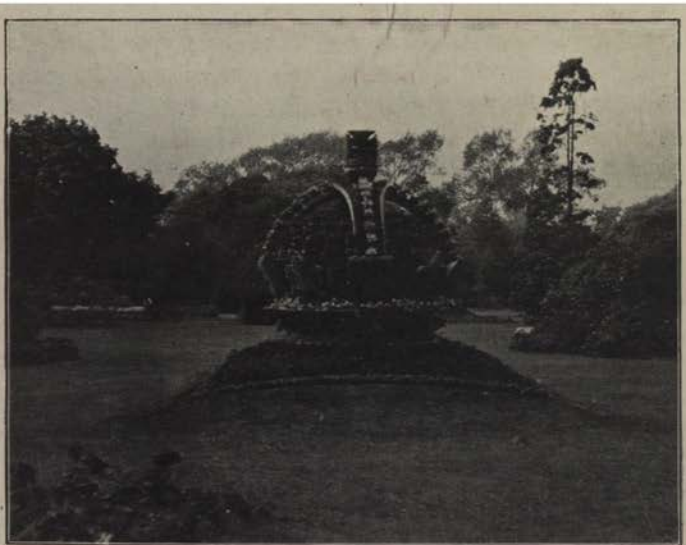
It happens in almost every country that scientists are not much honoured, and are often not even well treated; the honour which should be given to able men being bestowed on those who have no other qualification for it except riches.

In London there are men who go about the streets selling meat for cats. They have a peculiar way of crying "Cats' meat!" which the cats know, and come running out of the houses. I saw some doing this one day, and did not understand either the reason or the cry, until it was explained to me.

We left London for Sheffield on June 27th, travelling by the Midland Railway. Our train steamed out of St. Pancras Station at 3.10 p.m., and we soon found ourselves passing

through rich and fertile country. The fields were full of standing crops, and looked particularly beautiful to one coming from a land where nothing but dust is to be seen in the plains during the hot weather. Here and there were shady woods, which looked very pleasant, and many wild flowers were still to be found. It was the time when hay is cut and made; even for this, as for everything else, the farmers use machines drawn by horses. The country through which this line runs is well worth seeing. Near one station I saw many furnaces for smelting iron, at another great heaps of coal, as well as trucks laden with it, ready to start for other places, English coal being considered the best in the world. At two or three other stations I noticed some water placed between the rails; this was for the engine, to which was attached an apparatus something like a spoon, for taking up the water whilst the train was in motion, thus effecting a saving of time. At Nottingham, on the River Trent, we came across a building in the Indian style of architecture, with several *chhattris*, looking very pretty and clean among the unornamented and commonplace houses which surrounded it. From Chesterfield Railway Station we saw the spire of a church which was strangely twisted and leaning on one side. It was a thing of curious build, and we at first thought must be in need of repair, but later on we found, from a guide book, that it was built so intentionally. Our train steamed into Sheffield at 6.45 p.m., where many people appeared highly amused at the Hindustani *Dupattas* of Abdul G'hafur Khan and Onkar. A man from the Royal Victoria Hotel met us, and under his charge we drove there. It is about a mile from the station, and did not look as nice from the outside as we found it within; indeed, in some ways it was better than many London hotels. The rooms were good, and every modern comfort to be had there, whilst the charges were exceedingly moderate.

Sheffield is a great industrial centre, where most of the steel articles of the world are made. There is a great deal of smoke, and the town is in consequence very dirty; it is difficult to keep a place clean where such enormous quantities of coal are consumed daily for manufacturing purposes, the



SHEFFIELD, QUEEN'S PARK

LIVERPOOL

factory chimneys alone burning many thousands of tons a week. From the windows of the dining-room we could see the city very clearly; this part of the town is built on a hill, and the houses appear to stand one above the other. The moon, though full, shone but dimly owing to the smoke.

The following morning, at 10.30, we left our hotel in order to visit the well-known cutlery factory of Messrs. Rodgers & Co. Mr. John Rodgers took us round the whole place, explaining everything which was worth seeing. In the old buildings most of the work was still done by hand, but new ones were being added where electricity would take its place. We were shown the processes of forging, grinding, polishing and handling. Forging does not require any instrument except a hammer and anvil. Grinding is done by means of large and small stone wheels which revolve by steam, whilst polishing is accomplished in several different ways. In this factory knife-handles are made of ivory, bone, ivorine, rubber, or horn, and are polished by a circular revolving wheel composed of canvas and covered with many folds of cloth. One table-knife was made before our eyes from start to finish, and Mr. Rodgers very kindly presented it to me. He also gave penknives mounted in gold and silver to Major Benn, Thakur Umrao Singh, Dr. Ramlal and myself, which we accepted after some hesitation. It was most thoughtful of him to treat us so kindly, and I shall never forget the reception I had at this place. He took us round his museum, which contained specimens of the world-famous cutlery made in his workshops. Here were also many fine specimens of ivory, some of the tusks being of great size and well worth seeing. He then conducted us to the show-rooms, where among other things we saw a knife with nineteen hundred blades, and he told us that in the year 1832 they first made a knife with eighteen hundred and thirty-two blades; the one we had seen was for 1900, and he added that in 1905 they would increase it by five blades more. In another department we saw the processes of silver-plating and gilding, but what interested me greatly was the preparation of long strips of steel for cutting into blades, reminding me of what I had seen at the Mint, when gold and silver bars were fashioned

in a like manner for coining. In passing through one workshop we observed great heaps of ivory dust, and wondered why this apparent refuse was not thrown away, until Mr. Rodgers explained that it was used for making jelly for invalids. We entered another room filled with ivory from different countries, that from Africa being the best of all. I knew that rats were mischievous animals, but I never heard before that they will eat ivory if the chance offers.

Upon leaving the factory we found a great crowd of people assembled to see us. On our way back to the hotel we met numbers of men, and women also, walking in the streets without hats.

In the afternoon we went to see the works of Messrs. Maxim, Vickers & Sons, who own the largest factory in the world, as well as being represented in many foreign countries. In England alone they have three or four different places, and the premises we visited occupied a very large area. We were met here by Major Leslie, Major Heath and Mr. Needham. It was rather interesting to find that the head of this firm was at Jhalrapatan for a few days when Colonel Abbott was there, and that Mr. Needham had acted as Commissioner at Nagpur.

The Manager took us first to a place where steel is rolled to serve as armour-plates for a man-of-war. A lump of steel was cast in a mould, and after being subjected to intense heat was withdrawn from the furnace for a short time to cool slightly, then passed between enormous rollers many times, reducing it to a compact slab 18 or 20 inches in thickness. There are very powerful cranes to lift these heavy things; we saw, too, the instruments for cutting enormous metal bars in two. Everything here was both wonderful and interesting. We were next taken to where guns were made, the firm being engaged at the time in making one which will be the largest in the world; its length is to be 45 feet. Here we were shown the different processes through which a gun must pass before reaching completion. There was a gun-shield, too, under preparation; it was a mystery to me how such heavy things could float. Then the Manager conducted us to a workshop where a gun 40 feet

SEAFORTH SANDS

NEW BRIGHTON. A FORT

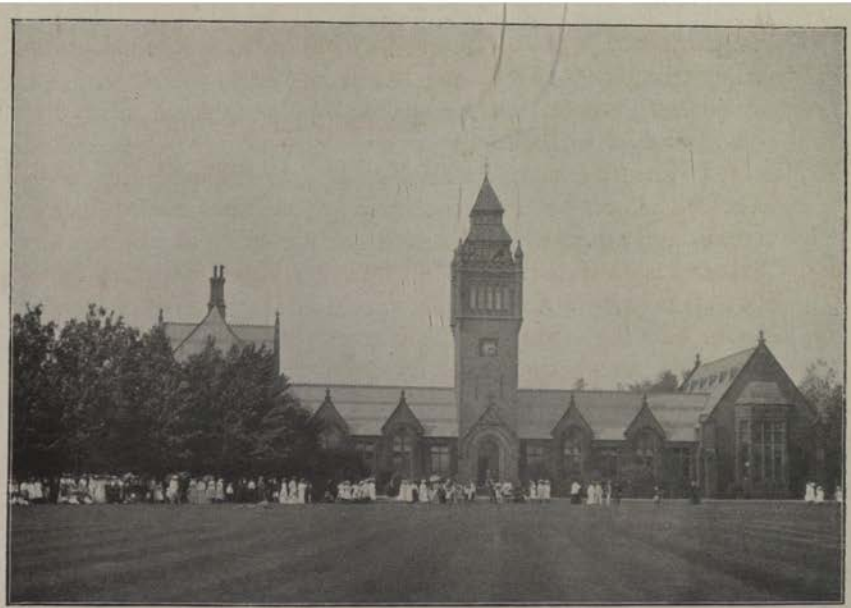
long was made to stand at right angles to the ground whilst another coat of steel was put on it. The steel coating was first uniformly heated in a furnace, and then lifted by a crane and put over the standing gun. The fact is that, with the help of cranes, these heavy things are treated like so many toys. On our way back we walked on the bank of the river Don, which is not bridged, but new material was being conveyed from the other side of the river by means of a crane which carried two tons weight at a time, and moved at a rate of 300 feet a minute. The cutting machine worked with a pressure of ten thousand tons, and cut the steel as if it were a lump of butter. Here, too, projectiles are made. We learnt that these works consumed some 4,000 tons of coal a week. We were not only shown over the whole factory, but had everything explained to us in fullest detail. My sincere thanks were due to the Manager for all the trouble he took on my behalf. Sheffield is certainly very dirty, and the factory chimneys send such volumes of smoke into the air that one cannot see clearly even on a fine day, but as the best steel goods are made here I was glad to have had the opportunity of visiting this busy hive, and delighted with everything I saw; it was interesting from start to finish.

We left Sheffield by the 4.20 train for Liverpool. Between Northenden and Glazebrook we noticed a large canal in which were some vessels at the time of our passing over it; this is known as the Manchester Ship Canal, excavated a few years ago to connect Cottonopolis with the sea. From here the country looked rather flat, and one could see for a long distance on both sides of the line. At 6.45 our train steamed into the Central Station at Liverpool. We put up at the Adelphi Hotel, which is run by the Midland Railway Company, and exceedingly comfortable. There are both smoking and billiard rooms, and the latest telegrams are always posted up for the benefit of visitors. After dinner we listened to the band, which consisted of only six performers.

On the morning of June 29th we travelled by the Overhead Electric Railway to Seaforth, and then back again to Dingle. This railway traverses the whole of the streets

skirting the Docks. The latter, which are over 10 miles long, are the largest in the world, covering an area of 170 acres, and named after various royalties, statesmen, etc. We should have had a nice view of them as we passed had it not been for high warehouses which hindered the view. We saw also some dry docks, in which were vessels being painted and repaired. Upon alighting at Seaforth we observed some ships sailing on the sea, as well as many boys and girls bathing in it. We heard that there were quicksands not far from here. A tower on the opposite side reminded us of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, though much smaller. We had a good view of the "Baltic," one of the largest vessels afloat, which was then lying at anchor, and some ships were pointed out to us as being those on which boys are trained for the Merchant Service.

At Dingle we visited the Walker Art Gallery, where there is a good collection of paintings and sculpture, and left about 2.50 for Waterloo and Great Crosby, to see the Sports at Merchant Taylors' School, where Major Benn was educated. We passed through the slums of Liverpool to Crosby, and, driving to the house of the headmaster, Mr. Cradock Watson, found the school decorated with flags. We at once proceeded to the grounds, where everything was in perfect order, the credit of which was due to Mr. Milton, whose acquaintance I afterwards made, as well as that of several of the other masters. They were all taking great interest in the whole affair, but Mr. Milton was particularly energetic, and to be seen everywhere. The one mile race was won by a boy who finished his mile in 4 minutes 57 seconds—a very good pace. He was the captain of the school, in the highest class, and good all round. I told Major Benn that I should like to give a Challenge Cup to the boy under fifteen who won most of the prizes. G. M. Mathews fulfilled all these conditions, and was therefore the winner. Mrs. Cradock Watson was very polite and attentive to me; and we conversed a great deal about India. She told me she had three brothers out there, one of whom, Captain Hepper, was the engineer in charge of the light railway at the time of King Edward's Coronation Durbar at Delhi.



MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, LIVERPOOL

ATHLETIC SPORTS

When the sports came to an end we went to the headmaster's house. At the entrance to the school building a temporary platform had been erected, upon which the headmaster, his wife, Major Benn, Thakur Umrao Singh, Dr. Ramlal and I, took our seats. The prizes were shortly after given away by Mrs. Cradock Watson, and then a bouquet of pink sweet peas was presented to her by the captain of the school. A speech from the headmaster followed, in which he kindly welcomed me, and told the boys that I was giving a cup to the school, which would go to G. M. Mathews, who was then presented to me. Upon this the boys cheered me very much. Major Benn then rose and thanked the headmaster and his wife. At the close of the ceremony I begged the former to grant a half-holiday to the boys, which he kindly did. Then bidding good-bye to our kind hosts we started for the hotel, enjoying the drive greatly, as the sun had sunk and it was cooler than in the earlier part of the day. An excellent dinner was served at the hotel, the *pillao* being cooked very nicely; we afterwards went downstairs to listen to the band. The following morning, June 30th, we left by the underground railway—which burrows under the bed of the river Mersey—for Birkenhead, an outlying part of Liverpool. From thence we drove to New Brighton, on a road which was anything but good; and in passing I noticed some houses not unlike Indian ones. In the distance we saw the New Brighton Tower, and decided to pay it a visit. The establishment is not so large as the Crystal Palace, but has similar amusements going on. There was a ball-room, where some six or seven girls were dancing, and a concert-room containing a great number of chairs and musical instruments. Ascending the tower we saw a fort at the mouth of the river where it joins the sea. At 12.20 we left New Brighton in the "Pansy," one of the steam-ferries which ply between this place and Liverpool, stopping at Egremont to take up passengers, and reaching the landing-stage about 1 p.m. Our train for Scotland started from the Exchange Station, which is a port as well as a station. For some distance the country was flat, and I noticed a good many small canals. I do not think they can be of

much use for shipping purposes, and irrigation is not required here, so I am unable to account for them and do not know why they were made; possibly for drainage. After a time the country became more hilly, but the land appeared hardly worth cultivating, though all that was of any good had been made use of. The soil is very stony and quite unfit for the cultivation of crops, but is made to turn out a good supply of grass, and fine trees had been planted here and there. Indeed, except for rocks and ravines, every inch of land had been utilized and made productive, great pains having been taken in its preparation previous to sowing. At Kirkby Station I again saw cottages which reminded me of a small village in India, whilst from Appleby I obtained a view of some high mountains and, the atmosphere being clear for once in a way, could see them distinctly.

EDINBURGH, THE OLD TOWN

HOLYROOD PALACE

CHAPTER V

SCOTLAND

KERSHOPE FOOT marks the border-land between England and Scotland, half of this railway station being situated in either country. The land around Stobs being very hilly and somewhat similar to that of the Transvaal, a large tract was purchased by the Government soon after the Boer War as being particularly suitable for purposes of military training and manœuvres. We passed through Hawick, pronounced " Haïk " by the Scotch, a manufacturing town noted for its tweeds, which are so strong that it is difficult to wear them out. The guard in charge of our train paid us a visit, and upon learning that it was my first experience of Scotland, proceeded to give me all the information he could about his own country, of which he was very proud. He named various soldiers and literary men, all of whom were sons of Scotland, and gave an account of the brave Scotch soldiers who were swept away and drowned in the Modder River. I think the Scotch very pleasant in many ways, and less reserved than the English. We next passed through Galashiels, where there are more great factories for making tweeds and tartans. Our train stopped for a few minutes at Melrose ; near by are the ruined remains of Dryburgh Abbey, which dates from the twelfth century. On the river Tweed just near Melrose stands the picturesque home of Sir Walter Scott, that wonderful man who wrote the best historical novels in the English language. At last we reached Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, and, owing to its fine situation, one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. I was

greatly struck on leaving the station by its grandeur and cleanliness.

On the morning of July 1st we visited Edinburgh Castle, the ancient seat of the Scottish kings, grandly situated on a bold rock, 400 feet above the sea level, and approached by a steep hill. In front of the castle there is plenty of open ground where, on State occasions, parades are held. An old man who accompanied us showed and explained everything of interest connected with the castle. First of all he drew our attention to a moat surrounding it, which has always been dry, on account of there being no reservoir of water in its vicinity at a higher level than the bed of the moat. Then he showed us a door to which the portcullis is attached, and above this, on the second storey, a room which in the olden days served as a prison. He also pointed out a plot of ground used as a burying place for favourite dogs belonging to the soldiers. Here, too, is St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest building in Edinburgh, dating as far back as 1100, but so diminutive in size that it is hardly more than a small room. Lying in front of the chapel is a huge cannon, cast in the fourteenth century, and by some thought to be of native manufacture. Our guide next conducted us to the Banqueting Hall, now used as a store-house for old weapons and armour. There is also the gun-carriage which bore the remains of Her late Majesty to the tomb. On the highest part of the enclosure stands the Crown Room, containing the Scottish Regalia. We also visited the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots, in one of which her son, afterwards James I. of England, was born, and in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, at once baptized, being for this purpose secretly let down in a basket suspended by a rope. I cannot understand how any mother could consent to her baby being lowered in this fashion from such a height. Two miles further on we came to Holyrood Palace, the former residence of Scottish kings. This is a square building with a courtyard in the centre; in the hall are various old paintings, some of which are of legendary persons supposed to have lived before the time of Christ, but I think they are rather fabulous than historical. We passed through the

rooms of the ill-fated Queen Mary, and saw a tablet supposed to mark the spot where the body of Rizzio fell. This Rizzio was the Queen's confidential secretary, and attracted the jealousy of her husband, Lord Darnley, who killed him in the very presence of the Queen, leaving his dead body lying on the floor. Near this spot are the ruins of the Abbey, some 400 years old, the precincts of which were formerly a place of refuge for criminals. There is no roof, but the walls and several pillars are still standing. On our way back to the hotel we drove past Lord Nelson's Monument, the City Observatory, and the Jail. From this road we saw Arthur's Seat, a hill near Edinburgh, which, in fine weather, commands a magnificent view of the city and neighbouring Firth of Forth.

Later in the day we went to the National Gallery; it is not large, but contains a representative collection of British and foreign paintings. We also paid a visit to the house of John Knox, a celebrated Scotch preacher and reformer of the sixteenth century.

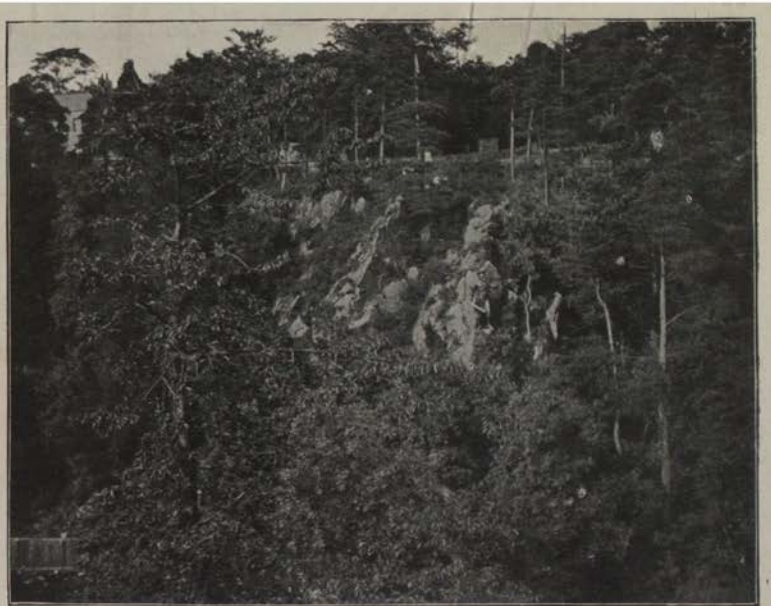
The Nelson Monument, our next point of interest, is a high tower, which we ascended by means of stairs—a very tiring process. The admission fee was 3d. each. We saw here two letters written by Nelson, one with his right hand and the other with his left, after the loss of an arm at Teneriffe in 1797. I think the writing in the latter the better of the two. He began to write well six months after losing the arm, the letter referred to being dated 29th January, 1798. The weather, unfortunately, was very cloudy, otherwise we should have had a good view of the city and castle from the top of the tower, adjoining which is an unfinished National Monument erected in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo. In the afternoon we went for a walk, and bought a few tins of sweetmeats peculiar to Scotland. We also visited a roof garden made gay and pleasant with flowers and plants, where we took tea, and at the same time obtained a good view of the castle and surrounding neighbourhood.

On the whole this city is very clean and most picturesquely situated, the castle of course enhancing its beauty. It has handsome hotels and other public buildings. As we drove through the poorer parts of Edinburgh I noticed that the

window of nearly every house was provided with a pole used for drying clothes. It was a quaint sight to see these poles projecting with clothes hanging on them. I noticed here, as I had done at Liverpool, that many of the children ran barefooted about the streets. One sees advertisements on every available spot, even private rooms are not free from them. Hotel proprietors must make plenty of money by allowing advertisements to be posted on their premises; with the people of Great Britain the practice of advertising has verily become a disease.

On the morning of July 2nd we left Edinburgh at 8.45 for Aberdeen. After travelling some miles we crossed one of the longest bridges in the world, over the Firth of Forth. The railway line runs, for the most part, parallel with the coast. Our first stopping place was Kirkcaldy, a large ship-building town, extending along the shore. From thence we proceeded to Dundee, a busy manufacturing centre, and the third city in Scotland in point of size. At Carnoustie there are good golf links, and we saw people playing; the Scotch seem quite mad on golf and fishing. From Stonehaven a stream runs along the side of the railway, flowing in a winding course and passing through very picturesque country. The hills are covered with beautiful trees, and there are plenty of ferns to be found on the banks of the river.

We did not reach Aberdeen until after 2 o'clock, our train being half an hour late. This is one of the oldest towns in Scotland. Its characteristic industry is the production of granite monuments and columns. Thousands of tons of granite are annually quarried and exported. Although it was raining we managed to visit the quarries belonging to the Rubislaw Granite Company. On our way back we drove through Duthie Park, which is very beautiful, and then along by the river Dee. The houses have a neat appearance, being all built of stone. The following morning at 10 o'clock we set out for Balmoral in a motor car. It was fine when we started, and we were enjoying our drive greatly, until the rain began to come down in torrents, compelling us to seek refuge in some stables, where we waited until it cleared somewhat. We then decided not to stop at Banchory, as at first



ABERDEEN, ROB ROY'S STATUE

ABOYNE, NEAR BALMORAL

intended, but to press on to Charlestown, which we reached very wet and cold, and thankful for the tea we obtained there. It was only raining slightly when we took our seats and set off again in the car, but the cold, damp day made us feel tired and hungry, so we stopped at Ballater for lunch, after which we moved on again, reaching Balmoral at three o'clock. This finely situated castle was the highland home of the late Queen Victoria, and a residence to which she was greatly attached. The scenery of the whole valley of the Dee is very beautiful, and the purple heather covering the otherwise bare hills adds greatly to its charm. Fine weather favoured our return journey to Aberdeen, which we enjoyed in consequence.

We left Aberdeen on the morning of July 4th for Inverness, but before leaving we went to see the fish market, which is a wonderful sight in every way, both as regards the amount brought to the market and the variety of fish; the average daily quantity brought in being about 275 tons. A few days previously some 400 tons of fish had been caught, but on that day only 200 tons. We went from one end of the market to the other; the whole floor was entirely strewn with fish of different sorts. There were some half-dozen round red fishes with fins sticking out; these are known as "King Fishes," and indeed they are as beautiful as their names, but not good for food. Before leaving, an official came up and asked us to write our names in the visitors' book, which we did. He very kindly showed us the ova and other interesting things connected with fish which are kept there. Aberdeen has a large fishing industry, and is a main source of supply throughout the United Kingdom. The trawlers start in the evening, and have often to go great distances in order to secure their load. They return in the early morning, laden with different kinds caught with nets, the contents being put into the hold, where the poor fish often live for as many as ten hours. It is difficult to realize the dangers these men have to face when there is a storm at sea.

At 8.5 a.m. we left this northernmost of cities for Inverness. The scenery here is very fine indeed, and after we had passed

Inveramsay was simply beautiful. Near Dufftown our train passed by a lovely lake, with very tall ferns growing at its edge. Swans were swimming on its surface, and other white water-fowl flying in the air. These various birds produced a very picturesque effect. On the opposite side was a mountain thickly covered with graceful Scotch firs.

We arrived next at Alva, from whence we could see the dignified outlines of mountain ranges, and noticed, too, great numbers of the black cattle for which the Highlands are famous. We passed Nairn, a fairly large place on the sea-coast, reaching Inverness at 12.15 p.m. Soon after luncheon we drove to the famous battlefield of Culloden, where in 1746 the English, under the Duke of Cumberland, defeated the Highlanders, headed by Charles Edward Stuart, then known as the "Young Pretender." We stood upon a huge boulder from which the Duke of Cumberland issued orders to his army. Then we drove to the battlefield itself, where a good many stones have been set up bearing the names of members of different clans who were buried in this place. There is also a big cairn made of blocks of stones on which the following inscription is engraved :—

"THE BATTLE
OF CULLODEN WAS FOUGHT ON THIS MOOR
16TH APRIL, 1746."

The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie bear the names of their clans. After seeing this interesting battlefield we returned to the hotel for tea, proceeding on our excursion again about 5.30. We visited the old castle, now reconstructed and serving as a prison. A statue of Flora Macdonald next attracted our attention. A romantic story is told of how the prince was aided in his flight by a young lady of this name, who led him past the watching sentries of the enemy, disguised as her serving maid in woman's clothes; for Charles Edward escaped almost alone from the field of battle. For many months he was a hunted fugitive, a very high price being offered for his capture, but the Highlanders to whom he was compelled to trust himself were loyal and true to a man.

CULLODEN MOOR, THE CUMBERLAND STONE

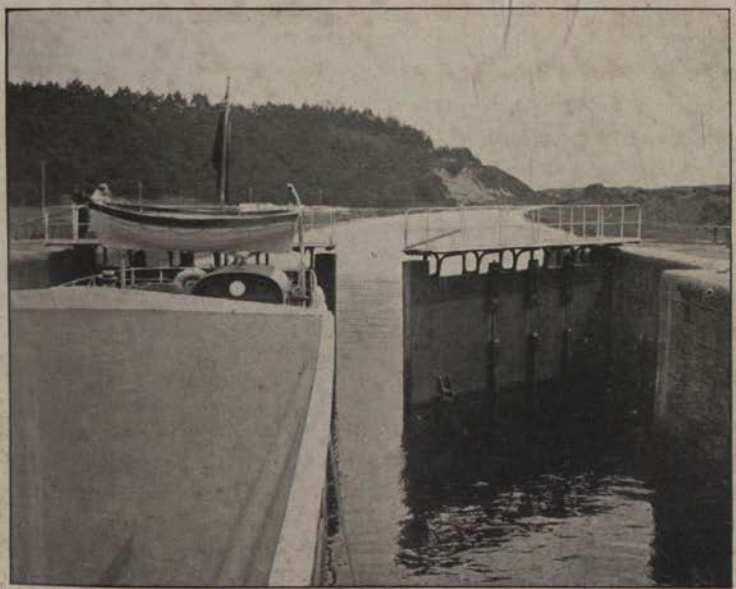
TOMB OF HIGHLANDERS

During our drive we saw the cottages of some very poor people; they were not unlike Indian houses, the difference consisting chiefly in the shape of the roofs, and in their possession of a chimney and windows. The people of Great Britain are very fond of flowers; one hardly sees a house without them, and the rich are not ashamed of working in their gardens, whereas in India, as soon as a man begins to draw twenty or thirty shillings a month, he considers himself a "gentleman," which means that it is beneath his dignity to work in a field or garden, to plant or cultivate land. We saw some men erecting a temporary cottage with a bundle of sticks; they were very poor, and could not afford to pay the rent of a house to live in. Inverness has a population of only 20,000; some modern improvements are lacking to the town, as it possesses neither trams nor electricity. The hotel in which we stayed burnt only gas, and had a quaint old-fashioned wall-paper, but the manager was most obliging, and did everything in his power to make us comfortable. In one of the sitting rooms we found an old volume of the *Graphic*, which contained a portrait of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, grandfather of the present famous author. This place reminded me of Cintra, the only difference being that it is not so clean; otherwise there are the same hills, trees and shady walks. The houses, though small, are neatly built, and some of the creeping roses are really beautiful; there was one house with its whole front entirely covered with magnificent roses. We passed Inverness Church, and after driving through many streets came to the site where Cromwell built a castle, of which there are no remains of any sort left. We crossed the river by one suspension bridge, returning by another. At this place the river Ness flows into the sea.

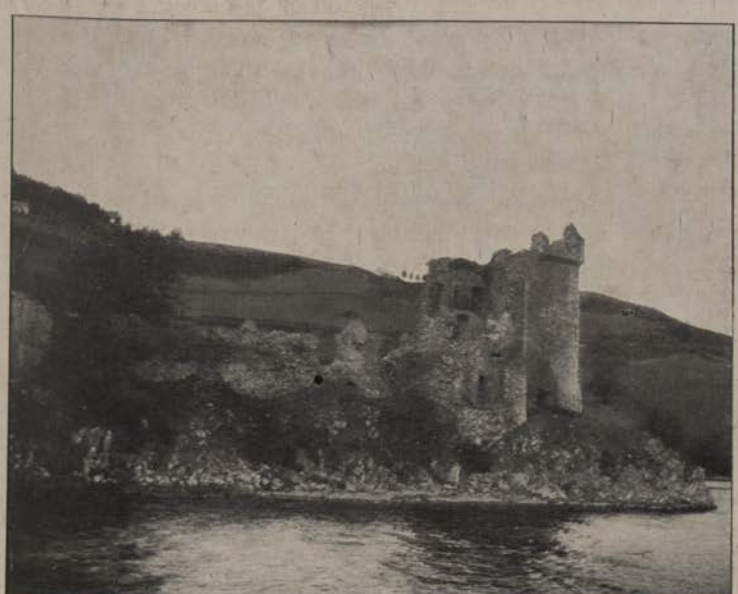
On July 5th, at 10.30 a.m., we started from the Inverness suspension bridge, in the "Glengarry," a Caledonian Canal steamer. A little further down we noticed a hill laid out as a cemetery, which looked very picturesque, but I wondered who had ever thought of placing it in such a spot. The river Ness is seen from here, flowing at rather a low level, but as we proceeded it gained the same height as the canal, whilst still further on we observed that canal and river

separated. We also passed a timber yard where planks are made, the trunks of trees being conveyed to this place in small carts. I noticed a number of gulls following our boat; at first I did not know why they did so, but learnt that they expected something to eat. A gentleman on board had brought some pieces of bread with which to feed them; I did so, too, and it was a pretty sight, for when a piece of bread was thrown among a group of these gulls they seldom allowed it to reach the surface of the water, but caught and swallowed it on the wing, if not too big. Should a piece thrown fall in the water it was at once snatched up, the gulls fighting fiercely for it. These birds are called lake or mountain gulls; they are graceful white birds with yellow beaks and a rim of black on their wings; some of them have black heads also. We were charmed, too, with the wonderful display of yellow gorse in full bloom. Near Dochfour there is a terraced garden which, so far, is one of the best I have seen.

At 11.26 we entered the first "loch" or lake; this is 900 feet deep, and at times can be very rough. The pebbles, rounded by the constant motion of the waves, make an excellent bank. We came across a rowing boat containing two men and a lady who had been out fishing; they and their boat were picked up and taken aboard ours. One of the party knew Hindustani, and asked some questions of Abdul G'hafur Khan in his own tongue. Temple Pier was touched soon after 12 o'clock; this is situated in a gulf, and the steamer had to make a circuit in order to reach it. Half an hour later brought us to the next pier, Inverarigaig, where the scenery is very fine, for though many of the hills are bare of trees there is plenty of Scotch heather. At Foyers the steamer stopped for about three-quarters of an hour to enable tourists to pay a hurried visit to the falls of that name, probably the finest in Great Britain. The snow on the hills can be clearly seen from Invermoriston, where we arrived shortly after one o'clock. Both sides of the loch are the property of Lord Lovat. The woods, which are very dense, are preserved for shooting, and there are plenty of deer on the hills. A good view of Ben Nevis—the highest mountain



LOCK ON THE CALEDONIAN CANAL



CASTLE, LOCH LEVEN

in the British Islands—is obtained from this point. Its name in Gaelic means " Hill of the House."

Invergarry and Fort Augustus were reached at 1.35. A carriage met us at the landing station and conveyed us to the Lovat Arms Hotel. It had been built quite recently, and it was here that Lord Lovat lately entertained his friends to luncheon in honour of the opening of the new golf links. A monastery was pointed out to us, the monks of which live on alms. The Scotch are far stricter about religion than the English. Locks are made when the level of the canal is much higher than the sea to which it runs, and have an excellent arrangement for lowering boats to a lower level. The locks are at three different levels, with gates at either end. We left Fort Augustus at 3.30, by a train running on a single line. I had previously seen but few such, in fact this was only the second I had come across, the first being that from Aberdeen to Balmoral. Our train consisted of three carriages and an engine. The railway line took a winding course through well-wooded hills, whilst in the distance were seen mountains with snow upon them, which was melting just then. There is no eternal snow on those here, such as one sees on the Himalayas, for the highest mountain of Great Britain is only a little over 4000 feet above sea-level. At Spean Bridge, which we reached about 4.40, we had to change carriages, and soon found ourselves travelling on another line. The scenery was exceedingly picturesque throughout, and beyond Crianlarich our train crossed many ravines, the bridges of which were very high. We finally reached Ardlui, situated at the upper end of Loch Lomond. I regret that, being neither a painter nor a ready writer, I am unable to describe with any justice the beauty of this largest, and by many considered the most beautiful, of the Scottish lakes. At Arrochar and Tarbet it takes a different course and is lost to sight, but here Gareloch commences, which is nearly as beautiful as Loch Lomond. On this is situated Craigendoran, an important starting-point for steamers, boats and sailing vessels in the outer docks, as well as some just putting out to sea. Our train stopped at Dumbarton, a large industrial town on the river Clyde.

The ruins of a castle stand on a rocky hill; the latter presents a curious appearance when seen from the Clyde, resembling a large block of stone, or a huge football tossed amidst the houses.

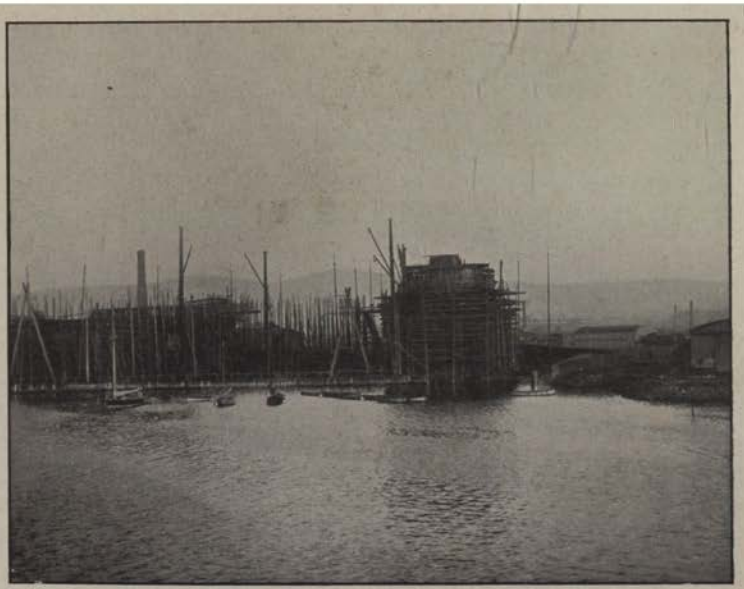
From here we proceeded to Glasgow, and at 10.30 the following morning started out to visit Mr. Arthur Kay's emporium. He kindly escorted us over the premises and showed us all it contained; almost any article seemed able to be procured there. Upon returning to the warehouse where rugs and blankets were stored, he presented me with a rug of "Macgregor" tartan, and gave one of "Fraser" tartan to Major Benn. He also introduced me to a Mr. Cram, who is head of a calico-printing firm, and they both drove with us to this factory. Mr. Cram showed us how the various pieces of cloth were washed and cleaned. The bleaching system is most interesting and amusing, too, for the cloth seems to move about by itself as if it were animated. He also explained how the designs were made and transferred to copper by an instrument similar to a pantograph. Then he took us to the place where the actual printing was done. A piece of cloth was rolled up at one side of the machine, its end put through another, and it came out printed in eight different colours. It was really a wonderful sight. We were then taken to the laboratory where the different colours were made, and to other halls where the drying and folding of the cloth was done by machinery. The whole system from beginning to end was marvellous. We next passed on to a glass manufactory, which was no less wonderful. In the centre of the building stands a huge furnace, in which the raw material is melted; into this liquid glass workmen dipped iron tubes, taking up lumps of red-hot glass, which they blew to make the articles desired. To produce a certain shape the pattern is placed on the heated material; should it get cold it must be re-heated. I saw many different things made there—electric lamp shades, wine-glasses, jugs, etc. I did not think discipline quite perfect here, as one of the workmen was a little impertinent to someone who was with us. We were then taken to the engraving department. The instrument used for

this purpose was also like a pantograph, and engraved one particular design on forty different articles at once. After being engraved as described, these articles were placed in acid. The method of cutting the glass was both curious and interesting. We drove to Queen's Park, a fine recreation ground, where the Museum also stands. The houses on the city side look particularly well, and the University of Glasgow is a very handsome building. We then drove to Victoria Park, which was a long way off; as we had not much time to spare we went straight to a glass house containing some fossil trees. At 10.30 p.m. we left Glasgow for Ardrossan, arriving at 11.45. Here we went on board the steamer "Vulture," which started for Belfast after picking up the Caledonian mails.

CHAPTER VI

IRELAND

VERY early in the morning of July 7th we reached the pier at Belfast, and drove straight to the Grand Central Hotel. The boat in which we crossed St. George's Channel, though small, was steady. At 11 a.m. we started for the ship-building yard of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, said to be the largest in the world, and we were more particularly interested as Mr. Dickinson, a great friend of Major Benn's, was connected with this firm. Some huge steamers had been recently built there; among these was the "Baltic," which we had seen at Liverpool. The manager, Mr. Carlyle, showed us where the office work, drawing of plans, and modelling of ships was done, and then took us over the entire works, explaining everything as he went along. Two ships were under construction, their respective tonnage being 24,000 and 17,000. Mr. Dickinson, who is a clever and able man, told me that by the "tonnage" of a ship is meant its internal capacity in cubic feet; this divided by 100 showing its "gross" tonnage. He then went on to explain that the "displacement" of a ship signifies the cubical feet displaced by it at any draught, divided by 35, as 35 cubic feet of salt water make one ton. We then went to the place where engines and other iron articles were made, the principal part of the work there consisting of heating, smelting, moulding and casting. The most wonderful thing I saw in the engine-room was the cutting or boring of holes in iron and steel plates by a constant stream of compressed air. The cranes are so powerful that they will lift any weight with the greatest ease. This firm have a wonderful ticket system, admirably



BELFAST, SHIPBUILDING YARD

DUBLIN, DEER IN THE PHŒNIX PARK

adapted for checking the men's work and preventing them from wasting the time of their employers. They have another rule, too, also worth noting. Every workman is expected to be at his post by 6 a.m.; three whistles are blown, one after the other, each lasting for five minutes. At 6 a.m. punctually the outer doors of the dockyard are closed, and any man who is late by one minute is reported to the authorities. What a miserable life these poor workmen lead! The manager told us, however, that though their work was hard they were well paid. When inspecting some of the ships we had, at one point, to walk on planks placed so high from the ground that Dr. Ramlal became quite nervous, and Mr. Dickinson had to go to his assistance.

We returned to the hotel for luncheon, and at 3 p.m. left for a linen manufactory. The manager received us with great politeness, and conducted us to warehouses where raw flax from different countries was stored, and the man in charge showed us samples of it, explaining that Irish and Belgian were the best. We next passed through rooms where various processes of cleaning the thread were in progress. One machine we saw here was a most ingenious invention, cleaning and working the flax as if it had a human brain. Then we mounted to the upper storeys, where spinning and weaving were going on, and saw plain linen being woven, as well as fancy cloths with a pattern on them. The embroidery, too, was excellent, whilst some of the handkerchiefs were so fine that they were priced as high as £12 the dozen. A pattern of the best material was shown us, being a duplicate of that sent by the firm to the St. Louis Exhibition in America. Steam was employed throughout the whole works.

In the afternoon we saw some handsome buildings, among which the new City Hall, then under construction, promised to be one of the finest in Belfast; but we could not help being struck by the absence of statues in this place. We did not reach the Deaf and Dumb School until too late in the evening to see its system of teaching. In driving down the Malone Road we noticed many beautiful houses springing up on either side of it. Mr. Dickinson dined with us, and we spent a very pleasant evening in his company.

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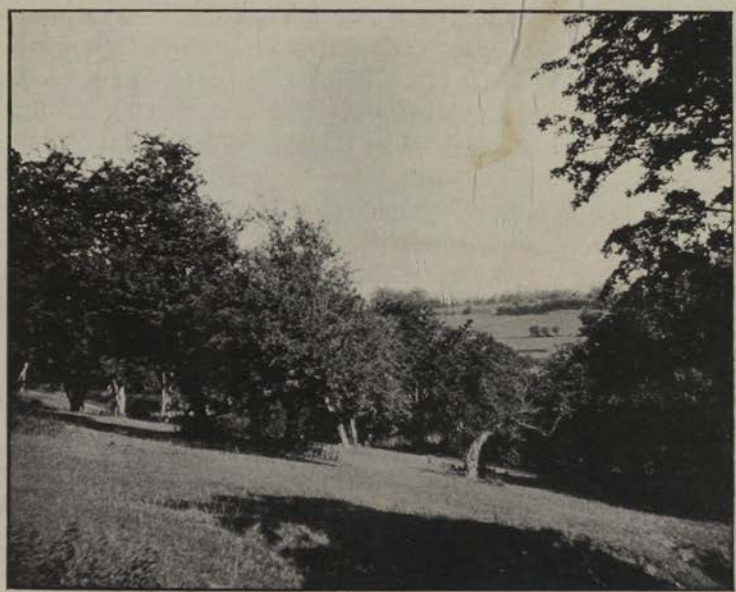
On July 8th, at 7.30 a.m., we left Belfast. The country between that city and Dublin is very beautiful, the line running along the sea-shore, but at some places high ground comes between the traveller and the sea, so that he loses sight of its blue waters. Near Lurgan Railway Station there is a cemetery, which might be called a typical one, as there are groves of cypress trees. Very suitable this for a grave-yard, as the cypress denotes silence, and in a grave-yard silence predominates. Country houses in Ireland resemble the bungalows in India occupied by Europeans; in fact, I think the English in India must have copied Irish houses.

In trains all over Great Britain and Ireland a cord runs parallel with one side of the railway carriage, to be used, in case of need, for stopping the train; but if a passenger does so without sufficient cause, the penalty is £5. I did not notice this cord in the train which conveyed us from Fort Augustus to Spean Bridge. Something quite new to us also in the Irish trains were four oblong wire carriers in the ceiling of each carriage, on which hats and other light articles could be placed.

From what I have seen of other countries, I should say that Ireland is the poorest of them all, England being the richest, and Scotland coming next.

Ireland is famed for its peat, which is formed of turf and decaying vegetable matter, and the poor who cannot afford to buy coal have to use it for fuel.

Dublin was reached at 10.30 a.m., and we put up at the Imperial Hotel, later on taking a drive through the city, which is situated on both sides of the Liffey, but this river was not at its best that day, owing to the low tide and prevalence of mud. We made a tour of the chief streets, and drove thence to Phœnix Park, one of the largest known, only being outrivalled by the Yellowstone Park in America. Phœnix Park, though very extensive, is much neglected, but the river flowing by adds greatly to its charm. We much enjoyed watching the cricket matches going on here, and the play was far better than that we saw afterwards in Lord Dudley's ground. The spot was pointed out to me where Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was



DUBLIN, VIEW IN THE PHŒNIX PARK

COUNTRY ROAD NEAR BUXTON

assassinated in 1882. This is marked with a cross on the gravel walk, which is daily renewed. After tea we took a second drive, this time through the slums of Dublin, where we saw very poor houses.

The following morning I had to get up a little earlier, and so went to sleep overnight with that idea on my mind. I awoke suddenly, and, finding it quite light, thought it must be very late and that I should miss the train. My door was locked from the outside, and having no clock in my bedroom and my watch being in charge of the servants, I was unable to ascertain the real time. I felt very angry with them, as they had been instructed to wake me at 5 o'clock. I sent a messenger from the hotel to summon them, and, upon their arrival, they told me that it was only 3 a.m. !

Leaving Dublin behind, we proceeded to Cork by train from Kingsbridge Station, the line running through most lovely country; Ireland is indeed worthily named the "Emerald Isle." On the way I noticed a large stretch of land covered with peat two to three feet deep, the remains of old vegetation buried for ages beneath the ground, now serving instead of coal, with which Ireland is poorly supplied. Our train stopped at Limerick Junction, where the surrounding scenery is equally beautiful. Further on we came to Mallow, and had to wait there for some time; this place is very picturesquely situated, the hills being covered with trees, and the green of the fine turf abounding everywhere being most restful to the eye, whilst a river flowing by enhances its beauty. It was hay-making time in Ireland, and we saw many people cutting grass with machines drawn by horses, the scent from the hay being very pleasant. I think the Irish are not keen on cultivation, as I saw more hay-making than standing corn, so I came to the conclusion that either the people have more cattle than elsewhere to eat the hay or else they export it to other countries.

We reached Cork at about 10.40, and as there was no comfortable conveyance to be obtained at the station, I stayed in the waiting room whilst Major Benn kindly telephoned to a livery stable for a carriage to be sent for us. We were kept for about half an hour before the vehicle appeared, and during

that time a priest came in who was, I think, a Roman Catholic. He sat down on a bench, and after glancing round the room took from his pocket a prayer book, then, crossing himself on brow and chest, began to read and pray. When the carriage at last appeared, our first intention was to drive about the place, but on second thoughts we decided to go straight to the house of Mrs. Croft, whose acquaintance I had made in India. It is situated on a hill, from whence we obtained a splendid view of the harbour, city and race course. Mrs. Croft was delighted to see us, and introduced us to her mother, who was very agreeable, after which our hostess kindly accompanied us on a drive, and pointed out the principal sights of Cork. We returned about 1 o'clock, as she was entertaining us to luncheon. When this lady was at Jhalrapatan she was exceedingly good to me, so that it was a real pleasure to me to see her again; she is the wife of one of my best friends amongst Europeans. After spending a very pleasant afternoon we left Cork for Dublin at 3.30 p.m. In Ireland the cattle are mostly red in colour, some are white, but black are very rare, whereas in Scotland the reverse is the case.

We reached Dublin at 7.30, and drove straight to the Imperial Hotel, which had been opened only two months previously; everything in it was consequently new, and the attendance very good. The manager was most attentive and obliging to us throughout our stay, and appeared anxious to make his hotel popular.

The Dublin Tramcar Company deliver parcels for twopence each; at no other place have I ever seen such a thing done. After dinner we left for the pier, where the "Cambria" was waiting to take us to Holyhead, in Wales. There were three or four hundred people on the road to see us off. The crowd was most orderly and polite, and when my carriage drove by they gave us a hearty farewell with plenty of "Hurrahs" and cheering.

CHAPTER VII

IN ENGLAND AGAIN

AT 1.25 p.m. we reached Holyhead, after a very smooth passage. The steamer was steady, and the officers and men were all most polite. I was interested to learn that the captain had been in Bombay some twenty years ago. Our train left Holyhead for Manchester at 2.20 p.m., the line running along the sea-coast. I do not think this country poorer than other parts of the United Kingdom in natural scenery, which at some places is simply charming. Llandudno is especially picturesque, bounded as it is on one side by the sea and on the other by a beautiful tree-covered mountain.

We reached the Midland Hotel, Manchester, about 5.30, and I at once went to take much-needed rest. At 12.30 p.m. the following day we left the hotel for Buxton by motor-car; this being a small one would not accommodate more than four persons including the chauffeur, but we managed to put two small planks of wood between the seats, and Dr. Ramlal was perched there. On our way thither we passed a hill 1700 feet above the sea-level, said to be the highest peak in England proper; and saw, too, a cliff, called the "Lovers' Leap," near which there is a big cave. We lunched at Buxton, and then drove on to Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire. The scenery between these places is indeed picturesque, and should on no account be missed by tourists. Chatsworth is really a splendid palace. A river flows in front of the house, which is comparatively modern, having been built in 1687-1706 on the site of an

earlier mansion, and the beautiful gardens are protected by high walls, whilst in the background are thickly-wooded hills. On one side of the house is an extensive park, in which graceful deer roam at will; these are so tame that they show no fear of passers-by. His Majesty the King has sometimes honoured the Duke by staying here. The walls of the state drawing-room are covered with very fine Gobelins tapestry copied from Raphael's cartoons.

From Chatsworth we went to Haddon Hall, which is very ancient, and an ideal specimen of the old English baronial mansion. On our way back the motor broke down six miles from Buxton, and we had to wait there for an hour or so. Some people in another car were very obliging, and helped the chauffeur to repair ours. As long as there is no breakdown a motor-car is the best of conveyances for going about, but when anything goes wrong it is difficult to know how to proceed. A car is too heavy for the occupants to drag, and it is very annoying to be left alone in a jungle with no one to help or sympathize with you. However, we managed to reach the Midland Hotel by 10.30 p.m. and sat down to dinner after a very hasty bath, for owing to the state of the roads we were thickly coated with dust. The passenger who sits alongside the chauffeur fares the best, most of the dust falling on the occupants of the back seats. We were quite tired out after this excursion. In returning to Manchester I noticed that the horse tramcars carried a green light in front and a red one at the back. Another point which struck me was that in Derbyshire and Cumberland the fields are surrounded by stone walls, but in most other counties of England by hedges.

On the morning of July 11th we could not do any sightseeing in Manchester, as Major Benn had not been able to make the necessary arrangements, but he suggested that we should examine instead the working of the hotel, which was just as wonderful as any other sight. The manager's son kindly took us over the premises of the Midland Hotel, the largest in the world, with the exception of one in New York. He escorted us first to the kitchen, which was very spacious and exceedingly neat, and where a great number of persons

were employed. He also showed us a room in which rolls were baked in a great oven holding 300 or 400 rolls at a time. The temperature was 450° Fahrenheit, and twenty minutes would bake the whole batch. We next proceeded to the laundry where the hotel linen and other clothes were washed. Here I saw a most ingenious machine, into one end of which washed garments were put, coming out at the other dried and ironed. All these departments are usually underground, and artificial ventilation has, therefore, to be provided for people who live there. This is effected by means of a screen of iron pipes, covered with coke, kept wet by a constant flow of water. The water entering through the screen becomes cool, a big fan being kept working to produce a draught. In cold weather the pipes are heated by gas, which warms the air of the rooms. This hotel is provided with both French and German restaurants. Germans eat a great deal of uncooked food; this does not always commend itself to the taste of other nations, and consequently they have to be catered for separately. There is also an American bar, which supplies the special drinks in which the people of that country indulge. The drinks, known as "Cocktails," are full of strange flavours, but very intoxicating. The manager next took us to his Opera Hall, which is as long as a theatre. The paintings on the boxes represented scenes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and were very well executed. We then mounted to the roof garden, gay with flowering plants and shrubs; here a number of umbrellas were erected for people to sit under, useful both for sun or rain. Passing on, we came to the telephone office, where a few girls were busily working. At other places in the building the telephone was manipulated in the usual way, but here the mechanism was so complete that immediately upon his taking up the receiver, the enquirer's number lit up in the office, whereupon the operator connected it with the wire, and was at once ready to converse. Another ingenious arrangement was a series of brass tubes worked by air-pressure; any small article, such as a key, placed in one of these, reached the office in no time.

After luncheon we went to some Spinning Mills, where the

managers kindly showed us everything worth seeing. There were wonderful machines which looked as if they actually understood what they were doing; three or four threads went in at the same time, and if one of them broke the machine stopped working until everything was in order again—a wonderful sight! In another room some 400 reels were reeling thread on a large roller for weaving. These machines worked on the same principle as those already mentioned, and the sight of all the threads coming from different places and meeting at one centre was truly marvellous, presenting the appearance of a waterfall.

At 3.30 p.m. we went on to Messrs. Mackintosh & Co.'s rubber factory, said to be the largest and finest in the world. We learned that the first Mackintosh who started this business was the grandfather of the present proprietor, and that the overcoat universally known by that name was introduced by the founder of this rubber factory. We were shown raw rubber from various countries, our guide explaining that Ceylon rubber was the best of all. Then we saw how rubber was washed, and at the same time squeezed between two heavy rollers. I had an idea that it had to be reduced to a liquid form before being made into different articles, but I soon found this was a mistake on my part, and that rollers do everything. The rubber is passed and repassed through them again and again, receiving by this means any desired colour. These rollers are of wonderful use in many industries; biscuits are made by them as well as steel plates and other things. When a block of rubber is ready, it is sent to a refrigerating house, where it is left to harden. When sufficiently firm, it is cut by machinery into sheets of the desired thickness. The superintendent told us that the waste in raw rubber is very great, at times amounting to 75 per cent. As many chemical ingredients are required for its preparation, the odour is very strong, which betrays the existence of a rubber factory in the neighbourhood. The making of tennis balls came next. Girls cut out the different pieces for the balls, and very quickly and skilfully many of them did so. One always finds a thick, round piece of rubber attached to the inside of the ball and may not know why it

has been put there, but at this place the mystery was revealed to me. Through this thick rubber piece air is introduced into the ball to make it of a proper size, and give it the necessary elasticity. In this part of the factory were made numbers of cheap balls painted in different colours and with fancy pictures on them, the latter taken from the transfer papers so largely made in Germany. Our guide also showed us how waterproofs were manufactured, by placing a coating of the liquid rubber between two pieces of cloth.

At 5.50 p.m. we left Manchester for Birmingham, reaching there at 8 p.m., and putting up at the Queen's Hotel, which is practically on the station platform. After tea we visited the Birmingham Small-Arms Factory, and saw the boring of gun-barrels, etc., after which we were conducted by a member of the firm to the place where the stocks for rifles are made. The most delicate and interesting operation he showed us was the setting of the sights. The method is very accurate, and the man in charge of the sights department explained to us that, if a wind was blowing sideways, by placing the sight at right angles to the barrel one could nullify the force of the wind, otherwise it would blow the bullet to one side. There were two or three instruments here which could do everything connected with a particular article without any outside help; one would cut a hole in it, another an opening, whilst a third would cut it off, and so on. Among the many interesting things we saw were the electric plant, the testing of rifles at targets, as well as the making of bicycle accessories. We were also taken to see a forge which the late Shah of Persia was unwilling to enter. Between three and four thousand workmen are employed at this factory.

After luncheon we took a drive through the city, and saw the Town Hall, an imposing structure in the Corinthian style, where the Triennial Musical Festival is celebrated; the Corporation Art Gallery and other important buildings. Then we went on to the Park, which is quite near the town, concluding with a visit to a pen factory. A pen has to undergo nineteen different processes before it is completed, all of which were shown to us, as well as the making of pen holders and handles. The different colours seen on steel nibs

is due to the application of heat for a longer or shorter period. There was a unique machine for varnishing pen holders, the handle being merely passed through a small hole and coming out varnished. We noticed that women were engaged in this last and most interesting process of the industry.

At 5 p.m. our train left Birmingham for London; it did not stop anywhere, but went straight through, passing Rugby on the way, a place well known for its great public school. The scenery was very pretty; small turf-covered hills, beautiful trees on the hill-tops, and here and there the spire of a church, giving character to the landscape. Berkhampstead, too, is prettily situated, as also Boxmoor and Bushey. We reached the Euston Railway Station at 7 p.m., and spent the morning of July 13th in unpacking our clothes.

I had luncheon with Major Gordon and Lady Tweeddale, who are indeed friendly people, and take a great interest in my affairs. They enquired about my visit to Scotland and Ireland, also whether I was happy and comfortable in every way. During the afternoon I went to a garden party given by Lord and Lady Jersey. Their house is situated at Isleworth, and is known as Osterley Park. It is a fine place, and the tapestries are very good indeed, especially the pink ones; I have never before seen any as old and yet so fresh. There is a good collection, too, of Indian articles. My host and hostess were most kind and courteous to me in every way. The garden is beautifully kept, and full of lovely flowers. Lord Jersey took me round his vegetable and kitchen gardens, where I saw peaches and nectarines trained on walls; he also showed me glass houses in which vines are trained; these were full of splendid hanging bunches of grapes. After seeing the hot-house flowers we walked about in the garden. They are really most charming people.

After dinner we went to the Earl's Court Exhibition, where we visited various side-shows; the amusements at this place were very similar to those of the Crystal Palace. There was a flying machine which, when in motion, swung boats outside, something like a merry-go-round, and when lighted up, looked still more attractive. Then we watched

the water-chute, where the boats came dashing down into the water below at a very high speed. Here we were joined by Mr. Savage Landor, with whom we walked round the Exhibition, finally ascending the big wheel, the circumference of which is 300 feet. When our car was at its highest point we could see the switchback railway, and, in the further distance, London, or rather its lights. The grounds were beautifully illuminated, and looked especially charming from the top of the wheel; in fact I considered the illuminations here better than at the Crystal Palace, the Chinese coloured lanterns being most effective, but the fireworks were decidedly inferior. The place was full of advertisements; I fancy the owners must make a great deal of money from people who advertise, as well as from those who open shops here.

On the afternoon of July 14th Lady Tweeddale and Major Gordon took me in their motor to the People's Palace in the East End of London. There was a flower show being held, the exhibitors being poor people who had little or no ground to cultivate, and so grew their exhibits on tiny plots of land or in window gardens. Some of the flowers were quite fine and of good quality, especially roses, carnations and various sweet peas, all of which were largely represented. Geraniums and begonias were well to the front, and fuchsias not scarce. The flowers were arranged both tastefully and artistically. Her Majesty the Queen arrived in a carriage driven by four horses, and was received by the chairman and members of the committee. I was also standing with them, and it was quite a wonder to me how readily the Queen recognized me, for she had only seen me once at the Court, when I was fortunate enough to be presented to her by the King. The streets were decorated with flags and bunting and lined with people, who also cheered me as I passed; I was wearing my oriental dress. One receives much attention, too, from the police when in one's Indian costume; they always allow my carriage to pass, though they may stop others. At the People's Palace I was introduced to the Duke of Fife and many other distinguished personages; Mr. Sydney Holland was also there. We followed behind the Queen, and Her Majesty asked me whether I liked the flowers. She, herself,

noticed everything with great interest, and the girls and others present cheered Her Majesty heartily; they also again cheered me when they caught sight of my Indian dress. On the Queen's departure some flowers were presented to her. She is really wonderful, and takes an immense interest in the working poor. This magnificent hall was built for the use and benefit of the poor people of the East End. It is very large, and has a balcony running all round it. Major Evans Gordon told me that it was more used for educational purposes than anything else, and added that the hall might be opened more frequently for the amusement of the people than it is at present.

After the flower show we attended an "outing," which was given to the people of Major Gordon's constituency at Chingford, a pretty place five miles out of London, and it was very pleasant to be out of doors and see more of the country. Here tea and refreshments were provided, and later on sports were held, in which men and women, girls and boys competed, the winners receiving prizes, which were distributed by Lady Tweeddale. The people cheered her Ladyship, Major Gordon and myself very heartily. Major Gordon is exceedingly popular with his constituents, and I enjoyed the trip immensely. I was among the very poor of London, but they were so polite to me in every way. Some of them were introduced to me, and among them women who had been out in India a long time ago; now they were very old, but wanted to come and see me, and I was glad to talk to them. I met a woman who was married to one Fateh Mohammad, an Indian from Karachi, who runs an Indian restaurant in London. I returned to the hotel at 9 p.m., my Indian dress everywhere attracting great attention and interest.

On July 15th, at 3 p.m., we went to a garden party given by the Duchess of Northumberland at Sion House. There are two figures of lions here, one at the entrance and the other on the top of the house. The story runs that when the latter lion's tail moves a death takes place in the family. To prevent the chance of such an unpleasant occurrence this tail might well be removed. The grounds are very beautiful indeed, but not well looked after. I was told that the Duke

owned so many houses, which was probably the reason why these were not nicely kept. Lord and Lady Jersey were very kind in taking us round and showing us everything. These garden parties seem chiefly given to offer a chance of showing off the dresses of the ladies. It is impossible for a hostess to attend to every one of her guests who are invited on such occasions. Society is so vast in London that one may go to half a dozen such parties and yet always meet new people. I quite agree with Marie Corelli, that the old genuine hospitality of England is dying out. There is no doubt this excuse for the host and hostess, that they cannot possibly pay attention to three thousand or more people at a garden party; but if I had my choice I should ask fewer guests, so as to be able to speak to every one of them. Later on in the evening we met the Chinese Minister and his wife, who are charming people. The lady cannot speak English, and therefore we had no chance of conversing with her.

On the morning of July 16th, at 10 o'clock, I called at Sir Curzon Wyllie's house, but he was not well enough to accompany us, so we went by ourselves to Clarence House to pay a visit to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. We were shown into the drawing-room, where he joined us; we shook hands, and, after I had introduced Major Benn, we all sat down. The Duke was so good and amiable that I shall never forget the way in which he received me; I felt that I did not deserve anything of the sort. It is on account of their graciousness that the Royal Family are so popular with the people. He asked me about my stay in London, and what I intended to do after it, and also talked with Major Benn about Baluchistan and Afghanistan. His Royal Highness was in Baluchistan for some time many years ago.

After lunch we went to the Royal Albert Hall, where the play "His Excellency the Governor" was being performed by amateurs. Mrs. Skrine, of Simla fame, acted very nicely, taking the principal part. A monologue preceded the play, which was well and cleverly rendered by Miss Nellie Ganthony. She imitated an American, a steward, and various ladies on board ship, which was very amusing. Later on in the day I went for a drive to Battersea Park, which is on the

further side of the Thames, going by the Chelsea and returning by way of Albert Bridge. Battersea Park is not very large but extremely pretty, and well looked after. There is a lake on it, much resembling the Serpentine in Hyde Park; the flowers also were very fine, and pleased me immensely. We drove back to the hotel through Hyde Park, and on my return was engaged in packing things for St. Andrews.

I left Euston Station for Scotland about 11.30 p.m. It was lucky that we had sleeping accommodation, and we appreciated it all the more as we did not expect to get it. Major Benn took four first-class tickets, but upon learning at the station that the payment of an extra fifteen shillings secured a sleeping car, we did not hesitate, and the two other tickets were given back to an inspector to recover the money from the booking office. In this way Major Benn saved expense. Every railway servant expects a tip, and a few shillings expended in this way make for the comfort of the traveller, rendering employees both obliging and civil.

On the morning of July 18th, at 9 o'clock, we reached Leuchars Junction, where we had to change for St. Andrews. The train was waiting, so we stepped in, and a few moments later were moving on again, a quarter of an hour more bringing us to St. Andrews Station. As there was little time to spare here and I was in a great hurry, I jumped out on to the platform as soon as the train stopped, and the first man I saw as I did so was Colonel Abbott, who was at the station to meet me. I did not expect to see him there, so was a little nervous and not quite myself, but I soon got over these feelings and we began to ask each other the usual questions. We drove at once to the Grand Hotel to change our dress. As Onkar was not with me I had to get a barber. The tub had been lately painted, and the white paint came off; however, I managed to sponge myself, and dressing hastily went to Colonel Abbott's house. Here I met his wife and two daughters, who asked me many things about Jhalrapatan. Then the Colonel invited me to take some refreshments, and led me to the dining-room, where fish and other things were served which were very good. Both Colonel and Mrs. Abbott were most kind, and I remembered

what the former had done for me when I was quite a young boy; how he had sent me to the Mayo College and watched my career all along with the greatest interest; my gratitude to him cannot be sufficiently expressed in words. Major Benn joined me while I was taking breakfast at the hotel, and shortly after we started for the St. Leonard's School for girls, where Miss Abbott is a mistress. The Principal, Miss Grant, kindly took me round the garden and playground. I saw many things, amongst others a cricket ground. In former times ladies were not so keen on outdoor games, but now they have taken to them in earnest, going in also for gymnastic exercises, which make them healthy and strong. The cricket ground is well situated, overlooking the sea, and there are a few small hills near by which enhance its beauty. Miss Grant then conducted me to the class-rooms, and also showed me a hall where different gymnastic exercises are taught. As it was getting late, we started for the hotel, which is pleasantly situated quite close to the sea; we observed boys and others gaily walking about on the beach enjoying themselves. A few yards off stands the Golf Club; for the links of St. Andrews have long been famous, and attract a large number of golf lovers. I hope this bracing climate will greatly benefit Colonel Abbott's health. I waited a few minutes at the hotel for Major Benn and my attendants, and as soon as they arrived we at once left for the station, which we reached five minutes before the train started. We got to Leuchars Junction at midday, and soon afterwards started for Edinburgh, where we had a stop of half an hour, leaving this beautiful capital of Scotland at 2.30 p.m. and reaching Euston, after a very comfortable journey, at 10.45 p.m., where the inspector informed Major Benn that he had recovered the money on the tickets. Between Kirkcaldy and Burntisland there is a very pretty little island in the sea.

Early in the morning of July 19th we left the Alexandra Hotel, as our train was timed to start for Torquay at 7.30 a.m. The country through which we travelled was most picturesque. Bristol is a large city with an interesting history, Bath an old-fashioned town and Weston-super-Mare a

popular seaside place. On our way to Torquay we passed Tiverton Junction and Dawlish, both of which are charmingly pretty; at the latter place the train runs along the seashore, and there are two curious detached rocks, known respectively as the "Parson" and the "Clerk." At the Torquay Station a naval captain was deputed to meet us with two carriages, in which we drove to the pier; here a steam launch awaited us, and a quarter of an hour later found us on board H.M.S. "Cæsar," where Lord Charles Beresford and his staff received us with every honour. A bodyguard was provided and a band played. We then went to Lord Charles Beresford's cabin, and when luncheon was ready had it with him. I was introduced to Colonel Thomson, an American, and a great friend of Lord Charles Beresford's. After luncheon our host took us all over the battleship, explaining everything to me in such a clear way that I could not fail to understand it. I saw the instruments by which wireless messages are received and sent, and learnt how a torpedo is set in motion. Torpedoes can be fired at a depth of 20 feet, but 17 feet is the usual depth; their rate of travel is 30 miles an hour. We were shown also the torpedo-nets, the dispensary, kitchen, and the steel plates which protect the ship. The 6-inch guns were next pointed out and explained to us. As guns were not working on the turret, Lord Charles Beresford very kindly asked the captain of the "Hannibal" to show those working on his. Here, too, we were received with great honour, and shown the different manipulations of the guns. On our way there we were fortunate enough to see the "Victoria," with four or five other ships, come into the harbour, and a salute of eleven guns was fired from the "Cæsar." Before going on board the "Hannibal," Lord Charles Beresford gave us tea and also honey. He was most kind and attentive throughout our visit, and I shall not easily forget the pleasant time I spent with him. On our way back the waves ran high, and Thakur Umrao Singh was sea-sick.

We went to the Grand Hotel, and after giving orders for dinner started out for a drive. Until now I had not seen any place so beautiful as Torquay, excepting Cintra, but

there, there is no sea. Torquay is situated on a range of hills, and therefore at some places the road is very steep. At about 7.30 we took dinner, and from the window we could see the different ships, all illuminated; they had lights at their mainmasts, and threw flash-lights in the same manner as a light-house does. We left Torquay Station at 8.55 p.m., and Newton Abbott at 9.15. From this station, having a saloon to ourselves, we had a most comfortable journey all the way to London.

On July 20th, about 11 a.m., we left our hotel for the Guildhall in a hansom, as the carriage had not come. Sir Curzon Wyllie had to go in another carriage. The street in front of the Guildhall was lined with police, and the road covered with sand to prevent the horses from slipping. Upon reaching the entrance we were received and escorted to our seats by people dressed in blue, who formed the committee. A dais covered with red cloth was erected at one end of the hall, upon which were seated the aldermen in their robes. I sat in No. 19, in front of them. Shortly afterwards Lady Curzon came in, dressed in black, and was heartily cheered. Then the Lord Mayor arrived, preceded by his official mace and sword, and took his seat on the dais, followed by Lord Curzon in morning dress. Below the dais sat a few clerks, whilst on the table lay some mallets, used for informing the audience that someone was about to speak, the aldermen tapping with them when the attention of the company was required. I noticed the sweet scent of some rosemary leaves. The day's proceedings were opened by a clerk, after which the Lord Mayor stood up and delivered a speech, in which he praised the work done by Lord Curzon in India. Amid great applause Lord Curzon rose to reply, justifying every action of the Indian Government in a strong and forcible speech, which lasted for about an hour. Among other points, he mentioned the Famine, the Delhi Durbar, and the Tibet Expedition, and said something in praise of the Native Princes of India. The whole speech was delivered in a dashing manner, which carried the audience with him. In my opinion this oratorical effort ranks second only to the splendid speech delivered by Lord Curzon at the Delhi

Coronation Durbar. After this function, which was very grand in its way, the freedom of the City of London was presented to Lord Curzon in a golden casket. In olden times no one was allowed to carry on any sort of business in the city except such as had the freedom of the city, and even now if a man who possesses it becomes poor, and cannot afford to pay the expense of the education of his children, the City will be responsible for this. In India no one would be particularly pleased to hear that, when he becomes poor, his children would be educated at other people's cost!

We then drove to the Mansion House, where a luncheon was given to Lord Curzon, who sat on the right hand of the Lord Mayor. The hall was beautifully decorated, the tables gay with flowers and orchids, and all the arrangements excellent. Many chairs were unoccupied, as the members of the House of Commons could not come, being engaged in some heated debates; they had been sitting for twenty-five hours continuously. The Lord Mayor rose to propose the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor, the Queen and the Royal Family, and after these toasts had been suitably responded to, he gave the health of Lord Curzon, to which the latter replied very briefly but pithily. Lord Salisbury next made a humorous speech, which was heartily appreciated. We then proceeded to the drawing-room, where we were joined by the ladies, who had not lunched with us. The Lady Mayoress asked me to write my name in Hindustani in her book of autographs. I enjoyed the whole thing immensely; it was very good of the Lord Mayor to invite me to the ceremony, such functions being held so rarely that I was fortunate to have the opportunity of attending one.

We started for Woolwich at 1 p.m. on July 21st, reaching the Arsenal about 2.30. Here, every description of gun, rifle and shell is made for the public service. We had first to write our names in a book at the entrance; then I met the Superintendent, who, after a short conversation, escorted me to see the different machinery, some of which was very wonderful. These machines were so made that they worked by themselves, as if endowed with human intelligence. There was one in particular, fitted with a sort of beak which picked

out cartridges so regularly and neatly that one could hardly believe it was not being done by some living creature with plenty of sense. The welding-on of the tyres was also most interesting. A hoop of iron, after being heated, was placed round the wheel, which was automatically lowered and dipped into water. We next saw the boring of guns; passing on from this to the carpentry department, where saddle trees were being made; and from thence to a place where a cart was being painted, which was accomplished by lowering it bodily into a huge tank filled with paint. As we went along our attention was attracted by an enormous hammer, 40 tons in weight. Captain Browne showed us the new guns which had lately been made for India, as well as the stocks for others, to be fired by electricity; he asked me to fire one of these. After completing our tour of inspection, we returned to the Superintendent's room to tea. He was a most agreeable man, and conversed with us for some time on different topics. We drove back to the hotel through Greenwich and Woolwich, the streets of which are very narrow and dirty.

After dinner we went to the opera, for which the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Leigh had given me a box. She and her husband were there when we arrived, but had to leave at 10 o'clock in order to attend a meeting to raise money for some hospital in which the King takes deep interest. Mrs. Elliot, a relation of Major Benn's, came to our box and asked us to go behind the scenes. Her daughter, a fine actress, whose stage name is "Madame Helian," was playing the part of Sybil in "Faust." It was the first time I had been behind such a great stage as that of the Covent Garden Opera House. The scenery is worked by means of hydraulic lifts and electricity, and the whole place is full of wonders.

In the early morning, and again in the afternoon, the London milk supply comes round in tall cans, furnished with a tap; these are placed in low horse-carts, and the milk is poured from the large cans into smaller ones, which are delivered at public and private establishments. A necessary individual to a great number of the community is the costermonger, who usually goes about with a donkey-cart

selling his goods. Equally important to a still larger class is the man who cleans chimneys, known as a "chimney-sweep." The nature of his work makes him very dirty and black, as he gets covered with soot. At every turning one finds girls selling flowers, most of whom are very poor. In all the large towns of Europe are press-cutting agencies, which supply extracts from the newspapers on every conceivable subject, the charge for these being either a certain sum annually, or so much per hundred cuttings.

Mrs. Rew kindly sent me a copy of the rules, together with a list of the members belonging to the "New County Club"; I was very glad to see these.

At 8.15 we went to a revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the Vaudeville Theatre, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Charles Bryant and other actors sustained their rôles with much credit. The news of the seizure of the "Malacca," a German ship, is the principal topic of interest just now. I cannot understand why the Russians are doing things likely to irritate another nation when they are already in great trouble with Japan. At 1.30 I went to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Leigh at their house in Hertford Street; they are such pleasant people. When I was at the Earl of Jersey's place, Mrs. Dudley Leigh kindly took me round and showed me everything; then again, at the garden party of the Duke of Devonshire, she was most friendly, and the other night she sent me a ticket for a box at the opera. I really do not know how to repay all her kindness. There were some other people present, and the conversation turned on different subjects, such as hypnotism, mesmerism and so on. I shall not easily forget the pleasant afternoon I spent in their company.

At 10.30 a.m. on the morning of July 25th we went to the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade in Southwark Bridge Road, to see their parade, under Captain Hamilton, who showed us everything in detail. He took us into the courtyard, and after a few seconds we saw smoke issuing from a window, whereupon a man rushed to a fire-alarm which was standing in a corner and, breaking the glass, pulled the alarm rope. In a few seconds a large horsed

vehicle, carrying a ladder, came galloping up. In less time than it takes to tell, the ladder was erected against the building, and a man scaling it; but it was only 50 feet high, and would not reach to the upper windows, so the man who was mounting took another, with a long hook, and, having fixed this securely to the window sill, started going up it. He then began to send some dummies representing human beings down by a rope, a hook being attached to their shoulders, by means of which they slipped down a rope which other men were holding on the ground. After this he descended himself, carrying dummies on his own shoulders. Firemen, by this means, learn how to deal with rescued people. The first fire engine to arrive upon the scene not being large enough, they were requested at headquarters to send another, which was on the spot in a few seconds. Then a fireman, having donned a helmet, which was closed in on all sides, and into which air had been pumped through a pipe, entered a room full of smoke. The men below had meanwhile brought a thick mattress, above which some of them held a strong piece of canvas, and then from a window 20 or 30 feet high the fireman jumped down on to this cloth. A still longer ladder was brought, which could reach a height of 70 feet. It was then supposed that a building between two streets was alight. The firemen went up on a roof on the opposite side of the street and began to throw water across with much force by means of a strong water-jet to the other side where men were working with a ladder. These ladders can be made any length desired, as the firemen carry with them small ones, five feet in length, which fit into one another. These same ladders are also used as stretchers for carrying injured persons when unconscious. Then Captain Hamilton took us to quarters where the engines, ladders and carriages were kept ready. Upon arriving he ordered one of his men to ring the fire-alarm; immediately the doors opened by electricity, the horses were harnessed and the fire-escape started in sixteen seconds, whilst the engine, which, as a rule, starts after the ladder, went off in twenty-one seconds. We saw them running at high speed; they soon returned, and everything was put back again in readiness for

future use. We next visited the stables. The Fire Brigade horses are beauties, and are well kept and cared for. The collar, which is always round the neck of a horse, is suspended from a hook above; in this way the horse does not feel its weight, yet to all intents and purposes he is always ready to start. There is also a small workshop where the engines and other apparatus are repaired. The Captain now took us into a sort of museum where old helmets were kept whose wearers had been killed or injured in fighting a fire. Here we saw, too, the street water-pipes formerly used in London. These consisted of tree trunks with a hole bored through them, one end being smaller than the other, in order that they might fit into one another. When there was a fire the men had to bore a hole in the pipes, whilst to stop the flow a wooden plug was inserted. The water nowadays is usually drawn from the street hydrants, but when the pressure is not sufficient, engines are brought into action, every one of them carrying enough water to pump for four minutes; some of these are so powerful that they can throw water to any height. Then we visited a workshop where the hose is made, which is lined with rubber in order to prevent the possibility of leaking. The mouth-pieces attached to the hose, made either of brass or aluminium, are fastened with copper wire, rubber being placed between it and the mouth-piece. The latter is so constructed that a spray of water can be produced, when required, to clear away the smoke, and when this has been effected the firemen can see to direct the water to any particular spot.

The Fire Brigade appeared to have plenty of means of amusement. There was a gymnasium hall which had a small stage, and in another room were two billiard-tables and a piano. These men have one day off in two weeks, and two weeks' holiday in a year. Every Wednesday and Saturday a parade is held, but there was a special one ordered by Captain Hamilton for me, which I thought very good of him. I contributed a small sum of £10 to the Brigade's Benevolent Fund.

Later on in the day we visited the Palace Theatre, and found the whole show was very good, the troops of lions

being particularly wonderful. In a cage were four lions and a dog together. In obedience to the lady trainer's commands these lions performed different feats. Two or three times she put her hand, head and neck into the wide, open mouth of a lion, which showed its affection by licking her. I cannot understand how these ferocious animals can be tamed in this way. The "Laziest Juggler in the World" was both funny and clever.

During the afternoon of July 26th we went to tea at Miss Griffith's house in Richmond, where I met her aunt, who was ninety-one years of age, and yet could walk about quite easily. She said that she remembered the time when there were no railways, and the mail was sent by four-in-hand coaches. Tea was served in the garden, which, though a small one, was very nicely kept. I enjoyed myself greatly.

Hotel servants are invariably very good, but they much appreciate a "tip." At the Alexandra Hotel we had a waiter named Henry, who was particularly attentive and civil.

I went to the "Williams" Typewriter Depot, where I ordered a machine. A great many improvements have been made in these machines, and, to my thinking, they are among the best typewriters. Then I went on to Messrs. Stanford's, and bought a few maps and books on the countries of Europe, starting after tea in a motor-car to leave "p.p. cards." In Europe it is customary to do so, even though you may not see the people of the house. Sometimes this is a great nuisance, especially if one has but little time at his disposal.

After a hasty dinner we left the hotel for Liverpool Street Station, Mr. Savage Landor and Mr. Kolasker, from Bombay, coming to see us off. During our stay in London both these gentlemen had been most attentive to us; the latter was a passenger on the ship in which I came from India.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE—HOLLAND

WE started for the Continent at 7.30 p.m., reaching Harwich without a stop by 10, but owing to darkness we could see nothing of the country. As soon as our train arrived at Harwich we hastened on board the S.S. "Vienna," which left the port twenty minutes later. The harbour looked very beautiful with electric and other lamps, and that night, for the first time, I saw a light-ship, which is a stationary vessel used as a light-house. Those in charge of it have to be always on board however bad the weather or rough the sea, in order to light the lamps and keep them in good order. Though the crew receive every consideration from their superior officers, still it is a sort of life which one would not care to lead. The light-houses on this coast of England show red lights.

The cabins were so hot that I preferred to sleep on deck; Major Benn was also there. The moon had risen, and it was a grand sight to watch her silvery rays shining on the calm waves, but though the sea was smooth and the boat steady, yet some people on board were sea-sick, Abdul Ghafur being amongst them. We reached the Hook of Holland at dawn. The India Office had asked the Dutch authorities to give me all Customs facilities. The Inspector was very polite, and when he knew which were our trunks he marked them to be passed. The train was ready at the station, and at 5.42 a.m. it left for Amsterdam. The country is very flat, and one can see from a long distance innumerable wind-mills, spires of churches and straight canals, which are the principal features

AMSTERDAM, THE MARKET

A RIVERSIDE SCENE

of Holland. The houses are built after the English fashion, but flat tiles are much used. There are no wild trees, every one being marked, as the Forest Department takes great interest in arboriculture. The colour of the cattle is black and white mixed, something like those of Scotland; cattle all of one colour being very scarce. A few miles from the Hook of Holland I noticed a piece of ground covered with fishing nets; these were placed out in the open to dry. I saw also some dredgers at work clearing mud from the canals and depositing it on the banks, as the Dutch cannot afford, like other countries, to waste it, the level of Holland being below that of the surrounding sea. Hence, too, high dykes have to be built to prevent the sea from deluging the country. The principal place we passed in the train from the Hook of Holland to Amsterdam was Schiedam, famous for its gin, which was once much consumed throughout the East. Here I saw a canal in which the level of the water was higher than that of the surrounding country.

We reached Amsterdam at 8 a.m., and drove to the Amstel Hotel, which is situated on the river of that name. At 11 o'clock, as it was drizzling with rain, we went to the Ryks Museum, a fine building, where we saw some famous pictures by well-known artists of the Dutch School. The "Night Watch," by Rembrandt; "De Avondschool" (the Evening School), by G. Dou; "Selling an Egg," by Bloemaert; and "Animal Life," by Van Ruysdael, are all very good, whilst "The Dream," by N. Maes, is a master-piece. Paul Potter—a great animal painter—and N. Elias were among other important artists of this country. We also saw a wooden chair, something like a sentry-box, formerly used by William I., King of Holland.

We returned to the hotel for luncheon, starting out again soon afterwards to visit the Dykes; among them was one of the largest in Holland, the Merwede Canal. On our way thither our attention was drawn to the locks, which regulate the water of the canals with great accuracy, by means of a curious piece of mechanism consisting of many fans. The waters of the Merwede Canal are supplied by the Zuider Zee, in which great numbers of herring and anchovies are caught

and exported. Here, too, is a bridge which opens in the centre, swinging back at right angles for vessels to pass through. We visited the Aquarium, which was exceedingly interesting, many different species of fish being kept here; among them were several I had not seen before. A small museum attached to the Aquarium contained skeletons of fishes, snakes and other reptiles, but the most interesting objects, to my mind, were the flower-like sea anemones. On our way back we went to a panorama of Jerusalem. Painted on the circular walls is the history of the sufferings of Jesus Christ from the time when He was forced to bear the cross, until His crucifixion and burial. The circumference of the walls is 120 yards, and the height 60 feet; the distance of the wall from the platform being 40 feet. This is really a very wonderful piece of painting, and I was greatly impressed by it. Passing on to another room we came upon some articles for sale, such as old Persian carpets and Dutch china, but it was difficult to know whether they were genuine pieces. Then we drove through the Jews' quarters. These people, who form one-tenth of the population of Amsterdam, reside in a particular part of the town, the condition of which presents a marked contrast to the Dutch cleanliness of the rest of the city. I noticed here a street five feet broad, at the top of which there was hardly two feet between the houses on either side; this was probably a remnant of olden times when as many houses as possible were crammed into a fortified *enceinte*. The Jews have a special cemetery of their own, on the graves of which there seemed nothing except slabs of stone. The Law Courts and the American Hotel are both handsome buildings. We also passed Rembrandt Square, where, besides a statue of the famous painter, there is a theatre bearing his name. In driving through the streets of the city we came across the old wall of Amsterdam, more than half of which has sunk into the soil. Kalver Straat is a much frequented thoroughfare, where the best shops are to be found, but on the place where an exhibition was held in 1884 there now stand many new houses, chiefly built of red bricks. Amsterdam is really a beautiful city, and is said to be the cleanest town in Europe, but to my thinking Barcelona

surpasses it. The river Amstel, which flows through it, enhances its beauty in every way. In the evening when the street lamps are lighted and the tramcars pass with their many-coloured lights, the river looks simply enchanting. I did not expect to find such a magnificent town in Holland.

Amsterdam has from early times been famous for diamond-polishing. Desiring, therefore, to see the process, we proceeded on the morning of July 29th to one of the mills, situated in the East part of the town. We were first taken into a room where rough diamonds are split and dirt and foreign matter removed. Here a couple of men were working with practically no instruments beyond two simple sticks, no larger than a good-sized pencil. At the end of these sticks was some wax or other similar substance; the workman heated this wax, and putting the uncleaned diamond on it, split the latter with another diamond which was placed on the top of the first. A sort of breach was thus made in the diamond; then with a small piece of steel and a hammer the gem was broken in two pieces. We were next escorted to the diamond-polishing room. Here we saw a man place the stones to be polished on round balls attached to an iron bar, the balls, made of lead and tin, being heated by fire. There were burning gas jets, and the man touched these red-hot balls without apparently feeling the heat. He had been doing this for so long a time that he had lost the power of sensation in his fingers; I felt them, and found that they were as hard as stone; I saw him put them into the flame! After this the diamond was pressed against a wheel, moistened with oil and diamond dust, which revolved two thousand times a minute, in order to cut the surface into facets. Then we saw the finished diamonds in a separate room, where the head of the factory explained to us that one kilogramme was equal to 4,800 carats, and that a rose-cut diamond has twenty-four sides, or facets, whereas a brilliant has fifty-eight. He then showed us models of all the famous diamonds in the world, the largest of which was the property of the Tsar of Russia. The stones were of every hue, black, white and even coffee-coloured. The coffer in which they are shown, containing about one hundred models, once belonged

to Napoleon, and was sold after his fall. I was also shown a pair of marvellously accurate scales.

We went from here to the Portuguese Jews' Synagogue—the oldest building in Amsterdam. There was no ornamental work, or elaborate altar, such as one would find in a Roman Catholic Church, but in place of this were doors with steps leading up to them, each step being 37 feet long. Near the doors stood beautifully carved pillars, from four to five hundred years old; on these we saw the figure of a parrot with the face of a lion. Hanging near were some old brass chandeliers, at least two hundred years old. A raised platform occupied the centre of the hall, on this the priest reads the prayers, the hymns being sung from a still higher one. The people who come to pray have to wear a special shawl, made for the purpose, round their shoulders; these shawls are kept in the Synagogue under lock and key. Round the hall runs a gallery for the use of the women, who sit separately from the men. The era of the Jews commences with the Creation of the World, their present or civil year being 5664. Their first prophet was Moses.

Our next visit was to the Royal Palace, originally built as a Town Hall, but during the short time when Louis Napoleon was nominally King of Holland, the people presented this building to him as a royal residence. Standing as it does in the open market place, and having no principal entrance, it seems hardly suitable for its purpose, though in some respects the interior is handsomer than many another palace we have seen, the apartments being richly adorned with sculptures in white marble, the carving of which is in high relief. There were also some very good paintings by famous Dutch artists. The guide showed us the rooms used by the Queen of Holland when she comes to Amsterdam, which she does for six days in each year. The furniture is in the style of Louis XV. and very handsome. Then we went into a room now used as a dining saloon, in which there were many doors opening into smaller rooms; these were formerly used for the different departments of the administration. One of them, built as a Bankruptcy Court, is now used as the Queen's bedroom. Above one of the doors

of this room is a fine and interesting carving, depicting the Fall of Icarus, a mythological being who made wings of wax and tried to reach the sun, upon nearing which his wings melted and he fell to the earth with fatal results. An ornamental moulding represents rats and mice gnawing at empty money bags and papers. There were also symbolical figures over the door of the room once used for marine business, and on that for the registration of marriages was a figure of Venus with symbols of love-making, such as doves. In another room was a picture executed by de Witt, in 1739, which so cleverly imitates sculpture that we were quite deceived by it; it is really a wonderful work of art. The Reception Room, one of the largest and most magnificent halls in Europe, is lined with white Italian marble, its unsupported roof being 100 feet high. The walls of both this and the Throne Room are draped with standards taken from the countries subdued by Holland in olden times, when she held command of the seas. Above the entrance to the Throne Room is the figure of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders, the latter being represented by a huge ball on which the stars are marked. A similar figure stands on the roof of the Palace.

In the afternoon we went for a drive along the banks of the river Amstel. The road is beautifully laid out, and there are a number of small houses which are used as public cafés and restaurants; every country except England having adopted this custom. Further on we came across a small party of men bathing in the river, who did not seem the least disconcerted by the presence of the public. Here, too, we noticed tremendous masses of timber brought down the river from Germany for building purposes, to act as piles; when sunk in the ground the smaller houses are erected upon them. As soon as they become rotten, the house is pulled down; Government inspection is very strict in this respect, but it is solely for the safety of the people. Then we turned up a very fine avenue lined with tall trees and about two miles long. On this road we met a baker's cart drawn by a pair of dogs; this was quite a new thing to me, for I had never heard of a *Hund Cart* or of any vehicle,

except a sledge, being drawn by dogs. We took a photograph of this cart, as well as of a white pig covered with mud. After driving a little further we came to the Schinkelhanen Restaurant, where we stopped and partook of milk and lemonade. The milk, though excellent, was not quite as good as that of Lisbon. Every house in Amsterdam is provided with a hook at the top; this is used for lifting heavy articles, as the staircases are generally very narrow. Another thing which attracted my attention was that some of the windows had looking-glasses attached to them, by the help of which the occupier of the house can see people in the street without their knowledge. The Telegraph Office, a fine building, is situated close to the Royal Palace. Later on in the evening we went for a drive through Rembrandt Square, passing on our way the Palace of Crystal, a large glass and iron structure used for exhibitions and concerts, and possessing a fountain which rises to a great height. We saw also the New Exchange from the outside; this handsome edifice, situated in front of the Palace, was erected in 1845 in place of an older one. When trees have been planted and electric lights put up, it will form a fine place for recreation and business. I was much surprised at not seeing electric lights in the Palace, and I was informed that it was only quite recently that electric trams had been started.

The people of Holland are very strict in their customs, as well as in their internal government. Both men and women have now adopted the ordinary costume of Europe. The national dress of the women is, I think, most picturesque, and I do not know why they are giving it up, for it is very becoming to their plump figures. We noticed only two women wearing it, but in the south of Holland the national head-gear may still be seen. The people seem very fond of fishing and rowing; I do not know whether they go in for any other recreation, but as every house has a river or canal in front of it, the nature of their sports must naturally be limited. There are so many canals that some houses may be said to be veritable islands, being surrounded on all sides by water.

AMSTERDAM, A CANAL

CART DRAWN BY DOGS

Taking everything into consideration, Amsterdam is one of the most wonderful cities in Europe. In its intermixture of land and water it may be compared to Venice, but it is unique in that the entire city, both houses and canals, is constructed on foundations of piles. I enjoyed my visit much, and liked the place immensely; it has only two drawbacks in my opinion, one being that the water of the canals is so dirty, and the other that the roads and streets are not properly kept.

CHAPTER IX

HAMBURG, COPENHAGEN, BERLIN

On July 30th we got up very early and left the Central Station of Amsterdam, *en route* for Hamburg. The country is flat and has but few trees; we also noticed fields in which the crops had been gathered, but saw no standing crops anywhere. At 10.30 we arrived at Bentheim, where German territory begins. Here the luggage of passengers is examined, but ours was passed, the Foreign Office having asked the German authorities to give me all Customs facilities. At this point the scenery began to change; the country was no longer flat, and in some places stood clusters of large trees, very pleasing to the eye. At 12.15 p.m. (German time 1.15) we reached Osnabruck, where we changed for Hamburg. We intended to go by express, but learnt at the station that it was delayed indefinitely, and so we had to wait there for an hour and a half, learning afterwards that some of the carriages of the train had stuck in a tunnel, which was the cause of the delay. An Englishman who travelled in our compartment told us that all his luggage had been misdirected, and we heartily sympathised with him; such unfortunate things do sometimes happen on railways. We got to Bremen at 4.10 p.m., where our train was shunted for a quarter of an hour before resuming its journey. On this line we saw few places of importance, especially between Bremen and Hamburg. This is different to England, where one cannot travel far by rail without constantly passing fairly large towns.

Hamburg was reached at 6.5 p.m., and we put up at the

Hamburger Hof, a very fine hotel situated on the bank of a lake in the centre of the town. Whilst dining, a waiter informed us of a fire which had broken out in some part of the city, and looking out of the window we saw four or five engines rushing with great speed to put it out. After dinner we watched a café in front of our hotel, where people of all sorts, young and old, rich and poor, men and women, were enjoying themselves immensely, and when lit up by electricity its different lights were reflected in the smooth surface of the water. The trees on the banks, the hundreds of pleasure boats and landing places, and the clean, well-kept roads made the whole scene very attractive, magnificent houses and hotels adding to the general effect. I now think that this town ranks first, and Barcelona second, as the stately palms surrounding the café give more pleasure to a sight-seer. Germans are very fond of wine, and every other building is a café or beer-house, beer being so cheap in this country that the poorest man can enjoy his drink. They are also mad on smoking; one hardly ever sees a German without a cigar in his mouth, and even children smoke.

On the morning of July 31st we started out to see the docks, driving as far as the pier, where a steam launch was awaiting our party. We went all over the docks, which are really very fine. The first thing we noticed was a clock tower showing Greenwich time, and further on a big ship, the "Kaiser Friedrich," which we were informed had been there for the last two years, having been built for the North German Lloyd Company, but that they would not take her, as she was not fast enough and consumed too much coal. The case was still pending before the Court, and no decision had been arrived at. In the distance we saw some white globes; these turned out to be circular tanks used for storing the petroleum, imported from America in ships which have large receptacles for holding the oil. Upon reaching the docks it is pumped from the ships into these round tanks and then put on sale. The Hamburg-American Company is one of the largest steamship lines in the world. One of their vessels, the "Meteor," was pointed out to us as going for pleasure trips to Norway, Sweden and the Mediterranean.

There were also many other vessels in these docks, amongst them being a man-of-war floated only three weeks previously, also the " Kanzler," seized by the British during the Transvaal war, under suspicion of carrying contraband of war. The British and the Boers were then in great need of steamers, so the German merchants made much money from both parties. At that time German steamers carried English as well as Boers from one place to another, and consequently a notice was put up in every cabin that passengers were not allowed to discuss political matters. On some steamers were flags bearing a cross ; only captains who have been in the Government Navy are entitled to use this symbol. There were two four-masted sailing ships in the harbour, belonging to M. Pangani, who owns the biggest sailing ship in the world, as well as two others with five masts each, one of which is called the " Potosi." Here also we saw several ships under repair, and what interested us greatly, some huge cranes which could lift very heavy articles; transferring, for instance, the whole contents of a railway wagon into a ship in no time. Further on we saw a machine used for unloading wheat and barley, called a " wheat elevator." A long hose is attached to this machine and, when put into the hold of a ship, it sucks up all the grain, conveying it either to a warehouse, railway wagon or smaller steamer, as the case may be. We were informed that Blohm and Vass were the largest firm of ship builders in the world. Then we went into the Wilhelm Docks, opened only a few years previously by the present Emperor. There are locks here worked by electricity for regulating the depth of the docks. Our guide was a most intelligent man who knew his work thoroughly. Some time ago he was in South Africa, doing very well, but unfortunately he lost all his money, so now the poor fellow has to undertake the work of a guide. We then left our steamer in order to visit the warehouses. As it was Sunday these were all closed, but we saw the extent of both docks and warehouses, the latter stretching for half a mile. Our attention was directed to a range of bonded warehouses, where goods for re-exportation could be stored without duty being paid on them, so long as they are not removed

into the town. This system must be a great convenience for merchants.

Proceeding next to the landing place we saw, in a lofty tower, a meter working automatically and showing the varying depth of the water caused by the high and low tides. From this place an excellent view of the town was obtained. We had already noticed the Observatory, the Marine Hospital and an unfinished Marine School, also the scaffolding of the Bismarck Monument, in course of erection. This great man did much for his country by uniting all the small states and bringing them under one government, that of the King of Prussia, who became German Emperor in 1871.

Luncheon over, we went out again for a drive, visiting the Town Hall, which is such a fine building that people often come to study its architecture; in front of this stands a statue of William I. After passing the Exchange, we came to a park where the Civil and Criminal Courts are situated, whilst near by stood a fortress, demolished by Napoleon I. We were shown also the imaginary line which constitutes the boundary between Hamburg and Altona; the uniforms of the police of the latter town are quite different to those of Hamburg, the one being in Prussia and the other in Germany. Then we saw the Post Office; I am not exaggerating when I assert that this is a quarter of a mile in length.

In Germany no man and woman walk arm in arm, except husband and wife or a man and his fiancée. When a couple are engaged, cards are sent to friends and relations to inform them of the fact. A wreath is placed on a new house when it is finished all but the roof.

The Crematorium was our next point of interest, but before reaching it we saw many places where monuments were exposed for sale. We had to buy tickets to admit us inside. It is a clean, circular red-brick building surmounted by a dome, on which is a painting of the rising sun. The interior contains a frame of iron bars, and when a dead body is brought in to be cremated, this frame slides back, a lift is raised from below, on which the coffin is placed, and as the latter is lowered, the frame slides over it again in order to

hide its descent. Then the coffin is taken from the lift, put on a trolley and pushed into a closed oven or furnace, which is heated to a temperature of 1000° Centigrade, and in an hour and a half to an hour and forty minutes the body, together with the coffin, is burnt to ashes. As the ashes of a man are fifty per cent. heavier than those of wood or clothes, they fall automatically into one jar, the remainder falling into another. When the ashes have cooled, they are placed in a leaden urn and sealed by an official of the Crematorium, each seal bearing the inscription "Crematorium zu Hamburg." Many of the urns filled with ashes were decorated with wreaths and black ribbons. We went on to the cemetery, one of the finest in the world and very neatly laid out, the graves being screened from the road by trees. There are six chapels for funeral services. On the afternoon of our visit there was a large and important funeral. The coffin was carried in a hearse drawn by black horses with black plumes nodding on their heads; we watched it being taken out of the hearse and carried into the chapel.

On our way to the Crematorium we arranged at a café to dine there that evening at 8 o'clock. We drove back to the hotel, past the pretty villas on the banks of the lake, admiring as we went their front gardens with green turf and beautiful flowers of every hue. One thing, however, we could not help noticing, and that was the poor condition of the Hamburg horses, which are both lean and sorry-looking. We reached Uhlenhorster Fährhaus before 8 o'clock, and found, to our great surprise, that the table reserved for us had been taken by some other people who were enjoying their dinner. We had to wait for a while in an elaborately furnished drawing-room. However, in a few minutes the manager of the place appeared, apologised very humbly for the mistake, and begged us to wait for a few seconds. In a very short time we found ourselves on the terrace, sitting round a nicely-laid table. Facing us was a semi-circular building where the band of the 31st regiment was discoursing excellent music, whilst hundreds of people were taking their meals at small tables under the trees. Those who had finished were walking about quite happily, listening to the

music. I cannot understand how they enjoyed walking, as they were packed like sardines, with scarcely room to move, but still they seemed to be in excellent spirits. This place is really beautiful and the music good, but it was too crowded. Perhaps I ought not to criticise, as they know their own tastes and comforts best. While the music was going on, shrill, discordant whistles every other minute announced the arrival of steamers. We returned to the hotel at 11 p.m.

At 9 a.m. on August 1st we left beautiful Hamburg for Denmark. After passing through the Sammthor and several other stations in the environs of Hamburg and Altona, our train proceeded to Kiel. I had a slight headache, and went to sleep in the carriage, so did not see much of the country, which is more or less flat, with woods here and there. We reached Kiel at 11.15 a.m., and five minutes later found us on board the " Prinz Adelbert," which was just leaving for Korsor. The harbour of Kiel is so wide that we did not lose sight of the land for a considerable time ; it is beautiful, too, with a high wooded bank on the west side. From our boat we could see the ships at anchor, as well as some men-of-war painted like English battleships. We also noticed fortifications bristling with huge cannon. When we got out into the open sea, the boat began to roll and rain fell in torrents. At 1 p.m. luncheon was served, but the sea was so rough that neither Umrao Singh or I could take anything ; we had, in fact, to leave the dining-saloon, he retiring to his cabin, whilst I stretched myself on a wooden frame near the screw, where I remained until 4 o'clock, when I was able to take some tea and biscuits. The Island of Heligoland is not far from Hamburg. This place belonged to the English, but some years ago they exchanged it for a protectorate over Zanzibar, which then belonged to Germany. Zanzibar is now rising in prosperity in every way, whilst Heligoland is being encroached upon by the sea ; in a short time the island will probably be washed away, and the inhabitants will have to seek some other home.

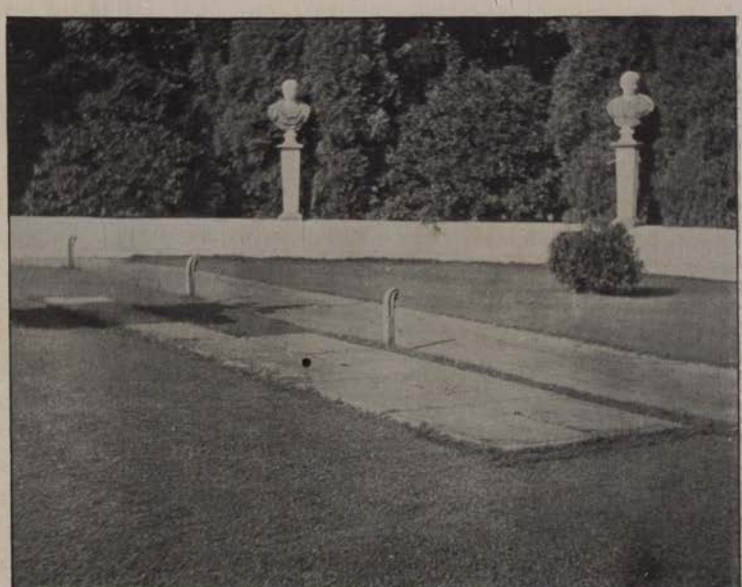
We reached Korsor, a Danish port, at 4.30 p.m., the train leaving the station half an hour later for Copenhagen. The

carriages were very narrow, but had cushions such as I had not seen in any other railway. The country, though generally flat, is broken here and there by low hills, and the woods are numerous and beautiful. There are innumerable fields also containing crops of barley, wheat, oats and vegetables; the whole country being devoted to agricultural pursuits. The cattle are chocolate-coloured. In Holland the fields have dykes round them, in England there are walls and fences, in Denmark neither.

Upon arriving at Copenhagen the same evening we found no one from the hotel to meet us. Major Benn learnt from the telephone that they had only one room to give us, all the others being occupied, owing to the crush due to a fête which was being held there. Major Benn tried some other hotels, without success. Then he took a carriage and went to some second-rate ones, all of which were equally full. The English ambassador was not there, but the Embassy sent an official, who did his best for us in every way, though without result. We had a good mind to take the next train to Berlin, until after some very exciting moments a carriage arrived and a man asked us to go to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where we found everything ready for us. Major Benn had sent a telegram to the manager telling him to reserve five bed-rooms, but the latter had read the message as "fine bedrooms." After all we were very comfortable in this hotel, and proved the truth of "All's well that ends well!"

The following morning we took a drive through the principal streets, passing on our way a huge embankment which had served as fortifications in olden times, but was now useless, no one caring to keep it in order. We went to the picture gallery; many of the pictures are really very good, but the best of all, to my thinking, is that of "A Christian in Prison," by Karl Block. Everything in this picture is rendered with so much accuracy that it can safely be said to be one of the best in the world. We saw another by the same painter, representing the self-devotion of a daughter of Christian IV., who insisted on sharing her husband's imprisonment for high treason. The ordinary people here look as well as the gentlemen of other countries, their dress being

COPENHAGEN, A GROUP OF STATUARY



POTSDAM, DOGS' GRAVES, SANS-SOUCI

so neat and their manners so extremely polite. The public places were not so crowded as they had been the previous day, the people who had come for the fair having returned to their homes. On several roads I noticed the word "Cycliste" written up. This referred to a small track made at the side of the promenade for the sole use of cyclists, a great comfort to them as well as to the other people, as it enabled wheelmen to go at a higher speed than they could otherwise have done. We saw a bottle of beer, 20 feet high, as an advertisement of a brewery. Indians should take a lesson from their European brothers with regard to advertising. In the evening I visited the King's Palace, but it is closed for cleaning purposes on the first Tuesday of each month, and this was unfortunately the first Tuesday in August. After seeing other important buildings, we drove on through Tuborg, obtaining in the distance a view of the Crown Prince's residence. A little further on we saw the Prince himself standing in a corner of the garden. The Royal Family is very popular with the public. The guide told us that both father and son were fond of mixing with their subjects, and always took the greatest interest in them; this is an admirable practice, nothing could be better. Returning to the Royal Palace, Major Benn and I wrote our names in the visitors' books of the King and Princes. The palace is quite small, but when the King has guests staying with him he removes to a larger one. In the gardens we saw a small bungalow in which the unmarried brother of the King lives; this was built by Russian labourers with Russian timber by order of the late Tsar, who, on its completion, presented it to the King of Denmark. While in the town we heard that His Majesty had been seriously ill, and felt very anxious, as our Queen is one of his daughters; we were pleased to learn, however, from servants of the royal establishment that he was in good health. The gate-keeper there wanted to be photographed, so Major Benn took a snapshot of him. In an enclosure of the park there were as many as two thousand deer of all kinds; the enormous antlers of some made them look very formidable, but they were really so tame that our carriage did not frighten them.

The park is finely timbered, the beeches being especially magnificent; though much larger than that at Chatsworth, it is not nearly as well kept. On our way back we saw, in the distance, the coast of Sweden, also the island of Hveen, where Tycho Brahe, a great astronomer, resided. There is another island which contains the grave of Hamlet, the hero of Shakespeare's play of that name. On our way we stopped at the restaurant "Ny Strand Pavillion" to take some coffee; here a string band was playing, consisting of two 'cellos, two violins and a piano. Then we went on to a cemetery, where the English soldiers are buried who fell in an engagement with the English fleet under Nelson in 1801. This site is always to be kept open and never built upon.

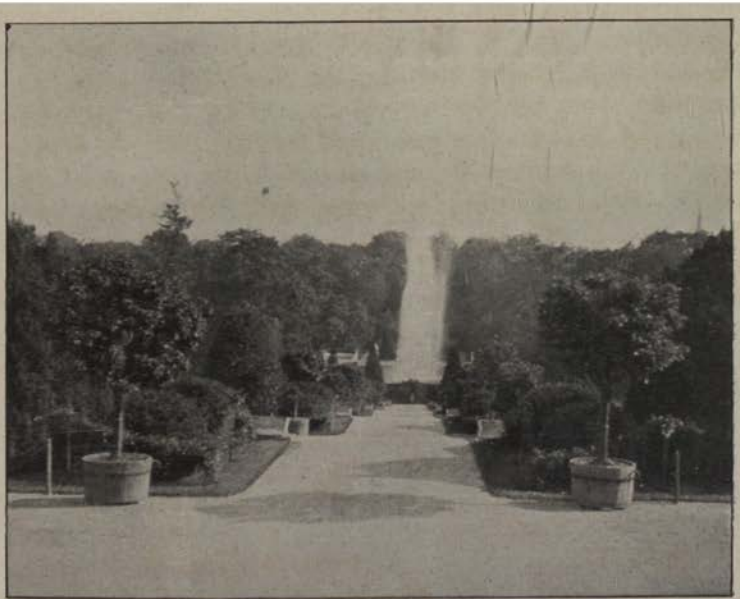
We left Copenhagen at 10.30 a.m. on August 3rd, and after passing Roeskilde, Kjoge, Nestved and Vordingborg, arrived at Masnedsund, where our train ran on board the steamer "Alexandra," which took fifteen minutes to cross the sea. An hour's journey on by train brought us to Falster, at the opposite extremity of the island. At Gjedserodde our train was again taken on board ship, this time by the steamer "Prinz Christian," and at 4 o'clock we reached that beautiful place Warnemünde, on the shore of the Baltic Sea. Between Denmark and Falster we saw another steamer, the "Thyra," ferrying a train across. The Baltic was very smooth all the way, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely. The Island of Falster belongs to Denmark; it is very fertile, and for this reason reckoned one of its most valuable portions. Lightning conductors are much in use in this country on account, I suppose, of the severity and frequency of thunderstorms in these parts. At 4.30 we left Warnemünde, arriving at Berlin at 8.45 p.m. We had journeyed through fields of waving corn and fruitful land. At several places a number of machines were at work cutting and making stalks of wheat and barley into sheaves; this was quite a new thing to us. I wonder when Indians will take to this sort of machinery. The fields were surrounded by wooden fences or stone walls. From our train we could see some beautiful lakes and extremely fine scenery.

Everyone is free to express his own opinion, and I therefore take the liberty of comparing the two cities. No doubt Paris is very beautiful, but I find it difficult to decide between it and Berlin. In Paris there is little room for improvement, whereas Berlin can still be greatly improved, and if the present Kaiser continues to take the same interest in it which he now takes, Berlin may become the finest city in the world. I cannot find a better name for this place than to call it a city of statues. It also contains many grand and stately houses. The Hotel Bristol, in which we stayed, is one of the best in the world. In front of it are many well-metalled roads, and a fine promenade with avenues of tall trees; and in the evening, when hundreds of electric lamps are lighted, the effect is very striking. During the morning we went for a drive, passing through the Brandenburg Gate, on the top of which stands a car of Victory which was carried to Paris by Napoleon I. as a trophy in 1805 and brought back by General Blucher in 1814; originally the horses faced away from the city, now they face towards it. After this we went down an avenue, at the far end of which is a high column adorned by the statue of Victory, erected in commemoration of the Franco-German war of 1870-71. On the road which leads to this column there are many statues of people of note; it is a wonderful place, and no visitor should miss it. We came next to the Thiergarten, where we saw a statue of William I. at the age of seventeen years; coming a little further on to that of Wagner, the great musical composer. This statue was erected by the members of the Wagner Club. After driving through the principal streets, we saw the French and German Churches, built by architects of their respective countries. They were both of one design and the same material.* I was told that there was some competition between the rival architects as to who should first complete the building, but the German forgot the hands of the clock, and so he was disqualified. This clock stands without any hands to this day to mark the history of the churches and the forgetfulness of the architect. A religious man might perhaps be shocked at seeing a fine theatre

sandwiched in between these two churches. Then we visited the National Gallery, the new Cathedral, the Arsenal and the Palace of Kaiser Wilhelm the First. The latter is a handsome building, full of valuable *objets d'art*, including vases and fruit-holders presented by the Tsar of Russia, made of the famous Russian stones, malachite and lapis-lazuli. We next entered a circular hall, with a dome overhead, which reproduces an echo twenty-six times if one speaks into it once. Visitors are each supplied with a pair of flat slippers to protect the floor of the Palace from the heels of their boots. In one of the Queen's rooms we saw a portrait of Queen Louise, the mother of Wilhelm the First. This Princess was very beautiful, and the artist has done her full justice. There is also a famous window, at which her son, the old Kaiser Wilhelm, used to show himself to his people. Both he and Prince Bismarck did a great deal of good to their country.

After luncheon we went by train to Potsdam, which we reached just before 3 o'clock. Here the King of Prussia lives for nine months of the year. On our way to the Garrison Church we passed the residence of the Crown Prince, who, according to German law, is allowed full control over his property on attaining the age of twenty-two. In this church we saw the royal pew, and many flags captured by Germany in the Franco-German war; there were also the coffins of Frederick the Great and his father. When Napoleon was in Berlin in 1805 he ordered the coffin of Frederick the Great to be opened, and appropriated the sword of the dead king. When the Commander-in-Chief, Blucher, was successful against the French, he brought it back with other trophies which Napoleon had removed.

Perched on a hill above the town of Potsdam is the Palace of Sans-Souci, a favourite residence of Frederick the Great, and built for him in 1745-7. It is charmingly situated in well-laid out gardens, where a beautiful fountain throws up water to a great height. The room which Frederick had made for Voltaire is decorated with finely carved fruit, flowers and birds, and there are two figures of monkeys on the waste paper basket. The great Voltaire was received



POTSDAM, THE GARDENS, SANS-SOUCI

THE NEW PALACE

kindly and treated well in every way, but on his return to France he learnt that the King used to make fun of him, and this so annoyed him that, in spite of repeated invitations from the German Court, he never returned. We were shown a room known as the "Spider's Room," where the web of a spider is worked in gold on the ceiling. The story attached to this is, that when the King was taking coffee in this room, a spider fell into his cup, whereupon the King gave the contents of the cup to his favourite dog, who immediately died. It was discovered afterwards that the French cook had put some poison in the coffee to kill the King, who then had this ceiling painted in memory of the spider which had thus saved his life. Frederick the Great was passionately attached to dogs. Was it he who said, "The more I see of men, the fonder I get of dogs"? On the terrace of Sans-Souci there is a little cemetery where his canine favourites repose. On a hill above this Palace stood a wind-mill, which, when working, made so much noise that the King was unable to sleep comfortably, so he desired to purchase it, and made an offer to the mill-owner, who declined to part with it. Then the King ordered that the mill should be confiscated by the State, upon which the owner had recourse to the law courts, and won his case. After this incident the King and he became excellent friends, and the mill remains as a monument of justice. There is a beautiful conservatory, containing valuable collections of all sort of plants. We then went over the Palace, His Majesty being away in Denmark at the time. A vast garden is beautifully laid out in front, in which I noticed a number of English oak trees lately planted and, near by, extensive preserves for game. An avenue five miles in length leads to forests in which boars run wild. In all German towns there is a particular smell which assails one everywhere, for these people are very fond of scents and use them profusely; even our guide had a small spray-producer in his pocket filled with Eau-de-Cologne. Here we saw, for the first time, a trochometer in a carriage, which automatically registered the distance travelled, and also showed what amount was due to the driver. In this country the driver always expects a small tip in addition to the hire, just as the

London cabby looks for something beyond his actual fare. Berlin drivers of carriages on hire wear white top hats, and to every vehicle a bar is attached, on which is written the word " free." When the carriage is empty this bar remains upright, but as soon as it has been engaged the bar is lowered.

We left Potsdam at 4.19 p.m., and twenty-five minutes later were back in Berlin. In the evening we went to buy some views of Berlin at the shop of Herr Tictz, which is one of the largest in Berlin. The lights were beautifully arranged, two rows, and two brass peacocks, being lit up by electricity, which looked superb. After dinner we visited a beer garden. The Germans are greatly addicted to beer, and our guide told us that he could drink as many as fifteen glasses at a sitting ! The following curious custom will illustrate the swallowing propensities of the Germans : Supposing amongst friends one of the party leaves some beer in his glass, and the others manage to empty their dregs into the half finished one, the owner of it has to pay for beer all round ! These people seem to live on music and beer ; some two or three thousand were walking about, while two bands filled the air with good music. When a vacancy occurs in a students' " corps " at the Heidelberg University, and there are several candidates, the latter sit on either side of a table, the president and members occupying seats at the same table. Then tall beer glasses are given to the candidates, who, at a signal from the president, begin gulping down their contents, the one who empties his glass first being alone made a member of the club. There is one thing I cannot understand—why Germans bathe so seldom ; there is hardly a man in this country who takes a daily bath. One cannot have music or give a ball at one's house after certain hours without the permission of the police. Luncheon is taken between twelve and one o'clock, and dinner between six and seven, after which the people go to beer houses, where they remain until eleven o'clock. In Europe, carriages and trains coming from opposite directions always pass on their left-hand side. In England it is just the reverse, and in India we have copied England.

On the morning of August 5th we left the hotel at 8.30

a.m., and, upon reaching the station, saw some prisoners who were going to the fields to work. They wore boots and blue suits, but neither iron fetters nor handcuffs, and each had a bag suspended from his shoulder. There were only two or three constables in charge of about twenty prisoners. Our train left Berlin for Marienbad exactly at 8.55, and at all other stations the train was punctual to the minute. The scenery in places was charming; running parallel with the railway line was a stream of water which added greatly to the general effect.

CHAPTER X

MARIENBAD; AND MY WATER CURE

We reached Marienbad at 3.7 p.m., and drove to the Hotel Klinger, after a very hot journey. When we started from Berlin we had plenty of money for our expenses on the way, but having to spend it all in paying the railway authorities for extra tickets we were penniless, and had to do without luncheon! The Hotel Klinger is pleasantly situated opposite the park, and the roads are beautifully kept.

I felt so tired the following day that I was late in rising. Dr. Ott came during the morning to examine me, and, after careful investigation, ordered me to take the waters and a certain amount of exercise, advocating also the use of mineral baths, as he said my spleen was a little enlarged, adding that, as my heart was in perfect order, he hoped good results would be obtained from the cure. He is a clever and charming man, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent.

During the afternoon Major Benn and I went for a drive in the neighbouring woods, which are indeed beautiful; pine trees of a great height predominate everywhere; I had never seen such tall ones before, and the scent from some felled timber lying near the road was delicious. We stopped on our way and took coffee at a hotel. Major Benn bought two drinking glasses with slings in which to carry them in readiness for my treatment, which was to begin the following day. On our way back we passed through elm forests, where we came across a good many deer and partridges. Upon emerging from the wood we came out on a road giving us a view of the railway line running from Marienbad to Eger,

which brought us to the place where the mineral waters are to be obtained. There used to be a spring here some time ago, but now a machine has been erected on the spot, which takes three men to work it. One stands in the centre and keeps the glass reservoir filled with water from the spring, whilst the other two press the taps. The reservoir, which holds ten glasses of water at a time, has tubes attached to it through which the water is kept flowing, and anyone can draw it easily from them. There are also four or five taps of warm water, a few drops of which may be added to the spring water should the doctor so prescribe. Two glasses must be taken every morning at fixed intervals, between which the patient walks up and down the promenade, keeping his glass attached to the sling which goes round his shoulder; with the glass is a tube, through which he slowly sips the water. I was up at 5 a.m. on August 7th, as I wanted to be in good time to begin my treatment. Major Benn and I were on the ground by 7 o'clock accompanied by Abdul Ghafur, bearing the two glasses in which to fetch the water for me. He had to take his place in a long file of men and women, all moving at a very slow pace, but all alike with one aim, namely to reach the spring. It took Abdul Ghafur twenty minutes to arrive there, though the distance was scarcely 200 feet. There were three girls distributing water to the patients. Whether I lose weight or not, I am certainly relieved of the dread of being over stout. In this happy land I have seen some people who have attained immense proportions, among the number being a great many priests who live on the fat of the land, feeding on other people's money, just as our Brahmans do. They get the very best wine to drink, the richest food to eat and have very little to do, so it is not surprising that they become fat. The sky was clouded and a cool morning breeze was blowing. I walked up and down, and drank the waters as Dr. Ott had prescribed, after which we went to a flower shop, where I ordered some button-holes to be sent us every day, and bought a pot of flowers for my room. I saw some lotuses for sale, the sight of which took me back to my own dear country. After luncheon I rested for a while, and later on went for a drive

on the road to Bad Sangerbery, returning to the restaurant for coffee. Dr. Ramlal and Thakur Umrao Singh were also with us. On our way we noticed a small tank, the water of which was used for the streets of Marienbad, but its contents were at a low ebb, needing replenishment by rain. We walked about the springs, enjoying the pleasant breeze which had sprung up since we set out.

On August 8th I again took the waters at the fixed hours. There are people from every part of the world to be found at Marienbad. During the morning we saw some Hungarian women in their quaint national costume, which I think very picturesque and becoming. The skirts are so short that their ankles are always visible. Their head-dress is very uncommon, being blue in colour and shaped something like a bonnet; projecting side pieces, fringed with lace, are placed at the back in such a position that they give the whole the effect of a triangle.

About midday a masseur, Carl Wallasch by name, came to me. Before commencing the treatment he rubbed various parts of my body with vaseline, just as old women in India anoint children with oil, afterwards sprinkling some spirit on the rubbed parts.

There is a regular routine to be observed by patients undergoing medical treatment at these springs; after luncheon one has to take a rest, going later on in the afternoon either for a walk or drive to the villages in the vicinity of Marienbad. It being the fruit season, the apple and pear trees, with which the road was lined, were laden. We saw, on a hill in the distance, the remains of a village which had been burnt down the previous year, catching glimpses also of the villages of Neudrof, Kuttenplan and Durrmaul. The people of this part are mostly Roman Catholics and very devout; consequently in every village one finds shrines, at which passers-by are expected to pray for the peace of departed souls; whilst at the cross roads and many other places stand large figures of Jesus Christ. It was harvest time, and the fields looked very beautiful with their standing crops of golden grain. Steam and other machinery not having been yet introduced here, the people still do their

work by hand, though the implements used are not of the superior quality one sees in England. They carry loads in baskets attached to their shoulders, and many of the country women walk without either shoes or stockings. Their skirts reminded me somewhat of those of the Indian women, but they were unlike them in carrying loads on their shoulders instead of their heads. Clover grows wild here as in England, and bears dark pink flowers; it makes excellent fodder for cattle and horses. The carts are drawn by bullocks and cows; as these have no hump, a yoke is not used, but in its place a chain or rope is attached to the forehead of the animal, so that it draws the cart with its head instead of its shoulders, as in India. We got very good milk here, inferior only to that of Lisbon.

On August 9th I went to the Baths, a magnificent building about five minutes' walk from the hotel. The porter conducted me to a room, where a woman in attendance prepared the bath after seeing my ticket. Dr. Ott had prescribed that about 2 lbs. of carbonate of soda should be mixed with the water for bathing, which was done, and had also instructed that the temperature of the bath should be 25° Centigrade, or 74° Fahrenheit. The room into which I was shown was a beautiful one, and might rightly have been called a sitting-room; it contained chairs, a sofa and a few tables. A window overlooked the road and a door led into another room, divided by three arches into two smaller ones, a round hole in the middle arch giving the necessary light. This room contained only a few toilet articles and a chair. After undressing I proceeded to the next room, where a vast bath-tub stood, to which different pipes were attached for water, hot air and so on. There was a large window of stained glass, and the walls were decorated with really handsome tiles, whilst the ceiling was painted with imaginary figures. The doctor had prescribed that I should remain in the bath for ten minutes. There was an iron box which held towels, a hot air pipe being attached to keep them warm. The soda already mentioned was duly added to my bath and produced some effervescence. Upon emerging from the bath, one has, without any previous drying, to wrap oneself in a

hot towel and lie down on a sofa opposite the bath for ten minutes in order to get cool; after performing these rites I dressed myself and drove to the hotel. As a rule both the porter and the bath attendant expect a tip. Dr. Ott came to see me about 12.30; he asked me how I felt, and I told him that the waters were not strong enough, so he said that I should put a small quantity of Brunnen salt into my first glass and repeat the dose every other day.

In the afternoon we went for a drive, and took coffee at the Café Egerlander. From here to Marienbad proper there is a shady road with fine trees on either side meeting overhead, so there is no chance of feeling too much sun. When we were drinking our coffee Princess Lwoff Parlaghy came into the garden; I went to speak to her, and she invited us to her rooms in the café, from which there was a fine view of the surrounding country. The Princess wanted to paint my portrait for an exhibition she was going to hold here shortly in aid of a charity; she is a most charming woman. We returned through woods full of hares and deer.

The following day I saw some boys wearing caps of different colours. In Germany every school has its own colours, and boys who are educated in them have to wear the caps peculiar to each. We noticed four women in Hungarian dress promenading up and down here. At the Café Egerlander we saw a man cutting out silhouettes; we asked him to cut ours, and he came to my sitting-room with his wife for the purpose. He snips them out with a pair of scissors in no time, and a minute suffices for the production of a black profile likeness.

On August 11th His Majesty King Edward VII. arrived here from London under the name of "Lord Lancaster"; which means that he was travelling incognito. In India such a thing is not possible; I should have thought it impossible anywhere, and that kings under any other name would receive the same respect from the people. It is certainly true that in India there is no difference between public and private life.

Dr. Ott prescribed a powder every other morning, extracted from the spring water, the addition of which rendered its taste more brackish. I went again to the

MARIENBAD

THE KURGARTEN

baths; it is really quite a treat to go there. In front of the building there is a nice park where there are many walks protected from the sun by the cool shade of trees. In the evening we drove to Podhorn. At this beautiful place there is a small tower protected by wooden planks, and reached by a long flight of steps in bad repair. We were met at the summit by a man who had a map of Marienbad and its environs and binoculars for the use of visitors, as a very fine panoramic view of the country is obtained from here. On our way back from Podhorn we took coffee at the Café Rubezal, where every waitress is supplied with a number of tickets, one of which she places on the table to which she is attending. On this ticket is printed the girl's name as well as that of the restaurant, and on the other is the usual advertisement that very good tea may be obtained there. From the top of this building we could see the monasteries of Tepl, to which the springs of Marienbad belong, and also two railways, one going to Neuhof and the other to Carlsbad. Scattered groves of pine trees contributed to the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenery. We descended to the café and, as we drank our coffee, listened to a man playing German songs on a *zither*, consisting of some wires stretched on a little sounding-board; when struck with a quill-shaped instrument it emits sounds resembling those of our Indian *sitar*. He played several pieces beautifully, and I enjoyed the evening very much. Russians are very fond of tea, but always mix lemon in it instead of milk. As we returned to the hotel I saw some men breaking stones; they had a wire gauze in front of their eyes to protect them from the splinters. Such masks might be introduced into India with much advantage.

On the morning of August 12th, while strolling quietly about, we noticed that people became very excited and began running towards a particular spot. In a few minutes we saw His Majesty passing near us, and realized that these people had run to get a glimpse of him. Someone told me that the last time King Edward was here people ran after him to such an extent that he had to seek refuge in a shop. Everyone wanted to be able to say afterwards that they had had

a chance of touching a king. The Burgomaster of Marienbad had placed notices on the trees of the Promenade stating that the King must not be inconvenienced, but no one pays any attention to them, and in a few days the curiosity dies out of itself. His Majesty, who had come to take the waters, was dressed in a red shirt and rough brown tweed suit, with a hat to match. We took off our hats and bowed to him.

In the evening we went for a long drive, as far as Rojan, and on returning drank coffee at the Café Panorama, well named on account of the beautiful view of the country obtained from it. Near Marienbad the cattle are dun-coloured, which is rare in other countries. We watched the man who looked after them, and heard him "jodelling" or uttering a shrill melodious sound which attracts the cows when he wishes to collect them.

In Europe music is so contrived that, when a song is produced in one language, the people of other countries can make words to suit it, and thus every one recognizes the tune at once. They may not know the wording of the song in German, but they are bound to know it either in English or in their mother-tongue. If Indians want to cultivate a taste for European music they should adopt standard pieces and set words in their own language to them. I have heard many, many Englishmen humming a tune which a German band was playing; they did not know the German words, but were familiar with English set to the same music. I think India would do well to give cosmopolitanism to her excellent music, and this would not be very difficult.

Corn is cut here with very long scythes furnished with a fragile attachment to prevent the cut corn from falling down.

All people employed in continental hotels have to work very hard, but German girls in the same capacity are made to toil still harder. Those who are employed in this hotel get hardly any rest, except for two or three hours in the twenty-four.

The band used to play at 6 o'clock in the morning, but on August 14th a change took place, and it played thenceforward from 6.30 a.m. In view of the approaching visit of the

Austrian Emperor decorations were being put up with all possible haste; electric lights, massed closely together on the trees on the Promenade, and lanterns of different colours all helped to give a good effect. The balconies were draped with many kinds of cloth, and pictures of the Emperor might be seen in nearly every window, whilst green wreaths were greatly in vogue. High posts bearing flags had been planted in the ground, and the park was swept with much care, so that the whole place looked gay and festive.

We dined with Princess Lwoff Parlaghy at the Egerlander Café. As it grew darker the lamps in the town were gradually lighted, and presented a fairy-like appearance; being in the garden we could see it all well. The Princess was, as usual, charming in her manners; she spoke English with a slightly foreign accent, which was very sweet. The people here were also busy decorating. Very long flags were used, and I was amused to see them hanging carpets out of their windows.

We visited the Metternich Museum, which is situated at Königswart, only three or four miles from Marienbad. There is a good collection here of all sorts of things, amongst them being many kinds of birds beautifully stuffed, and even a peacock. Arranged on shelves are some 37,000 well-bound books, as well as a black stone from Egypt, inscribed with hieroglyphics, 3,000 to 4,000 years old. In the same room stood a washstand used by Napoleon while in Elba, after abdicating the French throne. A good collection of bank notes from all countries, a fine table and walking stick of rhinoceros hide, also a figure moulded from bread by a man confined in prison, are among many other interesting curiosities. This museum is well worth a visit.

I had been travelling in different countries of Europe for four months, and during that time had scarcely seen one person with good teeth—I mean real teeth, not false. Not being a doctor, I am unable to treat this subject scientifically, but to a certain extent I am in a position to say a few words on it from my own experience. The staple food of Europeans is meat, which is consumed at every meal. If the proportion of vegetables were increased it would be wiser. Another fact is that the meat is not sufficiently cooked, requiring an

excessive amount of mastication, and consequently the teeth suffer. After eating, again, the mouth is not properly rinsed; in this way matter is allowed to remain between the teeth, and when it decomposes it injuriously affects them. The practice of removing particles of food from between the teeth with a tooth-pick is very harmful. But the most important point is the food itself. All the dishes are hot, except ices, and it is very injurious to eat ices after very hot food, as Europeans often do. The quick changes of temperature in these cold climates, from which one finds it hard to escape, are bad enough, and their inhabitants naturally choose hot dishes to warm them; it must be merely in order to gratify their taste that they consume ices. Last, but not least, comes the abundance of dentists; as soon as there is anything wrong, off one goes to a dentist, who will always do something, whether it be needed or not. I think a man should only go to the dentist when he requires a complete set of false teeth, which is usually the case with Europeans over forty.

In a museum I saw the picture of a lady whose hair was 7·87 feet in length. There were also some walking sticks, one of which had belonged to Prince Talleyrand, the greatest turncoat of his age.

We sallied forth to have another look at the decorations which were now practically ready, only a few finishing touches being required. Chinese lanterns were suspended in every window, and there was hardly a tree without one. The authorities had constructed a gateway with four pillars supporting a dome surmounted by the imperial crown, in which were coloured electric lights representing different precious stones. A powerful electric lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and on the summit there were eight figures of angels with wreaths in their hands; this was really a masterpiece of its kind. Bands and drums were playing, and there was also a clatter of arms, as well as the tramp of soldiers who were going to line the streets. The firemen had ropes round their chests and hatchets slung to their belts; the former are used for saving the lives of persons in danger, and the hatchets for cutting through wooden walls as a means of escape. The Austrian Emperor drove past

our hotel, our King being in the carriage. The Burgomaster of Marienbad did everything to make the visit a success. The illustrious guest took his departure on August 17th.

The Rubezal is one of the best cafés at Marienbad. Here rugs are lent free to the visitors, which no doubt proves a great attraction. When people walk up hills, they get too hot, and when they sit down are liable to catch cold, so that if anyone can find a means of protection against the keen winds generally experienced in Europe, it is welcomed. I saw a curious thing at this café. A party of Germans sitting at a table asked the waiter to give them rugs and soon after ordered ices; thus, while wrapping themselves up to keep off the cold, they were at the same time eating ices. The blankets must have been used to help to melt the ice inside them!

Major Benn and I went to the reading-rooms, which are very like the bath-house, but contain a library. A reception had been held here the previous day, in honour of the Austrian Emperor, in the largest room. At its further end were many plants surrounding a bust of the Imperial guest. Tropical plants are greatly valued, finding on such occasions prominent places among their European brothers. Then we passed on to the ball-room, which is also spacious, but the roof is scarcely high enough.

We often went to the Café Podhorn, which was quite our favourite, and, fortunately for us, we happened to be there on August 17th when our King paid it a visit. As I was dressed in my English clothes I felt certain that I should not be recognized by the King, but when Major Benn and I took off our hats, he came at once towards me and spoke most kindly. I was astonished that he recognized me, he having never seen me before in European dress. In London I had the honour to pay him homage, but at that time I was in my Indian costume.

We went on August 18th to see a dance given at Marienbad, the ladies dancing with their hats on. The room was very hot, every window being closed and only a small hole left open to allow fresh air to enter. The Austrian police and soldiers are very strict indeed in preserving order.

I took the waters as usual at the Kreuzbrunnen on August 19th, and later on went to Neubad for my bath as prescribed. At Marienbad I had a chance of watching a game of football. The boys who played seemed to have no life or smartness in them—such a contrast to the energetic English boys!

On August 20th we saw His Majesty the King walking up and down on the promenade. During the morning we went for a drive through the Thiergarten and Königswart to the Hotel Metternich, which is well situated and commands a beautiful view of the country. Here are springs and a bath-house, and the manager of the hotel showed us the spring "Richards Quelle," and told us that the baths at that place were even stronger than those at Marienbad. From this spring a great number of bottles are filled and exported every year to other countries. There was also a tennis court, and in the evening a band plays from 6 to 7 o'clock. We afterwards learnt that this band, consisting of fourteen performers who played fairly well, were men all of different trades, such as shoemakers, tailors, etc. We thought it greatly to their credit that they should be able to use so many instruments.

Sunday, August 21st, was a beautiful day. The sun shone and the wind was bracing but not too cold, permitting people to enjoy their walk. We visited the exhibition which our King had opened for Princess Parlaghy. There were about twenty-five paintings, every one of them good. The best portrait was one of the late King of Servia. After dinner we went to hear an address from the Baroness Suttner. She had begun at 8 o'clock, and we were a little late. Her subject was "Fight against War." She spoke in German, and therefore I could not understand her well, but here and there I made out something. I was astonished to see that during the course of the speech no appreciation was shown by the audience, and at the end only very feeble applause was given. Then we went to the supper-room, where I sat next the Baroness. She spoke English very well, and we had a most interesting conversation. Picture postcards of her were for sale, so I bought a few and asked her to sign one of them for me, which she very kindly did, adding this line

in French: *La terre est notre patrie*—"The whole earth is our motherland" (literally "fatherland"). Beneath her portrait she wrote, "a dumb speaker," but I told her it was not she who was dumb but that I was a deaf listener, as I did not know the language she spoke. Her chief theme was "Humanity," and she preached everywhere the principles of Union. She was about sixty years old, and yet at this age could speak for an hour. Her voice, though not very loud, was so clear that one could hear every word distinctly. This was the first time I had ever heard a lady speak before an audience on any subject. It was here, too, that I met a man who was one of the best piano-players in the world. We returned again for a short time to the exhibition, and then walked home through the town, which was prettily lit up with electric lights.

Major Benn went to the Rubezal Café to arrange for a small dinner party I wished to give there. A large and handsome room was placed at our disposal, and it looked charming when lit up by electricity and incandescent lamps, with beautiful plants placed here and there, and the table decked with Maréchal Niel roses and white carnations. The Princess Lwoff Parlaghy, the Baroness Suttner and another lady accepted my invitation, but the last, a *Gräfin* or Countess, was unable to be present owing to indisposition. The dinner was well served, and a string band discoursed sweet music. The Baroness expressed great admiration of all the arrangements. She has travelled in nearly every country, knows many languages and is really most energetic, devoting all her time to the furtherance of peace and union. She was wearing the Nobel Prize for Peace. I had some talk with her about Brahmanism and other religious dogmas and principles. It was quite cold when we left the café.

On August 23rd I drank the waters as usual. The morning was wet and the wind cold, the thermometer only standing at 48° Fahrenheit. It is quite exceptional to have it so cold in August, but in this part of the world no one can be certain of the weather, as one day may be very hot and the next bitterly cold. During the morning I went for a drive, and found it not unpleasant though decidedly chilly.

The wind was blowing hard, and the pine trees in consequence were sighing and soughing. I greatly like the aromatic odour emitted by these trees, which is health-giving as well as pleasant. They attain a great height, and the least wind causes them to produce different sounds. At Marienbad we met Colonel Gore, whose regiment was at Kotah at the time of the Indian Mutiny.

On the 24th we paid a visit to the monastery of Tepl. It is about a mile from the town of this name, and took us an hour and a half to reach. Upon sending in our cards, a monk came out and showed us everything. The monastery was founded by some Duke, and so has adopted the coat of arms belonging to its founder, in which there are three pairs of deer horns. We were first taken to a building in course of construction, where, amongst other things, there was to be found a library designed to hold 70,000 volumes. In the hall are different allegorical figures, such as Poetry, Music, Astronomy, and so on. After this the monk took us to the place where books and manuscripts are kept. Some of these were very old and valuable, the finer ones being executed on parchment made from the skins of asses and lambs. From here we proceeded to the church, which is Roman Catholic and, as usual in these churches, beautifully decorated. There were some very good statues and paintings, and the carvings on metal in high relief were very fine indeed. A room was shown us reserved especially for a procession which takes place upon the death of one of the brotherhood. The spacious dining-room contains a piano and harmonium, so there is no lack of music. We next went into one of the cells, which was very small and contained nothing but a bed, some books and a few actual necessities. The monk who acted as our guide was fond of music, and showed us a very old violin he had, but we were horrified to learn that some visitor had cut away a portion of a parchment page from a manuscript book of music; I cannot conceive how people can do such abominable things. We noticed as we passed along some scientific instruments and a telescope, as well as a good collection of stuffed birds perched on twigs, whilst in the library petrified birds, plants and leaves claimed our attention.

After this we went out into the garden where an artificial beehive was being made; it was something like a Chinese pagoda, small crevices being left by which the bees could enter. The most curious thing I saw here were certain sorts of plants growing round the house which gave plenty of honey to the bees. We walked through the rest of the garden, where new flower beds and artificial tanks were in course of preparation. There was a swimming bath and a gymnasium, also billiard tables for the use of the monks, so they really have every comfort and luxury one can think of. Roman Catholics have the same faith in these monks and priests that Hindus have in Brahmans. They kiss the robes of their holy men and kneel before them.

At Neubad a maid is attached to every bath-room, and these servants are very obliging and attentive, keeping the baths clean and doing everything to add to the comfort of the patient. There is no one to watch whether they work well or not, but in Europe when a servant is told to do anything it is generally thoroughly done. There is also a porter in attendance to assist visitors in finding their rooms. Every patient is asked to come at a certain time, and to keep to that particular hour.

We went to the theatre in the evening. Though the house is not large for a place like Marienbad, it is fairly spacious and well built. The scenery was good and the actors sang extremely well. The performance commenced at 7.30 and ended between 10 and 10.30, as patients are not allowed to stay up late at night.

One morning, when walking about on the promenade, we saw a boy not more than twelve years of age who weighed, I was told, seventeen to eighteen stone—upwards of 3½ maunds! He found great difficulty in walking, and I pitied him very much for having to lead such an uncomfortable life through no fault of his own. Marienbad may be called a museum of stout persons, for one saw every variety; among them were some people who could not walk at all, being twenty-five stone in weight, a tiresome life indeed! By way of contrast I saw a woman on another occasion who, although full grown, was so thin that she weighed less than six stone!

Dr. Ott often came to see me; he advised us to be very careful, as the temperature was so fluctuating. I asked him whether there was an institute for exercise, and he kindly gave me his card to serve as an introduction to Dr. Krans, who was the head of one. I went to fulfil my promise of a sitting to the Princess Lwoff Parlaghy, but forgot to take my turban, so Major Benn kindly drove back to the hotel for it. The Princess is really a wonderful artist, and managed to catch the very expression of my face in painting my portrait; I cannot imagine how she did so. Afterwards we drove to the institute as it was raining. From this villa a fine view of Marienbad is obtained, the white houses and dark green of the trees forming a pleasing contrast. We were kindly welcomed by Dr. Krans, a gentleman of stout build, but very well set up, who spoke English with a foreign accent. He took us into a room so full of machines which it would be difficult to describe without illustrations. Their various motions were not only for exercise, but also remedies for certain ailments, and he showed us a machine for bringing a particular set of muscles into play. The sciatica machine, for instance, relieves a man if he uses it for some time; it is worked on the lever principle, and can be adjusted to any degree of resistance by means of a weight attached to the opposite side, which, as it is moved up or down, increases or decreases the resistance. There were other machines for relieving lumbago, and such small ailments as a stiff wrist or ankle. The most ingenious ones were for massaging the stomach, hand and back. There were even machines to be used as substitutes for different exercise, such as riding or walking up and down. The movements of one were very wonderful; it produced short vibrations, said to be good for the heart. I think the man who invented them is a benefactor of his race; he lives at Stockholm, in Sweden. Then the doctor carried us off to see an electric-light bath, the temperature of which could be regulated by means of four or five sets of electric lights, each of which were lighted separately. Before leaving we were taken to Dr. Krans's room, where I signed my name in his book.

Not far from Kreuzbrunnen is another spring called

Ambrosiusbrunnen, which is good for sciatica; Dr. Ott advised Major Benn to drink water from this spring every day. During the last week of August people begin to leave Marienbad for the after-cure places, and by the second week in September hardly any patients are left. The doctors and larger shop-keepers quit the place for other towns, where they hope to find good business, and this beautiful place, which had been so full of life and animation, becomes quite deserted by the second half of September.

One day, out of curiosity, I visited a barber's shop quite near the hotel. The chair on which the customer sits is very convenient, having a small rest attached to the back, which enables him to place his head comfortably. The room was beautifully fitted with water pipes and marble basins, and everything very clean and nice. These European barbers wet and soap the chin for a long time to make the hair soft. Their hands slide with such ease and accuracy that one does not feel the action of the razor at all. They have many kinds of brushes, used for different purposes, and also a curious sheet for covering one up when one's hair is being cut. It is something like our *Angarkha*, but is worn in a different way, that is to say it is tied at the back instead of in front. The shampooing, which I wanted to see very much, is a very simple affair. After putting some oily substance on the head, the barber washes with hot water, and then cold water is sluiced over it. These people are very polite and do a great deal for the price.

The manager of the Königswart Hotel took us round it; the charges are very low, and any one who can afford to spend 200 or 300 kronen, say £10 to £12, on his cure, can live there quite comfortably. It is only two miles from Marienbad.

We went as usual to the Promenade, where people were walking up and down with glasses in their hands and leather slings round their shoulders. Major Levita was there, too, and we had a very interesting conversation. His Majesty was also at the colonnade and, happening to pass near me, enquired very kindly how I was getting on with my cure, where I intended to go afterwards, and so on. We went to

a glass shop, where I bought a few flower vases; these are very choice, and can be made in any design.

At the Rubezal Café, where a string band used to play, there was a man with a drum, who performed on four instruments at the same time. With his feet he played the cymbals and the big drum, and with his hands the kettle-drums and castenets.

August 30th was the last day of my treatment, and so the Kreuzbrunnen water was the last glass of the season. Major Levita called and suggested that we should go on to Carlsbad. We told the hall porter to telephone there for a motor car, and left the hotel about mid-day for that place. The scenery as we neared Petschau became very beautiful, a stream flowing through the centre of the town, in which plenty of fish are found, whilst on its banks are small villages in which the glass and porcelain industries are carried on, particularly fine glass being made in these parts. There is also a railway line which runs through this hilly country, but having to pass through many tunnels, the traveller is thrown into darkness, and every delightful thing disappears from his sight, so I have come to the conclusion that only motor cars are suitable for such a trip.

We reached Carlsbad in an hour, and went straight to the Hotel Pupp, a very fine building surrounded by a small plot of ground covered with turf with a large fountain in the centre. Carlsbad is much more extensive than Marienbad, and there are many pretty walks in the neighbourhood. After an excellent luncheon we inspected the Sandy and Osborne Hotels; both are very good, the former having a fine dining-room. Major Levita accompanied us to the Osborne Hotel, where his friend, Mr. Cork, was staying; the latter drove with us in our motor car to Kaiser Park, a beautiful place, where he entertained us to tea and coffee. His sister and brother also joined us later on. We visited the Sprudel and other springs, with their colonnades, which are really very pretty. The Sprudel spring throws up hot water, the temperature of which is 163° Fahrenheit. The waitresses use a pole fixed to the glass to procure water from this spring.

In Carlsbad carriages are not allowed to go at a rapid

pace; I suppose these restrictions are made because the streets are so narrow. Near the spring I saw some men walking about with "Express" perforated on their hats, which denotes they are messengers, ready to do anything for a traveller, but they expect something in return.

On the morning of August 31st Major Benn took me to a dentist. The chair on which the patient sits is very comfortable, and can be raised or lowered at the option of the operator. I saw many other wonderful things, among them a brush moved by electricity which could make from 800 to 6,000 revolutions a minute, a detachable drill, also an electric lamp fixed to the dentist's head, which, when lighted, enables him to see the inside of the patient's mouth. He showed us various dental instruments, as well as an electric sterilizer, until I began to think we should soon be entirely made by machinery. A good many anæsthetics are employed; the dentist poured on my palm a small quantity of ethyl chloride, which serves that purpose. I was interested, too, in the way a model of the mouth is taken by means of plaster softened in hot water.

Dr. Ott came to see me again, and sent in his report as to the condition he found me in when I first reached Marienbad, what benefit I had derived from the cure and the effect it would leave on me for the future.

My after-cure began from September 1st. One day I happened to go to the telegraph office at Marienbad and found every window closed and a bad smell pervading the room. I do not know how anyone can work in such a stuffy atmosphere. There is a saying which might well be applied to these people, that they do not open the windows because they are afraid to foul the air outside; very considerate indeed of them!

The Princess Lwoff Parlaghy kindly gave us a farewell dinner. She was most charming in every way, and had made a veritable garden of her room, Chinese lanterns suspended from wires stretching from one corner of the room to the other, making the plants look very beautiful. It was a delightful evening; indeed, I never remember having spent a pleasanter one. It was dark when we went back to our

hotel, and the roads were very muddy as it had been raining for two previous days.

On September 2nd, at 12.30, I went to the Hotel Weimar to pay my respects to His Majesty the King. On my being shown into the royal apartment, His Majesty, after shaking hands with me and asking me to be seated, began by kindly enquiring how the treatment had gone with me. He then conversed about my State and other matters concerning India. At the end I thanked him for his kindness in granting me an audience, and assured him that I and my State would ever remain loyal to his Empire. The King was in the best of health, and laughed when he asked me how much weight I had lost. It was indeed gracious of him to receive me so kindly. Major Benn and I wore navy blue suits. His Majesty asked Major Benn whether he was travelling with me on the Continent, and when he intended to go back to India. He also enquired whether I was returning to England, to which I replied that I might perhaps go there for a day or two. We went to the station at 2.30, but as a great number of people were waiting to see the King off, we remained in a waiting-room. His Majesty reached the station shortly before a quarter to three, and the train steamed off a few minutes later.

VIENNA, THE HOFBURG

THE GARDENS, SCHOENBRUNN

CHAPTER XI

VIENNA, BUDAPEST AND MUNICH

We left beautiful Carlsbad at 3.17 p.m. for Vienna. A few minutes after starting we came to a spot affording a good view of Marienbad, especially of the Egerlander Café, which, perched on a hill surrounded by trees, looked very pretty. Pine woods enclose the railway line, and when seen from the window of a moving train they seem to spin by. This is very pleasant to watch for a time, but if one continues doing so for too long, the eye becomes tired by the rapid succession of various objects. Glass-making is the chief industry of this part of the country, and is carried on by the inhabitants of the towns and villages situated on the banks of a stream, which grows broader as one gets further from the hills. The fields are very carefully prepared here for sowing corn, and the standing crops are weeded much more carefully than they are in India. I do not know how to explain such matters to the people of my country, and think it is education alone which will, in due time, teach them how to obtain a maximum return from the soil.

We reached Vienna at 9.30 p.m., and after a drive of twenty minutes arrived at the Imperial Hotel. The city looked very fine, with magnificent buildings and broad roads, but one cannot judge of such things by night. Some of the streets through which we passed were practically empty, though electric trams were running in all directions. There was a very fine bath in our hotel, made of coloured tiles ; I had not seen any other like it. After taking some bread and milk we started on a tour, commencing with an open known

as St. Stephen's Square, wherein is situated a cathedral of the same name, which is 700 years old. The roof is covered with coloured tiles in different designs, and on one wing the Austrian coat of arms is worked, whilst a richly-decorated spire rises to a height of 450 feet. The interior arches are simply magnificent, and the windows behind the altar contain stained glass of the fourteenth century. There is a special gallery for the Emperor, who on certain occasions walks to this church accompanied by all the archdukes and princes of his house. The pulpit next claimed our attention: it is a masterpiece of stone carving and is ascribed to the architect Ant. Pilgram. There is a chapel attached, called the Liechtenstein Chapel, in which a prince of that name is buried. We drove by the Museums, two buildings exactly similar, and facing each other as in Paris; then on through a fine square, from the centre of which rises the Maria Theresa Monument, erected by the present Emperor in 1880. We also passed the University buildings, which are attended in winter by about 6,000 students. Vienna is famous for medicine and surgery, and people from all parts of the world come here to study these sciences. Its hospital is the largest in Europe, and contains 3,000 beds for patients. A beautifully carved monument, which stands in one of the streets, was erected as a thanksgiving after the cessation of the plague in Vienna. Then we visited an imposing palace belonging to Prince John of Liechtenstein, who rules the smallest state in Europe; rich tapestries hang on the walls, and the furniture is very costly. We went over all the rooms, and in one of them saw a cabinet, presented by the Emperor Francis I. to the Prince's grandfather; it is of inlaid work, and really very beautiful. There were two other cabinets here, presented by Napoleon to the same sovereign. In Austria every Emperor has to learn some trade; the present monarch is a glove-maker. He is also the possessor of two theatres, which are his private property, one being the Hofburg, or Court Theatre. Another point of interest was the "Votivkirche Church," built by subscription and offered as a thanksgiving for the present Emperor's escape from assassination in 1854; it was inaugurated by him on the

occasion of his silver wedding. We also saw the Ring Theatre, which was burnt down in 1881, when 900 people lost their lives. The income derived from this building is allotted to families who lost members by the conflagration. We then turned our steps to the Treasury, where the crown jewellery of the Emperor and Empress are kept, and noticed many people feasting their eyes on them. Carriages were being taken up and down by a huge lift, and one is shown which was used by Napoleon I. on the occasion of his coronation. Passing on to the stables we found some fine grey and bay horses, well groomed and their stalls beautifully kept. In India there is always a monkey in stables, but here they prefer cats. Horse-shoes are furnished with big nails which stick out about an inch, and prevent the horse from slipping on stones. No doubt in olden times the Indian chiefs were fond of their horses, but never kept them as well as Austrians do. There was a large riding school here, with loose earth scattered over it to soften falls.

On our way to the Palace of Schönbrunn, built by the Emperor Mathias, we saw the Town Hall, the tower of which is crowned by a knight who stands with a lance in his hand. The Palace has a fine garden, surrounded by a wall of trees 30 feet high, cut into arches. After dinner we went to a variety entertainment at the "Apollo."

The following morning, September 4th, we visited the Art-History and Natural-History Museums. The former is a large building, the inside being adorned with various choice marbles; the hall is especially lofty and very handsome, and its square roof is supported by massive black and white pillars, the ceiling being by an artist called Wungachi, and so painted that, although it is flat, it appears to the spectator's eye like a dome. A broad flight of white marble steps led us to the picture gallery. Here is a painting of Jupiter and Juno, in which the former is kissing the latter among the clouds; this is really a fine composition. In another room were the heads of a man and a woman painted by Albert Dürer. The skin of both faces is life-like, and when examined through a magnifying glass looked as if real skin and flesh had been enclosed in the frame, even the fine hairs

being visible. I had never seen any painting so perfect before, for most oil paintings, when seen too close, seem coarse and ugly. We walked through all the rooms, and saw pictures by famous Austrian artists. There were a few masterpieces by Rubens and by Raphael too.

On our way to the Danube we saw a Palace of the Emperor in course of construction. We then went to the Rudolf Bridge, so called after the late Crown Prince, who committed suicide. The present Emperor is indeed unfortunate; he lost his son in this manner; the Empress was assassinated; his brother was killed in Mexico, while a princess of his family eloped with a man of unsuitable position. The Danube has a strong current here, and from it a canal runs through Vienna. Near by is the battlefield of Aspern, where Archduke Charles defeated Napoleon; whilst further on is the place where the latter crossed the Danube. In the afternoon we took a drive in the Prater, which is like the Bois-de-Boulogne of Paris; the main road is four miles long, with side walks shaded by trees. Alongside there is a course reserved for riders, the surface of which is soft. On Sunday London is like a city of the dead, but on the Continent it is a day of pleasure, everyone being eager to take some kind of recreation. In the afternoon all conceivable forms of enjoyment are to be had, merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries being among the various entertainments most patronized by the people. Nor must I omit to mention the music of which they are so fond, for at every hundred yards or so a band is sure to be playing. There are houses built specially for dancing, the floors of which are beautifully smooth; people have to pay a small sum for each dance. We visited a saloon where men and women were dancing, and I even saw two men waltzing together. In the Prater we came across several orchestras composed entirely of women, the conductor even being a lady. They were all dressed tastefully, at one place wearing pink sashes, and at the other sashes of various hues. In the English Garden there is a great wheel, like the one in London; cafés and other places of amusement, such as theatres and band-stands too, are in plenty, much the same as those one sees at Earl's Court,

or in the Crystal Palace, the only difference being that the People's Palaces of Vienna are inferior to those of London. Coffee, sweets, wines and beer can be abstracted from automatic machines by placing a 20 heller piece, worth 2d., in the slot. Most of the cabs are open victorias, and the horses drawing them, though small, are fast trotters. We timed ours, which went sixty trees' distance in one minute. Reckoning the distance between two trees at eight yards, they went 480 yards a minute, which works out at fourteen miles an hour!

We left Vienna the same evening by Orient Express for Budapest. As it was night we could not see much of the country, but a few miles from Budapest I noticed a very bright glow hanging like a cloud in the sky. I did not know what it was, but thought that it might be the reflection of the electric and other lights of the town. As we approached Budapest the illumination came nearer and nearer, until by 11 p.m. we actually entered it. We took twenty minutes driving from the station to the Hungaria Hotel, at which we put up. It is situated on the bank of the Danube, in the city of Pest, and I was indeed fortunate in having a balcony to my room, for when I went and stood on it my eyes fell on Buda on the opposite bank. What with the electric lights and the reflection from the river, the whole scene was enchanting, and quite like fairy-land. I do not remember such a perfect night scene, and consider that any traveller may well be satisfied who has had the good fortune to visit Budapest under these circumstances. I shall be very sorry to leave this beautiful place.

On Monday, September 5th, we visited the Parliament House, and have seen nothing so grand during our tour. The House is divided into three parts; one wing is occupied by the Commons, or "Representatives," as they are called, who number 440; and the other wing by the Magnates, or "Lords," of whom there are 360. The seats are well arranged, but the best feature was a system of ventilation in the floor, through which fresh air continually comes in from below. The centre of the building is occupied by a large dome, two long rooms of which are used by the Lords and

Commons for interviews with outsiders. The Hungarians were thinking of converting the constituents into a Republican Government after the death of the venerable Francis Joseph, who is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. From the terrace of the Parliament House a delightful view of Buda and the river is obtained. To the east stands the Palace of Justice, also a splendid building. In the hall there is a statue of Justice, bearing a sword in the right hand and scales in the left. No one can fail to be delighted with this building, and the frescoed ceiling painted by a famous Hungarian artist. We walked through the Palace of Liberty, and admired the buildings surrounding it, among which were the Bourse, the National Bank and other well known institutions, all newly and handsomely housed. We entered St. Stephan's Cathedral, still in course of erection, but to be opened next year whether fully complete or not. The dome is large and lofty, and the roof worked in mosaic is well worth seeing. The roads here are spread with tar; we saw specially prepared cakes which are used in their construction.

On our way back to the hotel we passed through the market place, a large iron structure, roofed with glass, where everything required for everyday use is to be had. There were all sorts of vegetables; plump chilies, much esteemed by the natives; an abundance of fruit; eggs in great quantities, and stalls filled with every sort of meat; live fish, too, were offered for sale, swimming in water. Underground was an engine which supplied fresh air to the market, and also worked the electric light. Further on we saw more live fish in large tanks, and also refrigerating rooms where meat is kept. Six lifts are used to convey these commodities into the market from below.

Dogs are muzzled all over the Continent; this seems to be an efficient protection against hydrophobia, which is more dangerous on the Continent than on an island. The peasant women wear skirts something like those of Indian females of their class. Steamers and tramways run every few minutes to carry passengers from one place to another.

After luncheon we visited Buda on the other side of the river, crossing by a suspension bridge, for which a small toll

BUDAPEST

COLOSSAL STATUE OF BAVARIA, MUNICH

has to be paid. A tunnel runs through the hill on which the fort and palace are situated. Buda is smaller than Pest and much more ancient. We drove to the citadel by a very steep road, and on the summit of the hill found a church dedicated to St. Mathias, which was a mosque during the two hundred years of subjection to Moslems. A curious story is told of a statue of the Virgin Mary which we saw later on. When the Mohammedans were masters of this city, and the Hungarians were trying to re-take it, it happened that some cannon balls struck a wall on which the statue of the Virgin had been erected, scattering the bricks and causing the statue to fall. The Mohammedans thought it a miracle, and allowed the place to be occupied by the Austrians. It was in this church that the present Emperor was crowned King of Hungary. We were shown some embroidery made by the late Empress. We then went on to the Royal Palace, a beautiful building commanding a fine view of Pest and the river Danube; Margareten Insel, or "Island," is also visible from here. The garden, though small, is very nicely kept up, and the man in charge said that we might take photographs, but unfortunately the sun had gone down. The Emperor comes here for twenty or twenty-five days in each year. After dinner at the hotel we went downstairs, where a Hungarian band was playing, and took our coffee at the restaurant. Such places are crowded until 11 p.m., after which it is the custom in Vienna to retire for the night. I really enjoyed myself very much.

September 6th, on our way to see a grain-lifting apparatus, we drove through a market of fresh fruit and vegetables, where the people were selling every conceivable thing needed for household consumption, under large open umbrellas. The vegetables were the best I have seen in Europe, the tomatoes and potatoes being noticeably fine. We bought some cobs of Indian corn, which are rarely seen in Europe.

The grain apparatus occupies a large building, seven storeys high. The weighing machines are so carefully arranged that when the grain is put into a receptacle it is weighed automatically, each receptacle holding from 50 to 200 tons. The means for transporting grain is equally marvellous; it

is borne on endless ribbons from one place to another, backwards and forwards. The revolutions of these machines are automatically registered, and the quantity carried by each revolution is known, so that the weight transported from a ship to the storing house, or *vice versâ*, can be ascertained with the greatest accuracy. When the grain has to be sent downwards, it travels through pipes by gravity, and is taken upwards by means of a ribbon armed with projecting scoops or shovels. The system resembles our Persian irrigating wheels, or *ghavas*. There are ten elevators for sending the grain up to the two hundred and ninety magazines, each elevator being supplied with twenty-nine pipes, through which the grain flows from one place to another. It is stored in very deep cellars, but difficulty in testing it naturally arises when a customer comes to buy. This obstacle has been surmounted by the invention of a screw, which can be introduced to any depth when turned in one direction; and when reversed will bring samples of the grain up from that depth to the surface for examination. As we returned we saw some sliding wooden panels, used for filling waggons, carts and ships with sacks of grain. After lunch we left this magnificent city for Munich, *viâ* Vienna. In the suburbs we noticed an advertisement consisting of some figures of men and women cut out of wood and painted with vivid colours. We passed hundreds of fields of maize throughout our journey from Budapest to Vienna, and near the railway line I saw two boys frying *bhuttas*, or corn cobs, as people do in India. The line takes a very winding course through a great grape-growing country; the fields looked very beautiful with vines climbing over stakes, just as peas are grown in India and elsewhere. Bullocks are used for tilling the fields; these cattle have a slight hump, but not very noticeable.

We stopped at Banhida Station and observed the colossal figure of an eagle, probably made of bronze, perched on a hill near by. In travelling between Budapest and Vienna I noticed a tin plate painted red and white, with a pole attached to it, planted in the middle of the railway line near crossings. When a train is approaching this is removed, and

when it has passed this is replaced. The officials in charge live in small houses along the line, and these warn by-passers when danger may be expected in crossing the line. Our train stopped for a few minutes at Komorn, where State prisoners are confined, and passengers rushed out of the carriages for beer; nearly every man might be seen on the platform holding a jug of beer in one hand and a piece of sausage in the other. The beautiful blue Danube flows between the station and the town, with which it is connected by a bridge, another small stream joining it here. In this river we saw a sort of dredger, used for removing the undergrowth. We reached Vienna at 7.20 p.m., and after changing stations left again about 8.30 p.m.

In Europe people are very fond of licking their fingers when they turn pages of a book. I do not know whether the Mohammedans taught this habit to the Europeans, or *vice versâ*. It is certainly a bad habit; in the first place, it soils the book, and secondly, involves the danger of contracting disease germs.

Munich was reached at 6.30 a.m. on September 7th, and we drove at once to the Bayerischer Hof, the best hotel in this capital. In olden times the town was surrounded by walls, some traces of which are still to be seen in the St. Linger Thor, 800 years old. Our first exploit was to ascend the colossal statue of Bavaria, by means of a spiral staircase. In clear weather a fine view is obtained through apertures in the head. The neck of the statue is very narrow, and one finds some difficulty in passing through it, but in the head eight persons can sit or stand comfortably. The ascent was very fatiguing, as there was no ventilation. Near this statue is a Hall of Fame containing busts of Bavarian notabilities. A great number of temporary structures were in course of erection for the National Fête, which is held here on the first Sunday in October and lasts for a month. At a place a little further on we saw the panorama of a battle between the French and the Germans at Champigny; Paris is seen in the background. It was wonderfully life-like. Next, we drove past the new Town Hall which, when finished, promises to be a fine building, and the Palace of Justice, the

handsome hall of which is adorned with imitation marbles. The authorities are erecting a new building in place of this, but to my thinking it will be very ugly, the different colours not having been properly blended. The Royal Palace stands at a little distance; the King, being insane, has not visited his capital for twelve years. Our next destination was the Royal Court Brewery, where people were sitting at tables drinking the very mild beer peculiar to this place. In the court-yard some of the barrels were being used as seats. We then crossed the beautiful river Isar, in order to visit the Picture Gallery and the Wagner Opera House, where only operas and plays written by Wagner are staged. Next we saw a noble statue of "Peace," cast in bronze, heavily gilded, and with a fountain in front. We drove through the English Garden, a large park of 600 acres, not well cared for. In returning we passed under a triumphal arch, surmounted by a statue of Bavaria, with four lions in bronze. Just beyond this is an extension building of the Academy of Fine Arts, surrounded with beautiful grounds. Here the Ludwigstrasse commences; it is the principal street, and here stand all the most important buildings. First, there is a University for turning out doctors, priests and philosophers; then comes the Ludwig Church; next the State Library, the house of the Minister of War, a statue of King Ludwig, to whom Munich owes its beauties, the Royal Court Church and the Palace, the gardens of which we much admired. Then passing on we came to an obelisk, put up in honour of the 30,000 soldiers who fell fighting against the Russians under Napoleon I. from 1809 to 1813. Turning into another thoroughfare, we found ourselves in a garden flanked on three sides by museums of marble and mosaic, and paintings executed by modern artists; these are constructed after the Greek style.

After luncheon we visited the Galerie Heinemann, a private collection, but also an emporium of paintings. Some of them were wonderful, especially one of an old man with a long beard, of which the very hairs could be counted; whilst another was the head of another man who had not shaved for two days, one could almost see the hair sprouting! We saw

the house of the famous composer Wagner, and further on, one in which his wife Frau Kosima still resides. Near by was a large house used for storing ice collected during winter. The Palace was at this time occupied by a Princess of the Royal Family; Napoleon stayed here for a few weeks in 1806. The hall is very spacious, its fresco paintings by Zimmermann of Munich being particularly well executed. Here I observed two eagles, and, upon enquiry, I learnt that it is a custom in Bavaria to keep them, and considered lucky. The gardens behind the Palace are extremely pretty, somewhat resembling those of Versailles: an extensive view can be obtained from the windows, in front of which a fountain plays, rising to a great height. The electric light has not yet been introduced here. On our way back we stopped at a café, which is situated in a park where herds of the King's deer are kept. These creatures have splendid antlers, and are so tame that they come to take food from the visitors' hands; they are, of course, very fat. A severe thunderstorm came on, and it was pouring at 10 o'clock when we left the hotel. Even when our train started from Munich, half an hour later, the deluge had not ceased.

In Europe people are far too fond of advertising. I saw a round tower which was entirely covered with different advertisements, and, to render them visible, the tower had been lighted up from within. While at Budapest I noticed two electric lamps lighted in the day time, though the sun was shining brightly! In Europe it is not uncommon to use artificial light when weather is foggy, but in this case the lamps were kept lit simply to show that the shop belonged to an electrician. In one of the picture galleries we observed a new and excellent arrangement for diffusing electric light from above.

CHAPTER XII

SWITZERLAND, FRANCE AND BACK TO ENGLAND

We arrived at Zurich, in Switzerland, at 6.30 a.m. on September 6th, and, after taking a cup of hot milk, started for a short drive. This town is very beautifully situated at the north end of a lake, both banks of which are covered with villages, vineyards and orchards, whilst in the background rise the snow-clad Alps. As we left the station we passed a fountain surmounted by a bronze statue of the founder of the St. Gothard railway, and also a handsome Town Hall. It was raining, and the horse in our carriage trotted so slowly that we could not get very far. In all my life I had never ridden in a carriage behind such a miserable animal, a great contrast indeed to the Vienna horses. On the shore of the lake I noticed a capital shed for the use of tramway passengers, beneath the roof of which they could take shelter from the rain. Zurich is famous for its up-to-date University and technical schools. We left it at 8.30, our train travelling past lakes, across rivers, under tunnels, and amid fields and orchards; and at last we reached Lucerne about 10.30 a.m. This place stands most picturesquely on a beautiful lake of the same name. We visited the Hofkirche, the two slender towers of which are 800 years old. It contains some fine carving, that on the principal altar being well worth seeing. This altar has also some magnificent figures in relief, and, although said to be very ancient, they are intact and unmutilated. The organ, the largest in Switzerland, has 6,000 pipes, the longest of which measures 32 feet.

We went next to the Glacier Garden, very interesting

LUCERNE, A MEDIÆVAL GATEWAY

THE JUNGFRAU

to geologists as representing the force of the remote Ice Age. Here we saw " pot-holes " of different sizes, and rocks worn by the action of the ice. Mounting a hill we saw a stone made to revolve when water was turned on ; it illustrated how the pot-holes were made during the glacial period. Afterwards we went through the Museum, and saw an interesting collection of Alpine animals, and flints and other objects found in Switzerland from time to time. Close at hand is the famous " Lion of Lucerne," carved from the living rock, in memory of the Swiss guards killed in defending King Louis XVI. of France, who was attacked in the Tuileries by a mob on August 10th, 1792. The dying lion is pierced by a broken lance, and the expression on its face is most affecting. A rope railway took us to the top of an eminence known as the " Gutsch," where we found a café standing in wooded grounds. Hence is afforded a splendid view of the town, lake and surrounding country. On a fine day the outlook is very extensive, but one can see little or nothing if it is foggy or hazy. I bought a panoramic camera here, in order to take some photographs of this beauteous country. Our hotel, being situated on the shore of the lake, also commands a good view.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of September 9th we took one of the steamboats which ply to and fro on the lake at frequent intervals. The water was calm, and the scene which presented itself to our eyes was one of surpassing magnificence. Upon reaching the landing place at Vitznau we found an engine with one carriage waiting to convey us by the mountain railway to the summit of the Rigi, which we reached shortly after mid-day. Between the two railway lines is a toothed one, on which a cog-wheel works, the latter being attached to the under part of the locomotive. It is this wheel that pulls the whole thing up and down. From the landing stage to the top of the Rigi there are three stations at which the train halts for some minutes, giving the traveller an opportunity to enjoy the ever-widening views. The train passes through a small tunnel, at the further end of which a bridge joins two high mountain peaks, whilst beneath it glides a lovely stream which murmurs sweetly as

it discharges its pure waters into the lake below. Upon gaining the summit of the Rigi I took some panoramic views, but they were unsuccessful on account of the fog.

We left the Rigi at 1.30, reaching Lucerne about 4 p.m. On our way back we stopped at a few places and managed to get some pretty glimpses of the country, as the afternoon was a little clearer than the morning. We saw the villa where Wagner used to live, and on the bank of the lake a statue of the "Protector of Fishermen." By a curious coincidence we came back in the same boat in which we went.

In the evening we went over the Historical Museum. The first room contained armoury; here were a number of guns of the old style, as well as some quite modern ones, such as Maxims. We saw, too, plans drawn according to the old Roman method, as well as many fine paintings illustrative of war and peace, showing how happy the people were, attending to their work in time of peace, and how, on the other hand, they left homesteads deserted and desolate whilst they went to fight; perchance, to lay down their lives. These pictures were arranged in a long gallery; there were ten of them in all, entitled respectively, "War," and "After the Battle." In one, the aftermath was terribly realistic, the field being strewn with dead and wounded, and vultures flying over them. The best of these paintings, to my mind, were styled "Peace," "War" and "La Garde à la Mort"; also a picture by the Baroness Suttner, who opened the Museum. This lady devotes all her life to the welfare of others, and strongly protests against any form of violence. She had recently delivered an excellent lecture on the Russo-Japanese War. There was a picture, too, by Henri Dunant, who introduced the Red Cross Society into the Army. In another room we found shells and different kinds of armour for defence. Here there was a plate 12 inches thick, through which a shot had entered, landing 600 yards beyond it. Among other interesting things of this description was a large arch with diagrams showing how, by a late invention, a projectile could be thrown to a distance of 15 miles, or to a height of 15,500 feet—that is to say, over Mont Blanc! There were rockets also which could be discharged at any

angle, carrying explosive balls attached. This Museum was founded by a Russian named Bloch, to emphasize the contrast between war and peace. After dinner some Italians sang in our hotel; they did extremely well, and I greatly enjoyed their music.

The following day we went for a drive along the banks of Lake Lucerne. The road passed by several pretty villas, and at various places there were landing stages for passengers by steamer. We stopped at one of them in order to see a boat race, the course being all round the lake. There were very few entries; indeed, we saw only four boats start.

We left this beautiful place for Interlaken by the 2.20 train, the railroad winding along the banks of the lake, and I noticed smaller railways for conveying luggage by trollies from one place to another. In this part of the country apples and pears grow as plentifully as mangoes do in India, and the fields are covered with vines. There is no dust, as it is always raining here, and the whole ground is composed of turf. The houses are built chiefly of wood, the outer walls being covered with small chips of the same, resembling fish-scales. Cities, towns, villages, palaces, hotels, villas, churches, houses and cottages are scattered all over the country; there is hardly any habitable spot uninhabited. The Swiss are not addicted to cultivation, their chief industries consisting of cattle rearing, milk products and bee keeping; while skilled artizans are clever at wood carving, leather working and embroidery. They also rear silk-worms, and produce raw silk in abundance.

Our train stopped at Giswyl, where it divided into smaller ones, every three carriages being drawn by an engine on the same cog-wheel system as is seen on the Rigi railway; for from this point we began to ascend a high mountain, and after crossing two torrents passed through a short tunnel which brought us out at Lungern. The Brünig Pass, which is the highest point on this railway, was our next stopping place, and we took the opportunity of procuring some coffee. Starting again we began to descend, and at several places noticed cascades of water falling from the very top of the mountains. I was surprised to see that the river, through its

entire course, is walled to protect the land alongside its banks. We passed through many tunnels, under cliffs and over bridges. At Meiringen our trains were again united. We glided through the same valley we had seen from the mountain railway, and began running parallel with the river which discharges its waters into the Lake Brienz. We reached the latter at 6 p.m., and a minute's walk brought us to the boat, which soon began to glide over the smooth surface of the lake, the reflection of the mountains looking exquisite. After ten minutes we came to a very fine cascade falling from the mountain in a vast volume of water, which from May till the end of September is illuminated by Bengal fire; it is called the Falls of the Giessbach. The scenery is not attractive here, as some of the peaks are quite barren, and there being neither trees nor snow. Interlaken stands at the end of the lake. Here we were assailed by an army of hotel porters, some fifty in number; during the whole of my tour I had never seen so many at any station or landing place. They were standing in two rows, and each was intent on capturing as many passengers as possible. We drove to the Grand Hotel Victoria—an excellent one. The bathing arrangements were very good, and there were none of the unpleasant odours one encounters in Germany and Austria.

The whole sky was covered with thick clouds, and rain was coming down in torrents on September 11th when we left the hotel at 10 o'clock for the Jungfrau. For such excursions one wants a fine day, but people whose time is limited must do the best they can. The carriage was closed, but we got glimpses now and then of beautiful country. We began to ascend the mountain, our road following the bank of the white Lutschine, which was rushing down with a melodious roar. Admiring the varied scenery, we reached Lauterbrunnen about 11 o'clock, and in a few minutes' time left by a cog-wheel railway, the steepest I have ever been on in my life. Had there been no clouds we should have seen more of Wengen and the Wengernalp. At Scheidegg we left the train and went to a hotel, where a room had been reserved for us. Snow-capped mountain summits were close at hand, and the scenery was indescribably superb.

After luncheon we started to climb the Jungfrau by an electric railway from Scheidegg, reaching the first station, Gletscher, in ten minutes, and then moving on. Now we entered a tunnel, but it had openings from which one could get a glimpse of the country. We stopped for eight minutes at Rothstock, from which place we saw the valleys far below. Again we began to creep up, and reached Eismeer, the highest point to which this car can go. We got out of our carriages and began to survey the panorama. A series of gaps, called "windows," have been cut through in the side of the mountain, and there are several shops where one can buy curios and postcards representing this lofty mountain, whose summit is 13,670 feet above sea level. It was bitterly cold, and had we not been well equipped we should have suffered severely. Whilst we were gazing over the country which stretched at our feet, a thick cloud of mist rose in front of us, shutting out everything from our view; we could see nothing except fog; when it cleared away the snow began to fall thickly. The falling snow was not very thick in itself, but it accumulated on the mountain in drifts, and when the wind whirled it up, we could see nothing else. It was quite a novelty to me, and I enjoyed seeing it immensely. Most people who come to these heights desire a fine day, but if there had been one I should have missed a new experience. We made our purchases, wrote a few postcards to my people, and after a few minutes began to descend. Within the next two or three years' time this electric railway will be extended to the very top of the Jungfrau. On returning to the Gletscher Station we left our carriages and made a small excursion to a glacier which was about 300 yards off. The name explains itself, but I should like to give my own impressions of it. This glacier is an immense mass or, if I may be allowed to use the term, a sea of ice and snow. At some places it is more than 500 feet in thickness, and there are crevices of vast depth, of which mountain-climbers have to beware. A passage had been cut large enough to allow of two men abreast, about 50 feet in length, terminating in a circular room not more than 12 feet in diameter, and within stood a huge block of ice on which two wax candles

were burning, making it look like a sacred temple. At some places the colours of the snow were beautiful; white, green or a pale blue, but always looking pure and sacred.

Returning to Scheidegg we took coffee on the terrace of the Bellevue Hotel, and while we were sitting there it grew finer and the sun came out, giving departing visitors a chance of taking photographs. The Hotel Faulhorn, lying to the north of the Bellevue, is the highest inhabited point in Europe. From Scheidegg we began to descend by another route, passing on our way Alpligen and Grund, and finally reaching Grindelwald at 7.40, where we left our train for carriages which were waiting to take us to the hotel. It was quite dark, and at some places the road was very steep. We crossed and recrossed the black Lutschine, which was rushing with a deafening noise, the darkness and stillness of the night adding to the solemnity of the scene. The bridges are made of wood, and at night it is somewhat difficult for a stranger to ascertain whether they are strong enough, but we had an excellent guide, and were therefore practically safe. Had we seen this road by daylight, it would have been better for us; as it was, we could only see the silhouettes of trees and mountains, and when we started for our excursion not a glimmer of the dawn was visible, nor was the smallest patch of cloud to be seen in the sky. As we journeyed now the stars were shining brilliantly, and I began trying to remember their names, and thought of my Dewan and teacher Dip Chandji, who used to point them out to me in the evening at Jhalrapatan.

We reached the hotel at 9.45. The natives of this country are happy and contented; they do not meddle in international politics. They are clean looking, amiable and cheery, and learn other tongues with the greatest ease. They have no national language of their own, either French, German or Italian being spoken, and this, no doubt, makes them such good linguists. They make excellent servants, Swiss nurses and governesses being in demand everywhere. Switzerland is a Republic governed by a parliament; being protected by international treaties and their own valour

from aggression, the people are strongly attached to peace. They are exceedingly industrious and live very simply, seldom taking meat, but living chiefly on milk, butter, cheese and bread. Their cattle are of dun, brown or red colour, giving excellent milk. Eggs are plentiful, and they grow vegetables, especially potatoes, in great quantities; but wheat and other commodities they procure from abroad. As Switzerland is very mountainous it is less suited for farming than stock-raising. Vineyards are common in the south, and cider is made from apples everywhere. A bottle of excellent country wine can be bought for one franc. The Swiss do not indulge much in drinking; in this respect the English lower classes are worse offenders. All the best watches are made in Switzerland, and in the winter a great deal of wood carving and embroidery work is done. A man may live here for 50 centimes a day; I mean to say that this is the lowest sum for which a person can keep body and soul together. The working classes are fond of smoking, and grow tobacco for their own use, but richer folk smoke Havana, Dutch and Egyptian cigars. Tobacco pipes get larger and larger as one gets further east. In England the common workman smokes a very small pipe; it is more capacious in France, still larger in Germany, Austria and Hungary; then at Constantinople its dimensions increase, and in India one sees pipes 10 feet in length or more.

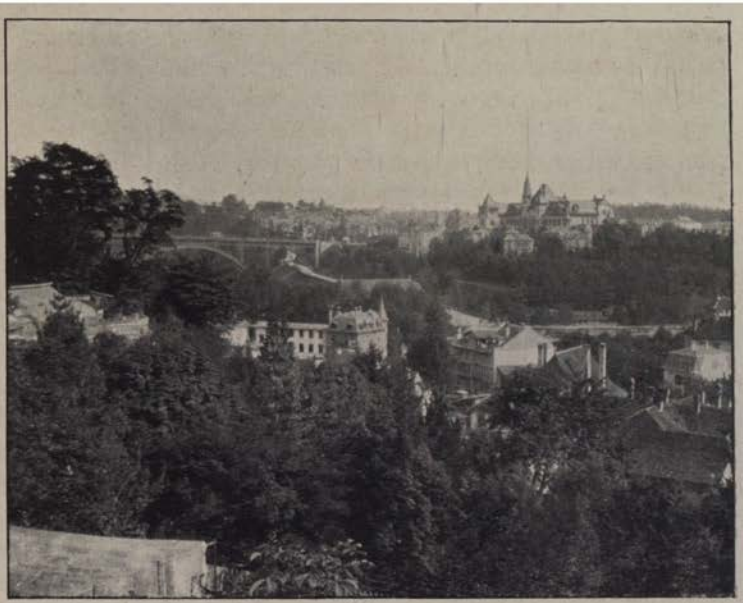
The drivers of every country have their own peculiar way of warning anyone who crosses in front of them. In England a driver calls out, "Hey!" in Germany, Austria and Hungary, "Hop!" in Switzerland he cracks his whip, and in Spain and Portugal says, "Pist!"

Mountain climbing is far from easy, and involves all sorts of privations. A guide is always employed, who not only knows his way about, but is well versed in the idiosyncrasies of the Alps, that is to say he can tell by the wind and other signs when a storm is at hand. Climbers carry a staff, known as an "Alpenstock," to assist them, are tied together with a long rope, and wear strong boots through which neither cold nor wet can penetrate. They climb all day, and in the evening take rest in a hut especially built for them. Here

they will find many comforts, such as tea, wood and even blankets. Tea is the best drink for all excursions, with portable forms of food, such as extract of meat, biscuits, etc. Visitors always leave a little money in the hut for the benefit of the next comer, together with any provisions or extra comforts they may have to spare.

Interlaken, which we again reached on September 12th, is a small place situated between the lakes of Brienz and Thun, and is particularly suited for those who wish to live an outdoor life. There are many good hotels and shops, as well as a beautiful promenade and reading-room. In the morning, as it was fine, we took photographs of the place. We left for Berne at 11.30, the train passing through a succession of tunnels along the bank of Lake Thun. After an hour's journeying we reached Thun, where our train stopped for a few minutes. This is a quaint old town, and I was extremely sorry that I could not spare time to visit it. There are very few fields of corn to be seen anywhere, but vegetables are plentiful, even the slopes of the hill being covered with potatoes and cauliflowers.

At 1.10 we reached Berne, the capital of Switzerland. Though a small town, it is strikingly situated on a peninsula of sandstone rock. On our arrival at the station we left our baggage at the luggage office, where, for a very trifling sum, it was placed in safety until required. This is a great convenience, and more common on the Continent than in England, not to speak of India. We drove to a terrace called the Schanzli, from which a very good view of the town and Alps is to be had. From a handsome bridge, presented by the English residents to the town, we could see our old friend the Jungfrau. Berne is divided by the river Aare, and the old houses look insignificant by the side of the new buildings springing up everywhere, many of which are from four to five storeys high. An electric lift works between the old and new town. The English residents who gave the bridge to the town bought all the land which lies on the other side of the river, so now they are the landlords, and if anyone wants to buy a building site he has to go to them. We went for a drive in the town, which has an old-world appearance,



BERNE

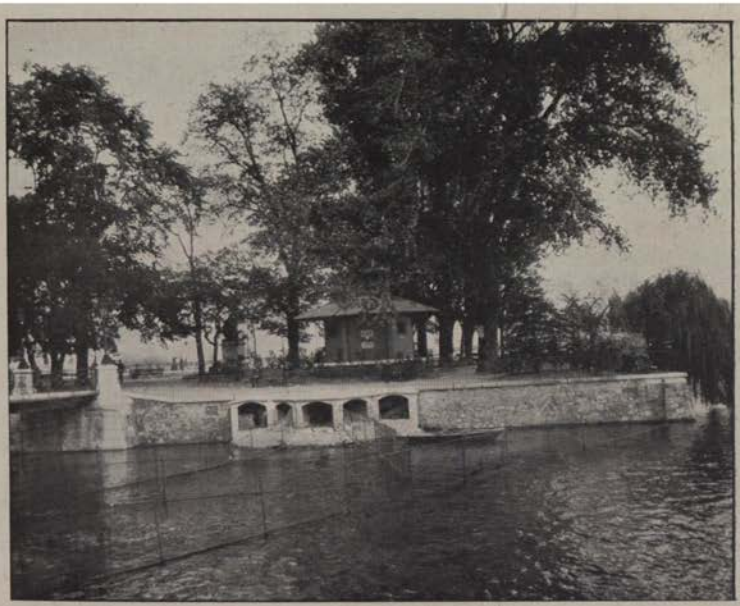
A STREET SCENE

retaining more mediæval features than others in Switzerland. The streets in the more ancient quarter are lined with arcades, supported by arches, forming a covered way for foot-passengers. Beer gardens are to be found all over the town, and the city coat of arms displays a cask of beer. The bear, being the heraldic emblem, is frequently met with in Berne; the handsome Town Hall has one carved on the front, and live bears are kept in a large pit. Various objects at Berne are quaintly painted; noticeable among them are the water pumps and fountains, occupying the centre of the streets, each bearing a different figure. Next we saw a noted clock; a crowing cock announces the approaching hour, previous to which a troop of bears march in procession round a figure seated in the centre. From this we went on to the Cathedral, which is adorned in front by finely sculptured figures in high relief. We visited the bears, kept at the expense of the State. I do not think the latter suffers heavy expenditure, as visitors feed, or rather over-feed them.

At 4.30 p.m. we left Berne for Geneva, and, after passing through very picturesque country, our train stopped for a few minutes at Freiburg. The tower of its fine Cathedral, 280 feet high, can be seen from the railway for some considerable distance. On this line there are many small stations, near one of which some sort of fête was going on; people were dancing and seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly. At Oron we noticed an old house with towers, looking quaint in contrast to the modern railways. Large oblong bells are hung round the necks of the cows of this country, smaller ones being used for the goats; "jodelling," too, is constantly heard in these parts. From Chexbres to Geneva the ground is simply covered with vines. They are freshly manured every year in order to secure a good crop. Our train now ran parallel to the lake, and a scene of surpassing beauty met our eyes.

We reached Geneva at 6.22 p.m. The following day (September 13th) we took a drive past the island of Rousseau, named after the famous Genevan man of letters. It is connected with the mainland by a bridge; and at this place we saw some white and black swans, the latter being rare in

Europe, though common enough in Australia. From here we went on to the " Jardin Anglais," or Promenade du Lac, in a pavilion of which we saw a relief map of Mont Blanc. The guide explained everything to us, and pointed out the road by which Napoleon took his troops across the Alps. In the centre of this garden is a beautiful fountain, and the best view of the lake can be obtained from this point. Then we visited the Russian Church with five gilded domes ; the pictures here are very good. We found the Cathedral, too, well worth seeing. On our way to the Arsenal we passed the jail in which a wretched man, who killed the late Empress of Austria, is imprisoned ; he is kept 100 feet underground in the dark ; for in Switzerland there is no capital punishment. Hanging being only a matter of a few seconds, I think imprisonment for life the severer penalty of the two. The Arsenal is a large building, and contains a collection of old armour and weapons, as well as various objects which belonged to the late Duke Charles of Brunswick, a great but eccentric benefactor of the town. The Reformer Calvin's house is close by, and in a neighbouring street we were pointed out the one occupied by the King of Servia when he was informed of his succession to the throne of Servia. The Town Hall stands near the Arsenal ; there are no steps, but it is entered by an inclined plane, once used by the Councillors, who were conveyed in litters to and from the Council Chamber, but now utilized as a carriage road. Surrounding the Place Neuve are some beautiful buildings, amongst which are a picture gallery, theatre and music hall ; whilst in the centre stands a statue of General Dufours, and in front a large garden in which concerts are held daily. The vast buildings of the University also face this garden. We went on to the Victoria Hall, presented to the town by an Englishman. The house is large and beautifully furnished ; it contains an organ, upon which someone was playing, and, as I had never heard an organ before, I was delighted at this opportunity of doing so. The Water Works are also worth seeing, as the Rhône not only supplies drinking water to Geneva, but also affords sufficient motive power for its manufactures. Then we drove to the Bois de



GENEVA, ROUSSEAU'S ISLAND

PARIS, THE SEINE

la Bâtre, a plateau covered with woods and meadows, from whence we could see the blue water of the Rhône flowing side by side with the grey and rather dirty-looking water of the Aare, before the two intermingle some distance further down. A fine view of Geneva and its lake was obtained from this shady place. On our way back to the hotel we visited a chocolate factory, known as the "Société Suisse des Chocolates Croisier," where a woman showed us the whole process. I had often heard of this great factory, and was glad to examine its savoury working.

After luncheon we went over the Ariana Museum, situated in an extensive park, which was built and presented to the town by a private individual. It fairly represents many branches of art, and a visitor to Geneva should not miss seeing it. In the hall are the fine statues of "Sleep" and "Death"; some of the paintings, too, are very good, and there is an excellent collection of coins and antiquities. The bust of a woman whose face is covered with a veil particularly attracted my attention. A quarter of an hour's drive brings one to the Château Rothschild, a palatial abode worthy of its millionaire owner, and adorned with gardens beautifully laid out. The turf is good, and handsome cedar trees have been planted at four corners of the house. After leaving this we passed through many orchards and fields, and, crossing the French frontier, came to Ferney, where Voltaire resided. His statue stands in front of the Town Hall. The great attraction is his quondam abode; but Ferney is also famous for its pottery.

We left the Grand Hôtel de la Paix before 10 o'clock on the morning of September 14th. The manager was most courteous, and did his best to make us comfortable. Horses are in bad condition and go very slowly in Switzerland; we found no good ones except in Lucerne.

Our train started for Paris at 10.10; there is a difference of 55 minutes between Swiss and Greenwich, or meridian, time. After travelling for an hour we reached Bellegarde, where the French Customs authorities came to search luggage; we were fortunately exempted from the examination, through the recommendation of the British Ambassador

in Paris. We were struck by the contrast between Switzerland and France, which, being comparatively flat, is better suited to agriculture. We saw many fields of hops, from which beer is made; in India some cooks use imported hops for making bread, or double *roti*.

We reached Paris, the Queen of Cities, at 7.40 p.m. In the train was an African family who were also journeying there; the ladies, though very dark complexioned, were dressed as Europeans. There was no one to meet us at the station; fortunately, however, a man came from the hotel, but as he had brought no proper vehicle for us, we had to depart in ordinary carriages without rubber tyres, which made a terrible rattling on the paved streets of Paris. The Hôtel d'Iéna, to which the courier conducted us, was quite comfortable, but at some distance from the station.

On September 15th we visited the Trocadéro, built for the Exhibition of 1878. One wing contains models of old sculpture in plaster of Paris, which seemed to me just as good as the originals. Some of them were very remarkable; one cannot understand how the people of that remote age could accomplish such wonderful things with few and primitive instruments. Near this beautiful building is a small underground aquarium, where various kinds of fish are kept and bred, being afterwards sent to stock the different rivers in France. On our way back we saw the house in which Victor Hugo died, on May 23rd, 1885. Near our hotel stands a statue of Washington, presented to Paris by the ladies of the United States. Then we visited the tomb where lies the body of that superman, Napoleon I. He was not treated well by his people in the day of his downfall; but I was glad to see the French nation had given him a very beautiful sepulchre, second only to the Táj of Agra. Here we saw a "Cook's" party with their guide; they were about twenty in number, and were all hanging breathlessly on his words, while he held forth like a priest preaching in church. We were shown the Military School where Napoleon served as a corporal, and where, in our own day, the luckless Dreyfus was deprived of his stripes. Passing the Louvre on the morrow, we observed a man feeding sparrows and pigeons; these

PARIS, CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN, AUXERROIS

THE TUILERIES GARDENS, FEEDING SPARROWS

had become so fond of him that each knew its name, and came when he called them. We were much amused watching him. The bridge of La Concorde was built with stones torn from the Bastile, an old fortress-prison built in 1364-80, and destroyed by the infuriated populace in 1789.

In the afternoon we inspected the church of St. Germain, the oldest religious edifice in Paris, which has a tower dating from the fifth and restored about the thirteenth century. The Quartier Latin is a quarter in which students live in order to attend the University of the Sorbonne, the school of medicine, etc. We walked through the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace, which are open to the public, and much appreciated by them. All sorts of games were going on, old and young alike enjoying themselves. The gardens are beautifully laid out, fountains adding considerably to their charm. The exhibition of pictures and sculptures contained by this Palace next claimed our attention. They are the works of living artists, and ten years after their designers' death they are sent to the Louvre. Amongst the pictures I liked the following best: "Le Sombrage," by Rosa Bonheur; "L'Avé Maria," by Bonin; "Un Atelier aux Batignolles," by Fantin Latour; "Laghouat," by Guillaumat; and "The Cemetery of St. Privat," where 7,000 Germans fell in half an hour during the last war. Then we went to another room containing pictures in the "Impressionist" style, which passed comprehension.

On September 17th we drove through the poor quarters of Paris, which are by no means so squalid as the East End of London. Near by are the so-called "Buttes Chaumont," which were laid out by Napoleon III. in 1865 for the poor of Paris. It is a fine park, and very well kept; from its different heights a splendid view of the city of Paris is to be obtained. In India the poor seldom enjoy such treats; I think it a grand thing to be able to do something for their happiness. The names of shops are indeed comical, probably in order to attract customers. We drove along the Bois de Boulogne in the evening, and saw monkeys and seals in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. There were many people sitting about, some talking and others doing work, such as knitting, etc.

Mr. Skrine, late I.C.S., came to lunch with us; he is a very clever man, and I was delighted to make his acquaintance.

In the evening we went to the Opera to hear "Tannhäuser"; both music and scenery were very good. Although I do not quite understand the plot, I cannot see why some Europeans disapprove of our "Sakuntala," and allege that impossible things are introduced into it. The same is the case with many of the old European plays. Personally, I do not think any ancient play in Europe equals old "Sakuntala."

On the morning of September 18th we visited the Pantheon. This was built by Louis XV. for church services, but is now given up to the burial of the country's illustrious dead. It contains some very good paintings, one being of a saint who was beheaded, and yet walked without his head for a considerable distance; but when Voltaire was buried at this place the Roman Catholics removed this "saint's" remains to a neighbouring church. It was here that the famous pendulum experiment was made in 1842. We went on to a church in which the remains of another saint repose; a beautiful building it is, with fine stair-cases. Whilst we were there a funeral took place. The dead body was placed in a coffin, and a priest prayed for his soul's repose, in order to obtain money from the relatives. Near the saint's tomb a woman was selling charms to the visitors. We bought one, which was put through a hole in the stone of the tomb before being given back to us, and on handing it to us the woman said that it would bring us good luck. This is just like the beliefs of Hindus and Mohammedans; they, too, have Gods or Saints whom they worship, and consider as intermediate between the divine powers and man. It is shocking to see such superstitions in an educated country like France.

As the Races at Longchamps were in progress, we decided to go on there. The course is beautiful, and the turf well cared for; there were crowds of people, and everyone seemed enjoying him or herself thoroughly. The horse "Gouvernant," which had run in the Derby, also ran here, but came in second. Great hopes were entertained of this horse, but

he had done nothing up to this time. Newspaper sellers were numerous, each crying in a different way, but no one unacquainted with the name of the paper could possibly understand what they said. There were men offering binoculars for sale, but no "Bookies," such as one sees in England. If you want to back a special horse, you have to go to an office belonging to the government, where tickets are sold for five francs each. In one of the races a certain horse came in first, so people who had tickets for the second threw them away; subsequent investigation showed that there had been some foul play, and so the horse which ran second was declared the winner. Thereupon the men who had thrown away their tickets as useless began hurriedly picking up the torn pieces. Two or three men came up and talked with us. French people are undoubtedly very polite; in England such cases happen very seldom, for, without an introduction, no one will speak to a stranger.

I left Paris on September 19th a.m. by the "Rapide" for Dieppe. In its suburbs I noticed some railway carriages with double storeys; I have seen nothing like them in any other part of the world. The country between Paris and Rouen is rather flat than hilly, and is drained by wide rivers. As we neared Rouen hills came in sight, and the train had to pass through a tunnel before reaching the station. The river Seine here is stately and beautiful, and the neighbouring hills covered with houses; churches can also be seen with high, majestic spires. I noticed, too, an excellent plan for moving railway carriages from one line to another.

I reached Rouen at 10 a.m., and a little over an hour later found myself at Dieppe, where my old friend Major Gordon was waiting for me. We drove to his villa, which was charmingly situated on the sea-coast, and soon after arriving set out for a walk in the town; he showed me two old and beautiful churches, in the Gothic style, in which early Norman pillars are surmounted by ogival arches. Passing on, we came to an old water-gate, flanked by quaint towers, the only remains of the fortifications. Next we visited the Casino, a fine building, something like a club. One can become a member by paying a fixed amount, but those who

do not buy season tickets have to pay one franc every time they enter. In the Casino there are reading-rooms, buffets and a large concert hall. Then Major Gordon took me to the sea-shore where people were bathing, and I saw some moveable bathing houses, which are rented at £10 for the season; in these one can sit with one's friends and enjoy the sea breezes. We returned to lunch at my friend's house, after which Lady Tweeddale and I went for a stroll through the town, and saw the harbour and fish market, and, after buying some photographs of Dieppe, returned to the Casino, where people were playing, or rather gambling, at "petits chevaux," a miniature horse-race; there were baccarat tables here too. I subsequently joined Major Gordon, who was playing golf. No one who comes to Dieppe should, under any circumstances, miss seeing these golf links, which are certainly among the best in the world. The entrance fee is about one franc. There are only nine holes so far, but they had been laid out most carefully, and one had to walk up and down the hills in order to get to them, getting wonderful views of the sea and of the old Citadel, which still stands on a beautiful, grass-covered cliff. The golf club are in treaty for a piece of land lying on the other side of the high road. We took tea at the golf club, where a few people were introduced to me, and I walked back with my old friends to dinner. The time I spent in their company will ever remain fresh in my memory; they are such delightful people, and did everything in their power for my comfort whilst I was in England.

I left Dieppe at 8.47 p.m., Major Gordon coming with me to the station, and, when we bade each other good-bye, we were too much affected to say much. Dieppe is small, but very prettily situated; Havre is improving more rapidly, and competes with Dieppe to the latter's disadvantage. Water runs in the streets all through the year; I cannot think why the authorities allow such a waste. The place was *en fête*, owing to the arrival of the Mayor of Brighton, whose steamer was decorated with flags, and a rocket was fired just as we started.

I reached Paris at 11.35 p.m., and Major Benn met me at

DIEPPE FROM THE SEA

BRUSSELS. THE BOURSE, OR EXCHANGE

the station. The following day, September 20th, he and I left cards at the Ambassador's, who was absent. There we met Lord Berwick, who is a Military Attaché. We came back to the hotel to change, and went to see the working of the *Petit Journal*. We were taken to the Director's room, and introduced to a Senator who has an interest in this newspaper. It is not only a publishing concern, anything can be obtained here; it is something like the Army and Navy Stores. In a hall accommodating about 800 persons we saw a large stage used for theatricals, concerts, speeches and lectures. Then we passed on to the composing and printing rooms; these were really enormous, and there were many elaborate machines at work, among them being ten printing presses, each of which could turn out 40,000 copies in an hour, automatically registering as they did so the number of revolutions made, and showing by this means how many copies had been struck off. There was a long canvas lift working here, which conveyed bales of newspapers to the upper storeys, from whence they were sent to their respective destinations. Mounting to the despatching rooms, we found men and women busily engaged in making up packets for subscribers. The Director told us that this paper has the largest circulation of any in the world, there being no other so widely subscribed to. Then we were taken to the account rooms, where many clerks were working very hard, and we were told that there was a night as well as a day staff, and also that sixty carriages worked continuously day and night to deliver the paper. We saw rooms where news is received from all parts of the world; telephone stations had been erected here, and the Director asked me whether I cared to send a message to India, but I declined with many thanks. In another department every sort of advertisement is printed in colours by a roller method, all the colours being put on at one time. This system resembles that for calico-printing. I had never seen such a great newspaper establishment before, and there were so many details that only an expert could treat of the subject fully. Anyone visiting Paris should certainly try to see the *Petit Journal* offices. The Director who kindly took us round was a clever and

interesting man, and ably explained everything which came in our way. We thanked him at the end of our inspection, and left the establishment much impressed by all we had seen.

On September 21st Major Benn and I, with my most useful attendant, Abdul Ghafur Khan, left Paris by the "Nord" Station for London, our train reaching Calais at 1.25. The country is fertile and pretty most of the way, but as one approaches Calais it gets very flat and sandy. On the road we saw some wind-mills revolving at a great rate, leading us to fear that the sea would be very rough, which we found a little later to be the case. The boat rolled violently, and at one time I really thought that we were going down. Major Benn told me afterwards that what we experienced was nothing compared with how rough the sea can be at times, but at that moment I felt very nervous. I kept one eye shut all the time, as I had been told that this prevented "mal de mer," and it seemed to be so, as I was not sick at all. Poor Abdul Ghafur did not share my experience. It was very windy, but the sun was shining brilliantly when we arrived at Dover, shortly after four o'clock. The country is charming between this and London, and the chalk cliffs look perfectly beautiful. Kent is full of hop fields, the hawthorn hedges which run along the railway line are kept well clipped and in good order.

Charing Cross was reached at 5.20 p.m., and later on Mr. and Mrs. Skrine and Mrs. Rew dined with us at Prince's Restaurant, afterwards accompanying us to the Garrick Theatre, where "The Chevalier" was being played. The piece was very funny, and the actors excellent. I enjoy seeing an amusing play, but do like it to be well acted. Mr. Arthur Bourchier was, as usual, first rate in his rôle; his wife also sustained her part well, and Miss Nancy Price was simply splendid. When the play was over, the latter asked us on to the stage, where she introduced me to Mrs. Bourchier, whose stage name is "Violet Vanbrugh." I enjoyed it all immensely. Mrs. Skrine asked me about Indian plays, and said that when she was at Calcutta she saw one entitled the "Battle of Plassy," in which a very clever Indian actor took the part of "Lord Clive," with marked success. It was

encouraging to hear such favourable remarks from so good an actress as Mrs. Skrine.

After a hasty breakfast we left Paddington Station shortly after 9 a.m. for Oxford. The country is delightful all the way, but as one draws near Oxford it becomes really beautiful, and from the station we could see the spires, domes and towers of this famous University. We put up at the Clarendon Hotel, and then called on Professor Madan, the Assistant Librarian of the Bodleian, which is one of the oldest libraries in Europe, having been established in 1445; it contains 400,000 volumes. I was particularly interested in the book-cases, to which, in olden times, the books were chained in order that they might not be stolen. Professor Madan took us round and showed us, amongst other things, various manuscripts enclosed in glass cases, one of which was said to be 1,300 years old; its leaves were of palm, and the text was written in some sort of ink still quite legible. I was also shown a watch of Shelley's, a sample of his handwriting and a very tiny short-hand book. The ceiling of the principal hall is about 300 years old. Then Mr. Parker took us on to other rooms attached to the Library, where there were paintings and ancient articles, one which particularly attracted our attention being a chair made from the wood of the first ship which went round the world. After this we proceeded to the Radcliffe Library, a handsome rotunda, now forming part of the Bodleian, from the dome of which a very extensive survey of Oxford can be obtained. Mr. Parker pointed out all the principal buildings, chiefly colleges and churches. Our next visit was to Brasenose College, the site of which was formerly occupied by an old institution called Brasenose Hall, which probably derived its name from an ancient knocker in the form of a brazen nose. This symbol is still to be seen on the principal gate. From here we went to Magdalen College, considered to be the most beautiful in Oxford. In a corner of the quadrangle is a stone pulpit, from which an open-air sermon used formerly to be preached on St. John the Baptist's day. We entered the College Chapel, where there are some sepia paintings on glass. Dr. Routh, who was president for sixty-five

years, is also buried here. Christ Church College, the largest in Oxford, was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1524, on the site of a Nunnery of the eighth century. It has a very large bell called "Great Tom," which peals a curfew of 101 strokes every night, and five minutes later college gates are closed all over Oxford. There is an interesting old English kitchen here, reached by a stair-case near the door of the hall. We descended, and saw, among other things, a useful machine for making sauce, consisting of a mallet which keeps spinning round in a hollow stone.

After luncheon we drove through the city, and saw the bridge near which the college state barges are moored, and from which the undergraduates start to train for the famous University Boat Race. In the course of the drive we saw a dozen other colleges and their vast playing grounds, where all sorts of sports are held. The general appearance of Oxford is not very imposing, and most of the houses look older than they really are, as the stone used in building them is not durable. A great many of them are covered with Virginia creeper or ivy. At one college we inspected the students' quarters; a good-sized sitting room is allotted to each, but their bedrooms are very small indeed. On our way to Oxford we bought Banbury cakes, which are sold at various places on the line, and in passing Slough and Langley noticed brick fields and kilns, which turn out immense quantities of building materials. Our old acquaintance Mr. Sutton's grounds, too, looked very beautiful, being full of variegated flowers.

We left Oxford at 4.20, and reached London about 6 o'clock. Major Benn's sister and mother and Miss Griffiths met us for dinner at Prince's Restaurant, after which we proceeded to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, where we saw the performance of "Sergeant Brue," which was very well played, Miss Olive Morrell especially distinguishing herself by her charming singing.

Scotland Yard, the Central Police Station, is a wonderful place. Articles left behind in cabs and carriages are sent to the Lost Property Office here, and, through its agency, returned to their owners in more cases than not. Goods

remaining unclaimed after three months are given back to the persons who deposited them. London might well be termed a city of chimneys. A " costermonger " is an itinerant seller of fruit and vegetables to people in London streets. His wife is nick-named " 'Ariette," and dresses herself in very gaudy hats, these being usually decorated with a brilliant blue feather, the combination of colours giving her a fantastic appearance.

I rose early on the morning of September 23rd to catch the train for Eastbourne, which I reached at 8.20. I found Colonel Abbott awaiting me ; we met as I alighted from my carriage, and were extremely pleased to see each other again. As Major Benn wished to avoid the chance of undesirable people sharing my carriage from London, he gave ten shillings to the guard at Victoria to see me through, so the latter put a reserved label on my carriage just as the train was about to leave the platform. Railway guards and men of his class will do anything for a tip. After taking breakfast at Colonel Abbott's house we went for a drive to Beachy Head, a chalk headland rising to a great height, from which we could see the place where Julius Cæsar landed to invade England, a serpentine road, called " Duke's Drive," leading to the top of this hill. The water is not deep enough to allow of a harbour, but there is a signalling station, and at the foot of a hill a light-house is to be seen, whilst above this stand two cliffs called the " Devil's Needles." On the hill I saw some white spots excavated in the chalk, to guide travellers so that they may not lose their way and fall into the sea. A strong wind was blowing, and the sea looked magnificent, its waves rising to a great height. After staying on the cliff for some time we returned to the town, driving along the Esplanade, a broad road lined with handsome buildings, in front of which are smooth, carpet-like gardens, and below them the roaring sea. At one end of the Esplanade is a " martello tower " ; these are small forts, each mounting one gun, and were built as coast defences when the French threatened to invade England. The pier is a fine wooden structure, where a band plays daily and theatrical performances are held during the season. This place has more the

appearance of a foreign than of an English town, the people seeming full of gaiety and enjoyment as they promenade up and down listening to the music, either on the pier or on the parade—another place where bands play daily. The climate here is considered very good, and, on this account, a great many schools are to be found in the neighbourhood. The Town Hall has a tower 130 feet high, and is a handsome edifice, but the Public Library is not much to look at. Near the parade we saw a house in which a life-boat is kept, which often goes out to help ships and steamers in distress. I had a delightful talk with my old friends, who were very good to me in every way, and felt sorry when the time came to leave them. From Colonel Abbott's house I saw some students at drill who were all clad in khaki. In India people do not realize the advantage of physical culture.

I left Eastbourne at 2.26 and reached London about 4.15, where Major Benn was waiting to meet me. We started in an electric car for the hotel, but it broke down, the supply of electricity being exhausted, so we had to take a cab. After dinner we went to see the "Tempest" at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree, who took the part of Caliban, acting splendidly. The first scene was beautifully staged; a large ship was seen to be rolling violently, and great crested waves washing over the vessel. When the curtain fell the sea was still rough, and the ship had been completely wrecked. The other scenes were equally good, a particularly enchanting one being that in which a cascade was shown in motion.

On the morning of September 24th I went to a phonograph shop, where I purchased a small organ with 150 cylinders, giving the latest and most popular songs on the stage. It was a very changeable day in London; in the space of ten hours I watched the sun come out from the clouds about six times; saw the weather turn to wet, and finally fog and mist follow in their turn. Owing to this uncertainty of the climate, outdoor amusements are greatly spoilt in England, and its people cannot enjoy them as those of other nations do.

I have noticed that an Englishman is very strict about social etiquette, and expects other men who visit his country

to observe certain rules to the letter; but when he himself is abroad he does not attend to those of other nations, nor does he care in the least for what foreigners think of him. On the Continent he is called the "Mad Englishman!" During the afternoon I called on Sir Curzon Wyllie, who, however, was laid up in bed with fever.

Mr. Savage Landor, who was just then writing his book entitled *Across Coveted Lands*, very kindly showed me some of his paintings which had been reproduced in this work.

CHAPTER XIII

BRUSSELS, COLOGNE AND PARIS

We left Charing Cross for Brussels at 9 p.m.; Messrs. Savage Landor and Kolasker had kindly come to the station to bid us good-bye. Dover was reached about 11 o'clock. Here we found our former boat, the "Pas de Calais," ready to take us across the Channel. As soon as the train steamed into the station we rushed for our seats on the steamer, which a porter had taken for us in the centre of the boat. It was bitterly cold, and I had to put on an overcoat and a blanket, as well as a waterproof, which one of the sailors lent me. It was a fine night, with the full moon shining brilliantly in a clear sky, and as soon as we left the shores of England we bade farewell to the mist and fog. The sea was calm, and now and again we could see the reflection of the moon in the waves, causing them to look as if full of liquid silver, whilst ever and anon the light-houses threw out their friendly gleam for the guidance of the ships crossing these waters. At about 1 a.m. we left Calais for Brussels. At this hour people were taking refreshments in the restaurant; we found some hot milk very acceptable.

We reached Brussels at 5 a.m. on September 23rd, and after a short rest started in a motor-car for the battle-field of Waterloo. The morning was a little misty, but as the sun got higher the sky cleared. Passing in front of the stupendous Palais de Justice, we drove through the Bois de la Cambre, which surpassed all the public parks we had seen up to this time. The trees are magnificent, the turf well kept, and there is a fine lake; in fact, the whole *bois* is a

collection of beautiful things. The road leading to it is made of some new substance containing oil, which neither creates dust when hot, nor mud when raining; this is a splendid idea. Then we entered the Forêt de Soignies, which lines the road as far as the village of Waterloo. Waterloo is only a small place, but it contains many memorable things. Our motor stopped in front of the house where the Duke of Wellington slept after the battle. There are here to be found a few souvenirs of the Duke, including his bed. We then visited the Church, which is on the other side of the road, and is full of tablets put up in memory of British officers who fell on Sunday, June 10th, 1815. A few minutes' drive brought us to the undulating plain where the fate of Europe was decided. Near the centre of the British position there stands the Waterloo Museum, containing innumerable articles picked up after the battle, such as swords, helmets and guns.

Our guide, Sergeant Brown, took us to the top of a mound erected by the Belgians in honour of the victory. There are 226 steps which visitors have to ascend in order to reach the top, where, on a pedestal, stands a "Belgian Lion," with his tail between his legs, marking the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. From this eminence a splendid view of the battlefield and surrounding country is to be had. Owing to excavations necessary to make this mound, the battlefield has lost something of its original form, but with the help of a good guide one can follow the whole course of events with ease. Sergeant Brown not only knew the history well, but every inch of the ground, his grandfather having taken part in the battle. The French Government had recently erected a monument in honour of the French soldiers who gave their lives for the great Emperor. Then we visited the Château d'Hougomont which, with its walled gardens and farm offices attached, still stands exactly as it was at the time of the battle. Houses may be seen with holes in their walls, made by the balls and bullets. There is also a small well which supplied the farm with water, and into which, at the time of the battle, about 300 corpses were thrown, with some poor creatures who were still alive. Facing

the south are two monuments, erected close to the roadside; on the right there is a pillar to the memory of Colonel Gordon, whilst to the left stands an iron obelisk, in honour of the Hanoverian victories, bearing an appropriate inscription. A story is told about a crucifix in the château, that while the battle was raging this caught fire, but when the flames reached the foot of the cross they were extinguished as if by a miracle. Some time ago a mischievous tourist deprived the figure of a leg from below the knee; I cannot think how he could do such a barbarous thing. On our way back to Brussels we re-passed the Forêt de Soignies, where there is a pretty race-course. After luncheon we drove out again to the Opera, to see the "Pole Nord." It is a beautiful building, with an open balcony all round, used by the audience when it is hot. The Boulevard de Senne is one of the principal streets, and beneath it flows the river of the same name, most of which has now been roofed in. The Town Hall is really a glorious Gothic building. We also visited the Grande Place, the Collegiate Church of Ste. Judule—very ancient and remarkable for the beauty of the painted glass in its windows. It was here also that the Chapters of the Order of the Golden Fleece were held by Philip the Good and Charles V.

A cart-horse parade was in progress, which we were lucky enough to see; I think it was even better managed than that of London. Every cart entered for the competition was numbered and, as an attraction to the people, a band played after every twenty carts had passed; many of the horses were very fine. Then we watched two balloons getting ready for flight, and saw some amusing by-play before one of them was let loose. In order to ascertain the wind-currents, some figures representing gnomes were sent up, and advantage was taken of this circumstance to advertise a certain medicine; for the balloons bore in bold letters the name of "Brunita." The King's Palace is not far from the hotel, but there is nothing remarkable about it. He has recently bought the Hôtel Bellevue, and a plot of ground in front of it, where trees and turf will be put down. The uniforms of the soldiers are of bright colours, with plenty of gold lace

and cord. The Belgians have a good and well ordered government.

We could not possibly miss seeing the lace manufacture for which Brussels is so famous, and went to a shop where it was being made. This lace is so durable that it is handed down from generation to generation, many old families looking upon it as an heirloom, and refusing to part with it at any price.

We left for the station just after 7 p.m., and found a train just starting for Cologne, which we reached at 11. The station is very large, and we had to walk a great distance before we reached our carriages. We put up at the Hôtel du Nord, which is quite near. We had very comfortable rooms there. As we were leaving Cologne at 8 a.m., we had to be up by 6.30 on the morning of September 26th. We started by visiting the famous Cathedral, which is quite near, but, as morning service was going on, could not go over every part of it. Its graceful towers, consisting of four storeys, are crowned with elegant open work spires, and are the loftiest in Europe, being over 500 feet in height. In every country there was a time when people were ready to spend their last farthing on churches and temples, and this cathedral is certainly an example of lavish expenditure during a long course of centuries. The iron bridge which crosses the Rhine is so broad that it carries a double line of rails, and a separate roadway for ordinary traffic. We bought some bottles of Eau-de-Cologne from the best shop. This ubiquitous scent was originally made here, and many establishments profess to be in the sole possession of the recipe.

We left Cologne at 8.6 a.m. for Paris. Near Charleroi I saw a number of coal mines, with quaint looking machines working the coal. The system of carrying coal from one place to another is very good. In some of the engines I noticed especially prepared cakes of fuel, made of compressed coal-dust, which produce more heat than ordinary coal. Upon arriving at the French frontier, we had to put our watches back, as there is a difference of an hour between Cologne and Paris time. The Customs officers entered our carriages and wanted to see the hand baggage. They are

very suspicious, and keen on looking out for cigars and cigarettes. They even insisted on seeing our tea-basket, which was shown to them. On such occasions it is better to offer a tip and so prevent their raising troublesome objections.

At 4.30 we reached Paris, where Dr. Ramlal and Thakur Umrao Singh were awaiting us. The "Huguenots" was on at the Opera, so we decided to go there after dinner, and were asked by M. Paul Mueller to share his box. His wife and niece were also there; the latter has charming manners, and was most agreeable in every way. Russian ladies are especially polite and amiable. In the box I noticed screens, which can be raised if the occupiers wish, and learnt that these are put up in order that people who are in mourning, and cannot appear in public, may enjoy the opera without being seen. In some parts of Europe great formality is observed with regard to mourning, and money which often can be ill afforded has to be spent on it. The following morning, September 27th, we went to the Customs Office to receive a parcel, which had been sent to me by Spitz of Marienbad, but did not get it after all. The French seem to delight in putting a foreigner to inconvenience, there is so much formality even about the veriest trifles; but here, again, a tip may prove useful. The offices where continental clerks do their work are very badly ventilated. They sit with all the windows closed, and do not allow a single breath of fresh air to enter; the result is a sort of odour which is peculiar to Germany and France. The French are undoubtedly very polite; they are also fond of scents, but I do not think that, as a nation, they sufficiently appreciate the advantages of bathing and fresh air. We left Major Benn at the Embassy to get a letter for the Customs Department, but the Ambassador was away, so our friend rejoined us. After lunch we ascended the Eiffel Tower, where girls were selling all kinds of rubbish. I bought a toy zither with its music for four francs. We had a mind to go to Mrs. Wyndham's tea rooms, but it was too late. She, however, accompanied us to see Sarah Bernhardt in "La Dame aux Camelias," in which the heroine dies of consumption.

Next morning we again visited the Customs Department, taking with us a letter from the Ambassador, addressed to the Head of the Department, but after all we got our baggage from the ordinary Customs Office. There are vehicles for the use of the telegraph and mail carriers, this arrangement being intended to economize time. We went on from here to see the statue of Gaspard de Coligny, a Huguenot leader, who lived from 1517 to 1572, and was murdered in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, when 10,000 people were slaughtered in Paris and about 50,000 over the rest of France. The Roman Catholic leaders were the Duke of Guise, the Queen Mother—Catherine de Medici—and King Charles IX. Another Huguenot leader, Henry of Navarre, was preserved, to reign over France seventeen years later as a Roman Catholic. Near his statue is a bell tower, from which the signal for the massacre was given, this tower forming part of the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. Then we passed through an ancient quarter; some of the houses here are hundreds of years old and the streets very narrow. In the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville there is a palace, formerly used by the Kings of France, where glass is now made.

We next went to inspect the Gobelins tapestries, some of which are very old. The industry, which is still supported by the Government, is extremely expensive, one square yard costing about 10,000 francs. The work is very intricate, and the operatives have to undergo training from their earliest childhood. The secrets of the industry are religiously kept, and outsiders do not know the system of colouring. The tapestries are not for sale, but sent to foreign countries as presents. Handsome carpets, also not for sale, are made here, the processes of manufacture being the same as those followed in India; but our beautiful designs and fineness of texture are not to be had here.

The Pasteur Institute was our next point of interest; it has done a great good to the human race, and the professors are still occupied with various experiments in the hope of discovering something yet more useful to man. First of all we were taken to the room of Professor Metchnikoff, who spoke French only, and so he sent for some one else to show

us round. We saw an operating-table on which a monkey was being trepanned for an operation; the poor creature was breathing heavily, and its chest heaving violently; it must have been feeling most uncomfortable and unhappy, but was powerless to get away from the hands of the doctors. They were injecting some plague-serum into its blood. In the same room we saw a number of rabbits and guinea-pigs, which were awaiting their fate; whilst in yet another were specimens of the bacilli of various diseases, such as tuberculosis, scarlet fever and cholera. A room is reserved for baby crocodiles, where the temperature is kept up to 33° Centigrade. Passing on, we came to a department where hydrophobia patients were treated. They are promptly inoculated with serum, and in dangerous cases the operation may be repeated as many as four times during one day. The needle is generally inserted in the flanks, but the locality is not very important. If one is bitten in the face, it is more serious than if in the lower limbs. The time of incubation is usually two months, but in exceptional cases hydrophobia symptoms have appeared after two years. Ordinarily the treatment is continued for two weeks, but if symptoms set in while the patient is under treatment, his case is hopeless. Before this Institute existed the mortality from hydrophobia was 80 per cent., but now it is only 1 in 300. We proceeded to the general laboratory where students operate. The fixing of virus is very interesting indeed. Before coming to this place I believed that the virus was weakened by inoculating a series of rabbits, but it turned out to be quite the reverse, for by each inoculation the virus gets stronger. When it has reached the required stage of power, the spinal cord of the animal is taken out and preserved for use, and if that spinal cord be allowed to get dry, it loses all the poison in a fortnight's time. When a man or animal is to be made immune the weakest virus is first injected, and then the strength of the latter is gradually increased. We also saw the crypt where the illustrious Pasteur lies. Both this and the tomb are very beautiful indeed, with its mosaic ceiling and marble walls. By a curious coincidence it was the anniversary of Pasteur's death, he having died just nine

years previously, on this very date—28th September, 1895. We were taken to the room where the causes of plague are investigated, and only then learnt, to our great surprise, that our kind guide was no other than Professor Haffkine himself! It was a great honour and pleasure to see this distinguished gentleman, who is the greatest authority on plague. He showed us some mice which had been inoculated with plague-virus, also the bacilli of plague, taken from a mouse treated in the same manner. We were shown, too, the bacilli of protozoa and of infusoria, which are found in stagnant water. Those of plague resemble those of chicken-cholera. If the plague-virus be injected into a bird, it will have no effect, and the same thing is true with respect to the chicken-cholera bacilli. There are many ways of distinguishing between these minute creatures, but they are known only to scientific men. In the Pasteur Institute a great many horses, dogs and other animals are kept for purposes of investigation. The suffering entailed on these poor animals is the worst part of it all.

On the morning of September 29th we started in two motor-cars for Fontainebleau. We passed through the Place la Bastille, so named from an old state prison, on the site of which now stands a beautiful statue, and reached the Fortress of Vincennes, in which Henry V. of England died, 1422. After traversing beautiful and well-kept roads, we reached Fontainebleau, and after luncheon visited this Palace of the Kings of France. Here we saw the finest tapestries and porcelain yet produced in France; also a table which Napoleon I. struck in wrath with his fist as he signed his abdication in 1814, the ring which he wore making a mark on it. There are very many interesting things in this Palace. From the outside it looks comparatively insignificant, but is magnificent within. The apartments are shown where Pope Pius VII. was virtually imprisoned by Napoleon; the ceilings of which are all different in design and very beautiful. Interesting, too, was the theatre where Napoleon III. saw his last performance; the scenes stand arranged as they were in his time. The gardens and grounds are charming, and there are beautiful lakes containing carp of a great

age. The President often stays here in the hot weather, when a set of rooms is allotted to his sole use: the other royal rooms are unoccupied, and are exhibited to the public. We left this beautiful place for Paris by another road, which passes through the glorious Forest of Fontainebleau, passing on our way a place at one time used by brigands as a harbour of refuge, but now frequented by fashionable people for pic-nics. After dinner we went to the Nouveau Cirque, which was fairly good. Parisians are very fond of giving peculiar names to their shops; one we noticed, for instance, was called "Camilong."

On September 30th we visited Lieutenant Colonel Bauduin, who was formerly in the French Army, and who has lately invented a method by which artificial rain can be produced. He explained that rain is not made of solid drops of water, as people in general believe, but of bubbles, hollow in the middle; and as a cloud contains plenty of electricity, when this is extracted, the bubbles break and the rain begins to fall. The Colonel sends a kite into the clouds by means of a coil, the latter being supplied with a number of metal stars, which have 1,000 sharp points, and when they come into contact with the clouds the electricity contained in them runs to the earth through that cord, the bubbles break and it begins to rain. He showed us some experiments; in a small glass tube he put some water which was falling in drops, but when he applied electricity the water came out of the tube in the shape of spray; a kite was placed there, and this spray of water began to descend in the form of rain on a paper sheet spread on the floor. Next he showed us a marvellous thing. He put a prism into a gun, and then threw white light on a glass tube containing a sort of anemometer; it began to move, but when the light was sent through the prism and thrown on the instrument it remained still. He explained that white light has electricity in it.

Tea is becoming more usual in Paris than formerly. There are many tea rooms, arranged after the English fashion; we went to some which were very nicely kept, and where delicious scones were handed round with the tea. English gentlewomen manage many of these tea rooms, and

we visited one belonging to an English lady whom we knew; after taking tea we offered her a tip, for fun, which she declined with a smile. French people give very small tips in a tea room. In the evening we went to the Opera Comique, where "Alceste" was being played. We could see nothing from the box we had taken, so Major Benn kindly interviewed the manager, who then gave us the best in the house. This theatre, though small, is very pretty. The ceiling of the dome, which was painted by Constant in 1698, is beautiful; the proscenium is a fine one, and the play was well staged. The chief actors were excellent, and played well throughout.

I had heard so much about mesmerism and hypnotism, and their use in France for the good of the human race, that when I was in Paris I was most anxious to see an institution where, I understood, these wonderful occult powers were utilized. After luncheon, therefore, I started out for the Salpêtrière Hospital, which was reorganized by the famous Dr. Charcot; Messrs. Charles Gutzwiller and Nicol Beguin Ballecocq accompanied me, and showed me everything. I was anxious to see an hospital where mesmerism and hypnotism were actually employed in the treatment of patients, so I asked these gentlemen about it. They said that in the time of Dr. Charcot this method of treatment was tried, but had proved to be a failure, so it was abandoned altogether. I enquired whether there was any institution in France where such experiments were conducted, to which they replied in the negative. The Salpêtrière Hospital is solely for the use of aged women who have no means of livelihood. They are kept here in great comfort, being divided into seven classes, according to their age and infirmity. The food given to these women is far superior to that provided for their fellow-sufferers in London. The cooking arrangements are also excellent. They get soup, vegetables, sauce and bread. If these people do any work they are paid by the hospital at the rate of one penny an hour. There are about 5,000 old people who thus get free food and lodging. A chapel is attached which has seven altars; these are for the use of each separate class of inmates. Dr. Charcot was a great

authority on nervous diseases, and his treatment is still carried on in the hospital. He also wrote many books on the subject. The gentlemen who were with me said that milk only is used as a medicine for nervous diseases, and no drugs are administered. I was then taken to Dr. Charcot's Museum, but did not see anything that especially interested me there. Afterwards, they escorted me to the X-Ray department, where the official in charge showed me a number of plates taken with the help of the X-Ray apparatus. Some of these plates displayed stones in the human bladder and kidneys; in others, coins and the like things, which had been swallowed, were clearly visible in the stomach. He also showed me plates taken of people who were born deformed such as with one finger only, or with very small bones in the hand, and so on. This was all very interesting, and I regretted that I could not go in the morning to see him working. We were next taken to the quarters where the insane are accommodated. There were about 100 of these in all, some being subject to fits at intervals, and others violently mad; the latter are kept in separate châlets, and the former in rooms. I saw two or three women who were in fits at the time, they were shouting all sorts of strange things. In one room were some demented children; they were tied to chairs to prevent them falling down on the floor. I noticed several girls wearing rubber crowns round their heads, and, upon enquiry, learnt that they were subject to fits, and that the rubber crowns were intended to protect their heads from injury when they fell on the ground. This institution is entirely supported by contributions.

Paris is certainly the centre of queer fashions. One day I saw a barber shaving a poodle. He practises a veritable art; and some of his four-legged customers I saw being shaved in a wonderful manner. Paris is a town of varieties in every way, and there were several things which struck me there. One was that the carriage drivers have hats of different colours, some wearing white, others black, and some again black and white. These head-gears indicate the companies owning the carriages. In this city, too, horses are harnessed in a variety of ways; one may see three abreast,

or even six being driven tandem. The advertising pillars are also worth noticing. In the day time one can read advertisements in big letters quite easily; while at night-time these pillars are lighted up from inside.

When I was about to leave the hotel, the manager came to my room and presented me with a very fine bouquet of beautiful roses. I thanked him for the flowers, and told him that I had been very comfortable, and should look back with pleasure on the happy time I had spent there. He asked Major Benn to give ten francs a day to the coachman, as these people are remunerated very badly. The same is the case with other coachmen, who live on *pourboires*, literally " tips given for drinking."

We left beautiful Paris at 10.30 p.m. for Milan. We got a *lit-salon* instead of *wagon-lit*, but the latter is quite as comfortable. In each compartment are three chairs, which can be converted into beds by pulling them down. There are many conveniences in these trains, but it would be a great boon if one or two bath-rooms could be attached to them, which would make them more comfortable for long journeys; there is apparently no demand for anything of the sort.

CHAPTER XIV

ITALY—TURIN, PISA, ROME

WE reached Modane, which is the frontier of Italy, at 1.30 on the morning of October 2nd. The scenery was superb, the sun having melted the snow and swelled the streams into mountain torrents. It took us half an hour to go through the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The small stone-roofed houses which we saw from the train were invariably overtopped by a tower of a village church. The country is hilly and the slopes vine-covered, whilst the fields are full of Indian corn or maize, which appears to be the staple food of the people. They also seem very fond of vegetables, every house having a vegetable-garden in front of it.

Turin is situated on an extensive plain rendered fertile by many canals, and rice is largely cultivated in this part of the country. The cattle are neither as fat nor large as those of England and other western countries; in fact, they are in poor condition and inclined to have a slight hump. Our train stopped for a few minutes at Vercelli, where we noticed a restaurant and a number of Italian ladies seated outside it with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, enjoying themselves in the open under the trees.

At 6.30 we reached Milan, the old part of which consists of narrow and irregular streets. It was quite a new experience, as up to that time we had seen nothing at all like this city. The houses are large and lofty, having the appearance of great antiquity. We put up at the Hôtel de la Ville, nicely furnished and very comfortable, my rooms

MILAN, THE CATHEDRAL

STREET SCENE

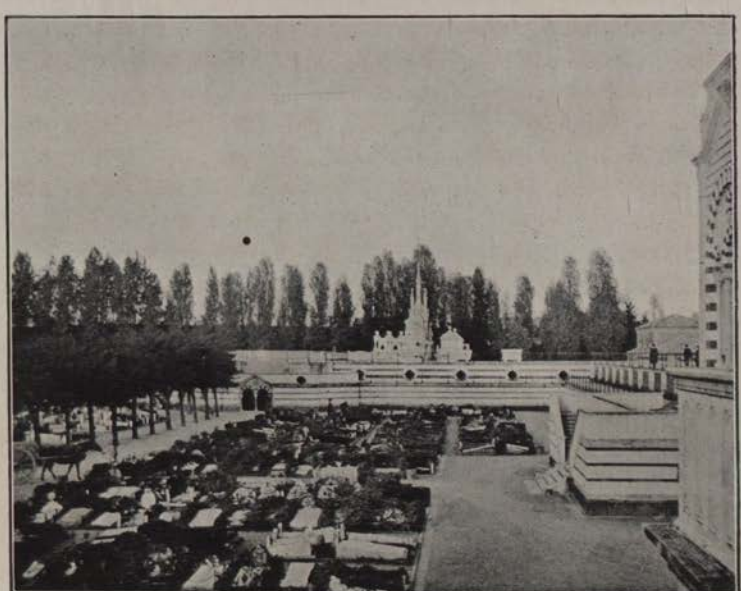
facing one of the principal streets of the town. Notwithstanding their narrowness, double tram-lines run through the streets; this, I think, should not be allowed. The London authorities are wise in not permitting steam and electric trams to run in the crowded parts of the city, for they are a great hindrance to other traffic. Two great canals meet in Milan, those from Lakes Como and Maggiore. The first thing we did here on October 3rd was to visit the Cathedral, which is simply enchanting and one of the largest in Europe. The spires and pinnacles are surmounted by countless figures, and the whole structure is very graceful. Amongst other things we were shown was a nail mounted in a star on the altar, which is said to be one of those used in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. It was presented by Queen Eleanor of England to this cathedral in the eleventh century, she having brought it from Palestine. There are two very large pulpits made of gold and silver given by the silversmiths of Milan some two hundred years ago. Three great windows of stained glass, said to be the largest in the world, represent the Creation and scenes in the Old and New Testament. We then descended to a chapel used in winter when it is too cold in the cathedral. A door leads to the crypt of Saint Carlo Borromeo, where his embalmed body lies and is shown to the visitor for a fee of five francs. This crypt though small is enriched by a ceiling on which the life of the saint is engraved in bas-relief on solid blocks of silver, and his body can be seen when the front of the altar is removed. Among the fine pieces of jewellery presented to the saint by different people is a cross of fine diamonds and emeralds. There is also a treasury where a number of coins and miniatures of the saints are kept. The carving is superb throughout, and from one point in the cathedral nothing but pillars was to be seen; this is sometimes called the "Wilderness of Pillars."

Every May 3rd the sacred nail is taken down and exhibited to the worshippers by a priest who ascends to it in a lift drawn up by ropes; this is the occasion for a great festival in Milan, and people from distant countries come for it. There are other altars where I saw a number of women

praying on their knees, with hands raised in supplication as the Hindus do. As these Roman Catholic Christians do homage to pictures of the saints, I think they should not condemn the like practices among Hindus. At one place we saw the statue of Saint Bartholomew, who is represented as flayed, with his skin lying on his shoulders. This statue, executed by Marco Agrate, a Greek sculptor, is a masterpiece; the veins and arteries of the different muscles are clearly seen and the inner side of the toes hanging on one side look very realistic. A hole is left in a window by which the sunlight enters, and when it reaches the end of a particular line of brass inlaid in the floor, it points to midday. In front of the cathedral stands a fine equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, the first King of united Italy, and to the right is an arcade belonging to the Government, with shops on either side, considered the best in the world. We next visited the theatre, which is unusually large, being capable of seating 1,200 people, and every box having a separate dressing-room. One peculiarity about this house is that the audience can hear the echo produced by any sound on the stage while the actors do not. There were thousands of electric lights, and in the *foyer*, or promenade, were statues of recent musicians, such as Verdi and Donizetti, who wrote 120 operas.

After luncheon we visited the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, which contains some excellent painting and carving. It belonged to a private gentleman of that name, and was bequeathed by him to the town. On our way here we noticed an ancient colonnade, consisting of sixteen Corinthian pillars, known as the "Columns of St. Lawrence"; they belonged to the bath of Nero, and were constructed in his time. Every Italian palace and also the larger houses have their courtyard-garden; these, though small, are refreshing both to the eye and soul, for the climate, being hotter than other European countries, calls for plenty of shade and something to cool the air. The Cathedral of Sant' Ambrogio next claimed our attention. This was founded by St. Ambrose in the fourth century on the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, and contains many curiosities. Amongst them

MILAN, TRIUMPHAL ARCH



CAMPO SANTO, OR CEMETERY

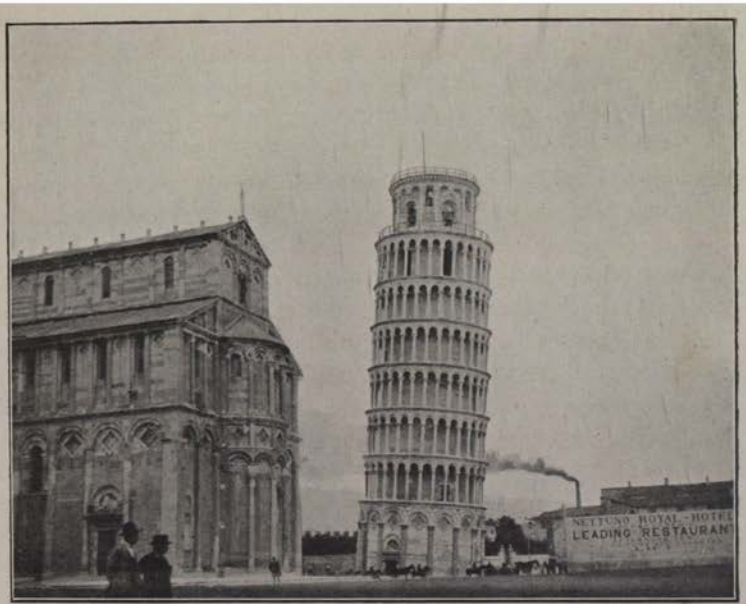
is a brazen serpent, which professes to be that which Moses used to banish pestilence; but we learn from the Bible that this was broken in pieces by order of King Hezekiah in 720 B.C., hence the relic must be a fraud. The decoration of the high altar consists of reliefs on a gold and silver ground, enriched by enamel and gems, protected by an iron safe, which is only opened to visitors upon payment of five francs. The life of Jesus Christ is represented here in beautiful engravings, studded with precious stones. This altar is believed to have been made in the twelfth century. We were then conducted to a crypt where 800 martyrs are buried, passing on from this to a larger one containing the bodies of several popes, but when Napoleon I. was here he wisely gave orders that in future no one was to be buried in the cathedral. The chair on which King Theodosius was crowned is shown; this once belonged to St. Ambrose, who would not allow the King to enter the church until he had done penance for having killed 30,000 persons in war. After he had performed it he was admitted to the church and crowned. The paintings in the ceiling of this great cathedral are very marvellous; they look like tracery work in marble. We afterwards descended to the catacombs, which are viewed by candle light. We then proceeded to the arena, a large place where sports are held; in winter it is flooded with water, and when frozen over people skate there. Further on we came to a park where stands a magnificent triumphal arch, and before returning to the hotel visited the cemetery, which is indeed beautiful.

After dinner we left Milan for Pisa at 8.40, and a couple of hours later were stopped at a station where a fearful accident had taken place and two men had just been killed. The engine was lying upside down amid the débris of carriages which were smashed to pieces, and there was just room for our train to pass. I never saw such a sight in my life before. This accident had taken place only a few minutes before we entered the station. In our carriage was a lady who was very angry because the train was so late; she said that she had to see the whole of Europe in six months, so could not afford to be delayed in this way; but the delay was no one's

fault, and it was very fortunate for the lady that the engine had not fallen on our line, otherwise we might have been far worse sufferers.

The railway tickets which we bought from Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son in Paris were from there to Pisa through Genoa, but we left Milan by the train which goes to Pisa through Parma. Of course we did not know the route, and the station officials said nothing about them when the tickets were shown, or when the luggage was registered. After leaving Milan an inspector who came to examine our tickets found out what had happened, and announced that ours belonged to another company, and we could not travel on that line without buying fresh ones. He referred the matter to his companion, and in the end it was settled that if we paid 100 francs between these two men they would hush up the matter; this was consequently done. Corruption exists all over the world; it is indeed a curse to the human race. Even in well educated nations, which ought to know better, money is a temptation that few can resist. Why, indeed, should a man resist it, when he sees that one who has made money by unfair means is quite comfortable and looked up to by society, whilst an honest man is poor and no one cares anything about him? I had always held a very high opinion of Europeans, but though I still think that there are individuals who might be called saints, and whom no money can corrupt, I now know that altruism is not a monopoly of any one country or nation. Travelling in Italy is in some ways very troublesome; there is so much formality that to one who has known England it gets quite wearisome. Major Benn had to sign no less than forty tickets, for every official wants to know one's name and all sorts of information concerning one.

We reached Pisa at 3 a.m. on October 4th, and after taking tea we drove to the Cathedral, built in the 11th century, the interior of which is very fine. The central dome is oval, and there are two staircases running up to the top. The pillars used in the construction of this cathedral are of the Roman period, one of them being of red African marble. There are some good paintings, and a very beautiful carving in which Adam and Eve are represented. In the centre of the church



PISA, THE LEANING TOWER

NAPLES, A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE

hangs a chandelier, the swinging of which is said to have first suggested to Galileo the system of placing pendulums to regulate the motion of clocks. On the altar there stands a large cross on which the figure of Christ is engraved; this is a fine piece of work.

Ascending to the top of the world-famous Leaning Tower, which has eight storeys and 294 steps, we obtained a good view of Pisa and the surrounding country. It is still a moot point whether this tower was originally built out of the perpendicular as a freak of architecture or whether it has gradually become so owing to defective foundations on one side. The sea used to wash the walls of Pisa, but it has since receded, and is still gradually doing so more and more. The town is situated on the banks of the river Arno, which empties its waters into the Mediterranean. During our visit some important citizen had died, and so the bells were being rung in his honour; the method of ringing them involves very hard work.

The Baptistery is very interesting, its most important feature being a font in the centre, which is twenty feet by ten, and four feet deep. Formerly it was a custom among Christians that a man, woman or child, when being baptized, was fully immersed in the water; now, when the child's name is given at baptism, only a few drops of holy water are sprinkled on its head. The dome produces a very pleasing echo, and it was a treat to hear a man sing there. We were told that a singer could be hired at any time for a few *lira* (10d.). The pulpit in this baptistery is very richly carved.

After luncheon we went over the Museum, which has some very old objects of the Roman period, also excellent paintings, one of which, by Guido Reni, being especially good. The Campo Santo, or cemetery, is well worth a visit, for very old tombs are preserved there. An open square in the middle of this cemetery is composed of earth brought on fifty-three ships from Jerusalem, as the people of Pisa took a prominent part in the Crusades. There are numerous wall paintings which explain the ideas of the people of those times, such as the "Triumph of Death," "The Judgment Day" and

"Hell." A demon and an angel are fighting over the body of a priest; the demon desires to drag his victim to hell, the angel has determined to take him to paradise. There is also a University, first mentioned as early as the twelfth century, where the celebrated Galileo was a professor. In the evening we visited the house in which that learned man was born; an inscription recording that he saw the light there on the 18th February, 1564.

The town of Pisa is small, and the streets very like those of Milan. In these cities where the streets are narrow, the curb stones are not raised, for otherwise carriages could not pass. There is little to see at Pisa except the Leaning Tower and Baptistery, and I do not know why people go there in such numbers for the season, as the streets as well as the people are unclean and the houses very shabby. The water of the Arno is no cleaner.

We left Pisa at 5.20 for Rome; we had taken a *wagon-lit*, but it was very uncomfortable, as there was no corridor communicating with the restaurant car; passengers desiring refreshments had therefore to wait until the train stopped at a station. When we went to the restaurant car we left the door of our carriage open, and upon returning the guard of the train requested our visiting card, and then asked for or rather made Major Benn sign a paper to the effect that we had left the door open!

On the morning of October 5th I found myself in Rome, the mother of European civilization. After tea we started out to see the remains of ancient Rome, first driving to Agrippa's Pantheon by a road which passes the Royal Palace. It is a circular building with an enormous dome having an opening in the centre. It was originally a pagan temple, and this opening was provided to enable an eagle to escape from it carrying the soul of the dead man who was cremated there. In one corner lie the remains of Raphael, the world-known painter; here is also the magnificent tomb of the present King's father, who was assassinated near Milan a few years ago; near is another in honour of his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel. From the outside we saw a temple of Neptune built by Augustus, the first Roman Emperor, about

NAPLES, LAZZARONE WAITING FOR MACARONI

ROME, THE FORUM

the year 33 B.C. It now serves as the Exchange or Bourse. Next we saw the Trevi Fountain, built in 1749, though the water it supplies had been conducted to the city of Rome by Agrippa from the Campagna, to supply his bath at the Pantheon. Here also stands the Obelisk of Rameses, which was brought from Heliopolis in Greece in 17 B.C., the inscription on it being in hieroglyphics. Some Holy Stairs, supposed to come from the house of Pontius Pilate, were brought to Rome by the Empress Helena, with the remains of the original cross on which Christ was crucified. The stairs, twenty-eight in number, are considered very sacred; I saw some people mounting them on their knees, at the same time repeating prayers. According to Roman Catholic dogma, the souls of men who die unstained by deadly sin are still not pure enough to enter Heaven and have to remain in Purgatory for 280 years before proceeding to paradise. Those who do not wish to prolong their residence in that under-trial prison can shorten it by ascending these steps kneeling and repeating prayers. It is said that, when Jesus Christ descended these same steps after being scourged, drops of His blood fell on them and made them holy. So popular is this pilgrimage that the protective oak planks placed over them have had to be renewed nine times since 1739. Close by is the Church of St. John Lateran, supposed to be the head and mother of all churches in the world, and so holy that when a Pope is elected he comes here to be consecrated. It contains, among other relics, the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, buried in silver caskets, and kept in a high place supported by four pillars.

No one would of course dream of going to Rome without seeing the Colosseum, one of the most imposing structures in the world. It was the scene of the old gladiatorial combats, for in the middle of this building the Romans used to let loose wild animals which were fought by gladiators. It consisted of six or seven storeys, and contained seats for over 80,000 spectators, with 80 doors for them to enter by. The arena is supported by huge arches and pillars, every fourth arch containing a staircase for ascent and descent. Modern civilization does not permit the killing

of man, but the plight of animals is hardly better than of old. The arena was so formed that when a nautical display was to be held, the wooden floor was removed, whereupon water rushed in, boats were manned and a naval battle took place. Nor must Trajan's Column be missed. It is composed of white marble, and beneath it are interred the remains of the good Emperor Trajan; his statue in bronze at one time surmounted it, but was subsequently replaced by that of St. Peter. The column was built in 110 A.D. The Colonne Vendôme in Paris is constructed in imitation of Trajan's Pillar. We drove to the top of the Janiculum Hill, from whence an admirable panoramic view is obtained of the city and its suburbs—a grand sight which no visitor should miss. On this hill is the Fountain Paulina, the water of which flows through it going to the Tiber, whilst a little way down stands a bronze statue of Garibaldi. Then we went on to St. Peter's, the Church of the Vatican. This is an indescribably magnificent building, the largest in the world, next to it in size being St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Beneath the dome rises a canopy borne by four heavy bronze columns taken from the Pantheon. Two halves of the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are said to be buried here, and every year thousands of people visit this cathedral, the building of which is extremely beautiful and the mosaic work wonderful. Round the tombs of the two saints 127 lights burn day and night; these poor lamps only get one rest of 24 hours in the year, that is to say, they are put out on Good Friday and lit up again on Saturday. In one of the stained glass windows is a beautiful figure of a dove, representing the Holy Spirit entering the church. The mosaics are very fine, and among them is the Miracle of St. Peter bringing the widow Tabitha to life, and the Burial of St. Petrolla and St. Michel; the best carving, I think, being one of Pope Clement XIII. by Canova. In a conspicuous place on the right-hand side is a bronze statue of St. Peter, seated in a chair. His right foot is thrust a little forward, and is almost worn away by the kisses of devotees. I think this filthy custom should be stopped at once. All sorts of people kiss the foot, and no one seems to

realize that this harmless-looking limb may be the cause of transferring the microbes of different diseases from one person to another. One of the most striking things I saw in this church were private confessionals for eleven different languages, as indicated by the inscription on each box. When, therefore, a person speaking a particular language comes to confess, a priest who knows that language hears his story and gives him absolution.

This city of Rome is truly full of the wonders of olden times, but as it was formerly in the van of civilization, it should still take the lead, or at any rate not be behind-hand, as in some ways it is now. Many streets, for instance, are very narrow, and the roadways by no means well kept. The public conveniences, too, are of the very worst type; I have not seen such open places in any other European country. Even in India they are somewhat protected from the sight of the passer-by, but here there is no attempt at privacy. I hope the authorities will soon remove this reproach from Rome. There is an abundance of water, but the way in which people drink it is very curious. In England, and in other countries, the drinking-fountains are supplied with tumblers for people to use, but in Rome there are none. There is a hole in the upper side of the tap of the water-pipe, and when the aperture through which the water flows is blocked by the drinker's fingers, the water shoots out from the upper hole, and the person desiring to assuage his thirst opens his mouth and takes in the water as best he can.

On the morning of October 6th we started out again to see more of the city of Rome. The first thing which met our eyes was the Tomb of Hadrian, a great building which served as a fortress during the Papal era. It is now used as barracks for soldiers, and has a clock of comparatively modern date. When in St. Peter's on the previous day we only saw the Vatican from outside, but this morning had the good fortune to visit the ancient Palace of the Popes in detail. As our carriages drew up and we stepped out, our eyes caught sight of the Swiss Guards. They were dressed in what might be termed an assemblage of colours; I had

never seen so many together in one uniform before. In India people are very fond of mixing colours, but they are easily beaten by the Pope's bodyguards. After ascending a long and magnificent flight of steps we were admitted to the Sistine Chapel, which is very important, as most of the ceremonies at which the Pope officiates in person take place in this chapel, and it is here also that a new Pope is elected. There is an aperture to which a temporary chimney is attached; when the election is duly finished the papers of the voters are burnt, and the smoke escapes outside, where people are awaiting the result. As soon as they see it they know that a Pope has been elected, whereupon the senior Cardinal goes out, and from the balcony announces to the waiting crowd that Cardinal so-and-so has been elected as Pope, and that he has taken a new name. The walls of the chapel are decorated with interesting frescoes by various Florentine masters. There is one peculiarity in Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," which he painted on the ceiling in 1535. It is this, that Christ figures in the centre without a beard, and the angels who are summoning the dead from their graves have no wings. I do not think there is another picture in the world in which a beardless Christ is depicted. In this room were oblong glasses through which people look at the pictures. Without their help one would have to twist one's neck in a very fatiguing manner, but these glasses reflect every phase of Michael Angelo's paintings. From here we proceeded to the Hall of Constantine, the ceiling of which is adorned with an allegory depicting the triumph of Christianity over Paganism. The ceiling is flat, but paintings give it the appearance of a dome. The funeral of Raphael, by Pietro Vanucci, is also very fine, and the colouring exquisite. I particularly noticed, too, a painting of an Indian chief endeavouring to put his foot on the cross, whilst a missionary extends his hand to prevent such desecration. The different figures in the painting are excellent, but the rage and the inhumanity depicted are creatures of a morbid imagination. There are few people who speak favourably of India and her people.

Many cats are to be seen in Rome; there is hardly a corner

ROME, THE VATICAN

ST. PETER'S

where a visitor may not observe half a dozen of them playing, chasing their prey, or picking up something from the pavements. We drove through a tunnel in course of construction under one of Rome's seven hills, at one end of which the masons were working; it was to be finished in a couple of months' time. It is made of white tiles fitted with electric lights, and electric trams were eventually to run through it. The coachmen in Rome crack their whips, and sometimes say "Hop"!

After luncheon we visited the Roman Forum, where there are many vestiges of old temples, houses and monuments, among the latter being the Arch of Titus, built in 69 A.D. Ruins remain of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, one of the most famous temples of the Republic, often used for meetings of the Senate, and of the Temple of Antonius, built in 160 A.D. Eight granite columns of the Temple of Saturn still stand. From the very earliest times this was the public treasury of the Romans, and when generals returned from a successful campaign they used to deposit here their money and other loot. On our way to the Forum we passed through the court-yard of the Town Hall, near which we saw a cage in which a wolf was confined, keeping alive the tradition that Rome's founders were suckled by a she-wolf. We then went on to the Theatre of Marcellus, begun by Julius Cæsar and completed by Augustus, the arches of the outer wall of which are now employed as workshops. An insignificant round building, supported by pillars with a roof of tiles, we found to be the celebrated Temple of Vesta, where holy fire was kept burning day and night. Then, passing through St. Paul's gate, we came to the church dedicated to him. Though it is nothing particular to look at from outside, it was the best of all the churches we had yet seen. The interior is of vast dimensions, the transept being supported by columns of marble, granite and other materials of the costliest description. These columns, numbering about eighty, are very tall, and the ceiling of the nave is richly adorned. The lapis-lazuli with which the altars are decorated was presented by the Tsar of Russia. In the nave and aisles, and above the transept, are a series of portrait-medallions of all the Popes,

in beautiful mosaic work. After this we purchased tickets admitting us to the Catacombs, and, descending below the surface, where repairs were going on, we found ourselves surrounded by the bodies of men and women who had died thousands of years ago, the roads leading to their subterranean abodes being still in good condition. Martyrs are buried in graves situated under arches, and two or more lamps, on branching brackets, illumine these vaults. The whole is calculated to inspire one with fearsome awe. Every one who descends there has to carry a lighted candle. A workman conducted us round, and there were so many different paths right and left that I wondered how he managed to come out again without losing his way. The Catacombs extend round the city in a circle, the passages running one above another. On our way back we saw a small chapel, called *Domine, Quo Vadis?* which means, " Lord, whither art Thou going? " This is the place where St. Peter, who was fleeing from a martyr's death, is alleged to have met Jesus Christ after His Resurrection, and to have been told by the Master not to leave Rome on account of persecutions by Nero, as other Christians were also suffering. Whereupon St. Peter, ashamed of his weakness, returned and was duly beheaded.

I noticed some women carrying water from the street pumps to their houses in vessels of copper very similar to those one sees in India; in the fields the same agricultural implements are also used. Italians are more like Indians in their habits and ways than any other people; they are also poorer than other Europeans, often appearing to lack shoes, and I have seen more cripples and beggars here than at any other place in Europe. I suppose that there are few free hospitals and poorhouses, and that destitute persons have to wander about the streets soliciting alms.

CHAPTER XV

ITALY—NAPLES

We left Rome for Naples at about 7 o'clock in the evening. The country is flat, but vines abound. They are planted in quite a different way to that which I am accustomed to see, being placed in a straight line, with small aqueducts near by to supply them with water; in India this system might be successfully employed.

We reached Naples at 11.45, and drove at once to the Bertolini Palace Hotel. We saw a light in the far distance, on the top of a hill, and Major Benn jokingly said he believed that was our destination; this turned out to be the fact! The drive from the station was interminably long; it always seems so when one has to drive for more than ten minutes to an hotel after a railway journey of six or seven hours, especially if it happens to be at night when one wants rest, and when, owing to darkness, it is impossible to see much of the place through which one is going. This hotel is situated on the top of a hill overlooking the Bay of Naples, and commands a magnificent view of the town. We went out on our balconies and took a survey of it by night; beautiful indeed was the open sea, and it made me wish that we could remain here a little longer.

The following day, October 7th, we drove through the city of Naples and the public gardens, both rendered very attractive by their palms and oriental trees. Proceeding by the seashore we reached the Aquarium, which has a fine collection of sea-life, and is considered to be the most interesting of its kind in the world. Here we saw many

curious creatures, such as the ink-fish, sea-horse, sea-scorpion, electric fish, octopus and coral insect. It is certainly well worth a visit. Afterwards we passed through the principal streets, noticing the old gateway and city walls. It is the custom in Naples for visitors to feed children, as well as old men and women, on macaroni, so we did the same thing, but I think this a practice not to be encouraged, for the Neapolitans are born beggars and very importunate. Whenever our carriage stopped in front of a macaroni shop, at least fifty men and boys surrounded it, every one demanding to be fed. They stood in a line, and the shopkeeper handed to each a dish containing macaroni and sugar; the mendicants pointed to this, and then at once proceeded to eat it. Major Benn threw a piece of money to some of these beggars, and about fifty of them fell on the ground, one above the other, fighting fiercely for it; we got away only after much difficulty, and made up our minds never to repeat the experiment. Beggars are numberless, nearly every boy who passed our carriage asked for something. These people generally demand "one penny," holding up a finger to make the visitor understand what they want. I detest mendicancy, as it degrades the human race.

There are as many as 365 churches in Naples, so we requested our guide to take us to the most important ones, as it was of course impossible to see all. He showed us first St. Philip's Church, which was originally the Temple of Jupiter, and two pillars still stand as they were in the time of the Pagans. Then we went to the Church of San Gennaro the Recumbent, where the first thing which catches the eye is the figure of Christ wrapped up in a shroud. Its sculptor has performed a wonderful feat, for the shape of the face, hands and legs is seen clearly through a marble shroud. It dates from 1553. Santa Chiara is a beautiful church, built of marble, originally erected by Robert the Wise, whose tomb is shown. A convent is attached to this church, which communicates with the back of the altar. It being a very strict Order, no male is allowed to enter, only nuns live there, and the building is protected by iron

wire and netting. Even the priest who says prayers for them does so through a barred and netted window.

The newspaper boys in Naples shout loudly one or two important items of news from the paper, whereas in London the headings are printed in large letters on placards. In Paris I heard boys and men calling the name of the paper only, whilst in Naples they have to give a summary of news. Separate boxes are used here for letters, newspapers and local letters only. The street hawkers are also very numerous. They carry their wares in small carts drawn chiefly by donkeys, and shout the names of the various things they have for sale. Public carriages are drawn by horses, donkeys and mules, having no bits but in their place a curious arrangement outside, consisting of long nobs, which stick out on either side of the horse's mouth, to which the reins are tied. I noticed here, too, an extraordinary combination of draught animals ; in one cart there were a horse, a mule, a donkey and a bullock, all harnessed together ; and it is not at all unusual to see four horses harnessed abreast ; the latter are small, but very fast goers. Italians are very cruel to their animals ; I have seen as many as ten or twelve persons in a small cart drawn by one horse or donkey. I think that the Government should put a stop to such abominations. The most noteworthy thing I observed in Italy was a number of public letter-writers, who sat in the streets with a small table and writing materials ; their business was to indite letters for the public, receiving in return some remuneration. This shows that the uneducated are almost as numerous as writers. I was reminded of the Indian petition writers, sitting outside a court-house, ready to swoop down on their prey. An ordinary scene in Naples may thus be summed up : the streets muddy, bad and all-pervading odours, adults unkempt, the children filthy, half-naked and deformed beggars everywhere, dirty shops decorated with figures of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary and the Crucifix.

We visited the Museum, which contains a comprehensive collection of the artistic treasures taken out of the buried city of Pompeii after excavation. The statues both of the

people who actually lived and of mythological figures are very good indeed. In one room we saw a man making models of figures in wax for reproduction in bronze, and in another one was copying the frescoes of Pompeii. Then we saw the whole system of making bronze statues, after which I bought a few figures and paintings.

The Bay of Naples is very beautiful, and in the distance the Island of Capri can be seen; if I had had time I should have liked to pay it a visit. On the left is Vesuvius; in fine weather one can plainly discern the smoke rising from its summit. The city of Naples is situated in a circular line on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea.

Our hotel was on the top of a mountain, and to reach it a lift was provided which took one minute from the bottom to the top, the depth of the cylinder being 245 feet. A small tunnel lighted by electricity had to be crossed before reaching it. The water-supply is somewhat defective; it is a pity the hotel people do not improve this convenience.

On the morning of October 8th we got up a little earlier than usual, as we intended visiting Pompeii, but we drove through the city first, and did not leave Naples till about nine. We were late for the train, but our guide undertook to tip the guard, and so it waited some time for us. The railway line runs through flat country, and near Naples we were actually on the sea. We reached Pompeii Station at a quarter to ten, and soon afterwards started to see the ruins. Nearly the whole town has been excavated; the roads are in good order and show the marks of the wheels of ancient carriages. At convenient distances, especially at the corners, high stepping-stones are placed, reaching from one side of the road to the other, and intended for the convenience of foot passengers in wet weather. I noticed that there was very little space between these stones, showing that the Pompeians had carriages, but that they were not drawn by fast-going animals. The temples are beautifully constructed, and look as though the Pompeians had learnt their style from India, or *vice versâ*, our temples having much the same architecture as those of Jupiter, Venus, Saturn and Hercules. There are two theatres, the larger of which is of very early origin, but

the smaller one is in better preservation. A peculiarity of these buildings are doors leading from the stage to the green-room, this being in accordance with the rules of the ancient drama. From this we went on to the wonderful baths; the hot-air bath has double walls and floors, between which steam diffused itself. We saw also the pipes of a water conduit constructed by the architect Fontana in 1592 and still in use, and our guide pointed out to us a building originally barracks for gladiators, around which were a number of detached cells in which they lived when practising for their combats.

The private houses were generally in good condition, and one in particular, supposed to be the best in the town, was exceptionally well preserved, and contained some fine frescoes and carving in marble. Pompeian houses always had an open court-yard, in the centre of which a small garden was laid out; a fountain was usually to be seen in every superior house. Then we visited the shops of wine vendors, butchers, bakers, etc., and at one place some mills used for grinding corn, noticing, too, arches erected in honour of Nero and other Roman Emperors. A museum contained articles of less value, such as lamps, vessels, etc. The statues and such things remain just as they were when the city was suddenly overwhelmed by ashes and lava from Vesuvius in 62 A.D. In the ashes, which were twenty-six feet deep, the dead bodies of cats, dogs, as well as of human beings, were found. Their bodies were imprinted on the ashes; by an ingenious experiment plaster of Paris was poured in, and the exact figure was presented as if it were moulded.

After taking luncheon at the hotel we left Pompeii for Vesuvius. The flies were numberless, and we could not sit inside, but had to come out in the open air. Our carriage had three horses, and an old man to drive us; I have never occupied such a bad carriage or sat behind such wretched steeds. We passed a village of the name of Torre Annunziato, where macaroni is made and exported to all parts of the world, poles being put up in the streets on which it is hung to dry. This is the staple food of the Italians, and they might well be imitated by other countries. As we neared Pugliano, the first electric tram station, a band of ten or

twelve people met us and followed us with music; these were joined by some boys who were partly attracted by the sound and partly by the hope of obtaining some money from us, so our following became very large. It was such an amusing scene that I shall hardly ever forget it. The driver was grinning, the boys shouting and the bandsmen playing lustily. Driving thus, like royalty, we reached Pugliano, and as the car was ready we lost no time in ascending the mountain. When nearing the second station, Eremo, we saw accumulation of lava, which Vesuvius had been pouring out during the past centuries. In 1872 there was an eruption which sent a great stream over the whole place, and everything which lay beneath it, even the stones, was burnt to a cinder. After staying a few seconds at Eremo we started again. From this place a cog-wheeled carriage was attached to our car, which took us to the funicular railway station, but owing to the last eruption, which had taken place in September and had demolished the upper station, the line was not in working order. From this point we had to take chairs, and began slowly to ascend. The chairs, just like ordinary ones, have two poles attached, between which a rope is slung; the latter is then supported on the shoulders of a man, two others holding the ends. It thus takes three men to carry a chair, and at every 100 yards or so the occupier has to walk up a few yards in order to give rest to the bearers, for the ascent is very steep, and these poor people have to work hard in order to earn their livelihood. By alternately walking and being carried, we at last reached the upper funicular station, which we found greatly damaged, the noble Vesuvius having thrown so many heavy stones that everything in the station had been broken in pieces, and two or three months would be required to put it in working order again. Meanwhile Messrs. Cook & Son had, of course, raised their tariff.

The weather was so changeable that we had little chance of seeing the surrounding country. We endeavoured to pursue our way towards the crater, but a mist came on and it rained so violently that we had to give up the idea. We were only a few hundred feet from it, and another fifteen

minutes' hard work would have taken us to the summit, but Major Benn, who had made the ascent before, told us that it was useless to go on, as one could not see anything except smoke, which comes out in big volumes. So Umrao Singh and I returned, and waited at the upper funicular station for Dr. Ramlal, who very boldly executed the difficult task of going to the very top of Vesuvius. There are very few, if any, Indian doctors who would have followed his example. But what a sight he was when he returned from his expedition! The wind was blowing very hard, and he had lost his hat, and so had to come back without it. In descending a mountain one has to sit facing backwards. It was about 5.30 when we reached the funicular station from whence we had started, and we found our boots full of cinder dust and small stones. Umrao Singh and Major Benn accomplished both the ascent and descent admirably. I cannot say that we enjoyed the trip; it was far from pleasant, the weather being bad and the mountain very steep. Despite an attack of sciatica Major Benn ran up like a goat! When we reached Pugliano we found our carriages waiting for us, and returned to the hotel, which we reached about 8 o'clock in the evening, tired out with our excursion. A heavy gale raged all night, and the sea was very rough; hard luck for ships on the sea!

On October 8th we visited the Royal Palace, a fine building, designed by the Roman architect Fontana in 1600. The stables are on the ground floor, where the state carriages are also kept. When the King comes here he brings both carriages and horses with him. The terrace is indescribably beautiful, and a fine view of the harbour and arsenal is obtained from it. A small garden is laid out here, with lovely creepers and lemon trees. A handsome square faces the palace, in the centre of which a fountain throws up water to a great height.

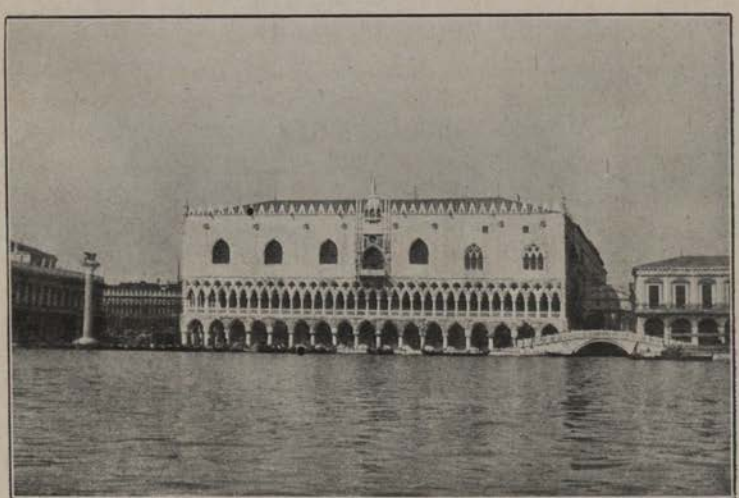
We left Naples at 3.30 p.m. The country is flat in some parts, and hilly in others. At Cancello Station I noticed travellers in a great hurry running and shouting to get places in our train, which I suppose was late, as Italian railway officials are very unpunctual, thinking nothing of being half

an hour behind time. The value of time decreases as one proceeds further East; in England it is thought as valuable as money, if not more so, but this is not the case in the East. We returned to Rome at 8.40, when we had dinner in the restaurant, which was magnificently furnished. Chianti wine is drunk in Italy just as beer is partaken of in Germany.

At 11 o'clock on the night of October 9th we left Rome for Venice. The following morning, when we got up, we found ourselves in a very picturesque country. There were many high mountains covered with snow, and rivers were pouring down volumes of muddy water, for it had been raining ever since we left Naples. The worst thing about these trains is that you can never get a bath; if one could only be attached, as restaurant cars are, it would remove a great many difficulties and render journeys far more comfortable. I think the P. & O. and the Orient Express should add this one blessing to the comforts which one gets when travelling by their wonderful trains.

We reached Mestra at 2.45, where we had to change for Venice, proceeding thence on a raised road over a series of bridges with water on either side, and arriving at Venice about 3 p.m. At the station we found a gondola awaiting us, which took us to the Grand Hotel, where we changed and bathed after our long, weary journey. The gondolas are long wooden boats, with a small low-roofed cabin, accommodating four persons, and are generally painted black, in accordance with a law passed in the fifteenth century. Before that time people had begun to spend enormous sums of money on gondolas, even using costly jewels and precious stones; this lavishness was considered injurious to the State, and the Government ordered that all gondolas should be painted black, so as to give little or no chance of extravagance. To an unaccustomed eye they look very sombre, as if the people were in mourning. These boats are shaped just like a common canoe, except that the two ends are a little raised and covered in with wood on the upper side. Their length is from twenty-five to thirty feet, and they are six feet broad in the middle and towards the ends, where the sides meet. There is no rudder to steer with, but a man with a

VENICE, ST MARK'S



THE DOGE'S PALACE

long oar does everything. The prow is furnished with a wooden shaft two feet in height, with six or seven small sticks placed horizontally at right angles. These gondolas require only one or two men to navigate them. There are no carriages or horses in Venice, gondolas taking their place, and every kind of business being carried on by them. Our hotel was situated on the Grand Canal, which may be called the principal street of Venice.

In the evening we went round the city in a gondola, getting out at the Piazza San Marco, or St. Mark's Square, where stood the Church of San Salvatore, the Clock Tower, the Doge's Palace, and the old Mint, which now contains St. Mark's Library. Then we made a complete tour, passing under various bridges and through many canals, before returning to the hotel. Whilst at dinner we heard some men singing to an accompaniment of stringed musical instruments, and were told that they were outside the hotel in a gondola. The Italians are really born musicians. Every evening parties go round to sing outside the various hotels and places frequented by travellers. From our room we enjoyed their music greatly. The few motor-boats to be seen here are private ones, but there is a regular service of steamboats which run every ten minutes on the Grand Canal; this is a great comfort, and enables people to get from one place to another with little expense and trouble. In front of every house are wooden posts, to which gondolas are tied; these were formerly the distinguishing marks of the palaces of the nobles, and even now are often painted with the heraldic colours of their owners.

Next morning we visited the Palace of the "Doge," or Chief Magistrate, of the old Venetian Republic, who was elected for life. In the court-yard there are two wells with bronze mouths, used for storing rainwater for drinking purposes, as all the canals which intersect Venice contain salt, being connected with the sea. The flight of steps, or "Grand Staircase" as it is called, by which the palace is entered, is very artistic, and at its head stand two figures of Mars and Neptune. The remains of the lofty Campanile Tower, which fell down a few years ago, are kept there, as the authorities

are having a new one erected, on which the original ornamental carvings will be replaced. The guide showed us letter boxes used by the people of the eleventh century, and termed the "Lions' Mouths." There was a separate box for each sort of complaint. If one wished to say anything against the Government, religion, and so on, a special box was provided for the purpose, and the Doge used to open only those which contained letters addressed to himself. The writer was not supposed to sign his name. Very little importance is attached nowadays to anonymous correspondence, though there are still some persons who are intimidated by it. In the Anticollegio there is a beautiful painting in which gondolas of different colours are depicted. We next visited the "Room of the Ten," where as many judges used to sit and try culprits. Moving on, we came to the Appellate Court, where three members heard appeals against the Ten. This was the highest Court, and when the punishment was confirmed by it, its decision was considered as final. Two of its members were elected from among the Ten, one being an outsider. The two used to dress in black, and their faces were veiled in order that they might not be known to each other, and pure justice be done. The floor of this room is of an intricate design; people come from all parts of the world to copy it in glass, china, mosaic or wood. Our guide next conducted us to the Council House, where four members used to sit. In this room we saw one of the largest paintings in the world; it had been taken out to be repaired, and stood in the middle of the room. It contained many figures, yet each one was faithfully depicted. Here also are portraits of twenty-eight Doges in succession, and among them is one of Mariano Faliero, who, wishing to become king, concocted a conspiracy against the Republic. His design becoming known, he was imprisoned, and finally beheaded on the 17th April, 1355. Over his portrait a black cloth is painted, indicating that his portrait was not thought worthy to be with those of other Doges who loyally served the state. There is a great picture by Tintoretto in this room, whilst in the Voting Chamber we saw one by Palma

VENICE, THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

OUR GONDOLA

Giovane of the "Last Judgment." As a joke this painter portrayed his wife in all three places—Paradise, Hell and Purgatory, for he did not know exactly where to put her! This was a clever compromise. We went into the balcony from which the Doge used to proclaim his election; it was at the head of the Grand Staircase, where Mars and Neptune stand, that he used to be crowned for life. In the Room of Seals we found a map of the world painted on parchment by Fra Marco in 1549. Taking into consideration the difficulties they had at that time, the map is certainly very good; and the priest did not forget to include India in it. I was surprised to see that the caps worn by the Doges were just like the *Khagdar* which are still used in Haraoti by old-fashioned people. I am unprepared to say whether India took it from Venice, or the reverse. Then we walked over the "Bridge of Sighs." It stands between the Jail and the Doge's Palace; the latter is now more of a museum than anything else, but the jail is still in use; there are two different corridors for common and for political criminals respectively, as these were not allowed to mix with the others; even when they were taken to the Court of Justice they went by separate passages. We went through some of the dungeons in the Doge's Palace which are not now used; they were square rooms without any light, and with only a hole near the door through which food was handed in to the prisoners. We saw one in which Lord Byron spent three nights in order to experience the gloom of a dungeon. Although one cannot conceive the real feelings excited when one goes there for only a short period, it is not difficult to imagine the despair of a man who has been condemned for life to be a prisoner there, or awaits execution. In these dungeons the same difference was made between political offenders and common criminals, the latter having a wooden bed and the inside of his room being lined with wood, whilst the others were devoid of any comfortable furniture.

After lunch we went out for a row in a gondola. We started from the Grand Canal, and, passing under an iron bridge of one span, reached the showrooms of Salviati & Co. This firm is one of the best in Venice for glass work,

and has a very extensive business. The manager went round with us and showed us a really wonderful collection of glassware of every description. We saw some beautiful china articles too; wood carving is also done here. In one room was a complete suite of bed, chairs, sofas, etc., all made of glass, and in another, some bronze figures. Most interesting, too, was the mosaic work, some of the pictures being to my mind better then paintings. The figures and scenery are painted first; then a drawing is made, on which small bits of glass of different colours are put together by means of paste; and when the article is ready, cement is poured on it. The cemented side is then applied to the wall or ceiling, and when it is washed the paper with the drawing vanishes and the fine mosaic work comes out. Re-entering our gondolas we rowed past the Rialto Bridge, rendered world-famous by Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and went to St. Mark's Square, where we had coffee, following this up with a look at the shops, which are splendid.

After dinner we went to the Teatro Malibran, where the opera "Ali Baba" was being performed in Italian. I never enjoyed a theatre for such a small sum of money in my life; we paid only five francs for a box which held four persons, *plus* a 2.50 franc admission-fee. On the Continent the latter fee is invariably demanded, but the practice is quite unknown in England. The building is large enough to seat about 2,000 people, and the scenery was very fair though not quite first-class. The principal actors sang very well indeed, and when the scenery was changed every lamp was extinguished, and in an incredibly short time the whole setting was altered; I was really much pleased with the whole show. I noticed, though, that the story had few features in common with the *Arabian Nights*; it had been cooked up to suit the Italian taste. The plot ran as follows: When Kasim entered the robbers' cave he could not get out again, and the robbers came and caught him red-handed. Instead of killing him, they handed him over to one of their number, and elicited all the information from him they could against Ali Baba. Two brigands disguised themselves as clerks and

VENICE, THE RIALTO

A WEDDING PARTY

obtained employment from Ali Baba as his secretaries; then the other robbers came to kill him. A war-dance followed, in which a woman dancer also wanted to kill Ali Baba, but at that moment Morgiana came forward and saved his life, and then the police appeared on the scene and caught the robbers. Kasim's wife (who was under the impression that her husband was dead) was delighted to find him alive again. When Kasim did not return from the cave, Ali Baba went after him and brought back his clothes. The chief of the robbers ordered one of his men to kill Kasim, but the latter said that if he obeyed this order he (the robber) would be sent to hell; so the robber disguised Kasim and took him to his chief as a candidate for admission to their band, and the chief not recognizing him, he was admitted as one of them. In every act a ballet and dances were introduced. The same thing is done in France and Germany; they do not care to have their feelings outraged by a tragedy, and if there be one they cry and sob frantically.

The following afternoon we inspected a school maintained by the San Rocco Society. It occupies part of a large building, where the society holds its sittings; members are admitted, who have to pay a certain sum of money according to their means, the chief object of this society being to help the poor; there are various good paintings, and the wood carving is also very fine, particularly noticeable being some books in the hall carved in wood, which look very real. There is a small door to the altar, made of bronze by Giovani Marchori, the work of which is most artistic.

On October 12th we went in a gondola to see the Church of San Marco. In the square visitors were feeding pigeons; we also bought some *makka* to feed them with. They are so tame that they will sit upon one's hand, head or shoulder, and are not afraid even of strangers; no one is allowed to kill them; the law is strict in this respect. The façade of San Marco is very handsome, and from outside looks like a Mohammedan mosque. The figures of Christ and of the saints are done in mosaic. This church dates from the ninth century, but was rebuilt a century later. The high altar has four pillars of marble upholding a canopy, and is well

worth close inspection. Two transparent pillars of alabaster (said to have been taken from King Solomon's temple) adorn a second behind the high altar, and the "Pala d'Oro," or cloth of gold, which covers the latter is simply magnificent. The whole altar is of gold, and mosaics upon it represent the figures of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. Large and valuable stones are set in the altar-piece, but diamonds are not included among them, as our guide told us that they were unknown in Venice when it was made. In the sacristy the ceiling is painted with so much taste that numbers of artists come to study it, and even now they find new ideas in the decorations. We looked at it for some time, and could distinguish different and beautiful designs. Here are kept the robes of the priests and registers of births, marriages and deaths. We also saw the Treasury, where there are some very fine precious stones, old glassware and cut agate. From the Baptistery we entered Cardinal Zeno's chapel, where there are very beautiful bronze statues. On the façade of the church stand four bronze gilt horses which once belonged to Nero's triumphal arch. Close to San Marco's is a clock tower, built in the fifteenth century; the hours and minutes change in figures every five minutes, the hours in Roman figures and the minutes in ordinary numbers. The dial presents the signs of the zodiac, and a golden sun travels across it as he actually does in the heavens. There is also a moon which shows its different phases.

After luncheon we went to the Island of St. George, where we saw the Church of San Giorgi Maggiore, built in the Palladian style; it is very simple inside, but there is a fine group of bronze statues on the altar. The wood carving in the choir is exceptionally good, and should not be missed. Then we went over Jesurum & Co.'s lace manufactory. First of all we saw a room in which fifty beginners were working, the progress of each girl depending on her taste and intelligence; some learn the work in a very short time. The lace is fabricated in two different ways; one kind is made solely by needles, and in the other bobbins are used. Passing on to the show-rooms, we found therein ten different

departments, such as handkerchiefs, lace collars and cuffs, dresses, curtains, table cloths and napkins, cushions and other things. At this place they also make silks, velvet and tapestry. We saw a very good collection of silks, and one of the workers who took us round explained how they were made. It is most interesting to see them working; the sound of the bobbins and the chattering of the girls was quite sweet, and some of them were very young and had such innocent faces. I think that Indians should take this trade in hand; in Lucknow and Delhi they already know how to make lace, and they might well improve on their methods by study at Venice.

After dinner we went out in a gondola on the Grand Canal. There was no noise except the rippling of the waves, and a splash here and there from other gondolas. The sky was clear, but the moon was absent, and so it was dark, but there was sufficient light from the stars which were shining in a clear sky. There were not many lamps, and I cannot say that the canal was lighted like Piccadilly, but there were a few, which showed that the town was inhabited; except for these there were no signs of human life, no rush, no rattling of 'buses, no clatter of cab horses' hoofs, and no sound of motor-car horns. It was a perfect night; Major Benn felt very sleepy, but I never remember having enjoyed an outing more than I did this. I shall be very sorry to leave Venice.

Next morning, October 13th, we visited the Picture Gallery, which contains a good collection of paintings old and new. On our way back we saw the Rialto Square, which is very ancient, and in it stands the oldest church of Venice, as well as a pillar on which any new law or act of the Republic used to be published, being at the same time proclaimed in St. Mark's Square. This column is ascended by a stair, under which a "Gobbo" hunchback stands. In this square is shown the shop of Shylock, who sold the bond written by Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice." Then we walked over the Rialto Bridge, which is the only stone one on the Grand Canal. Major Benn went to the British Consul to get our passports for Greece. These officials are of two sorts. His Britannic Majesty's Consul is a servant of the State, paid by

the Government, who does not receive fees from people, and there is also a commercial consul not paid by Government, but living on the fees he gets from the public. The day being fine we took photographs during the morning, and after luncheon started in a motor boat for the islands. We passed St. George's Island, one on which an asylum for the insane had been built, and at a little distance from it a similar house for insane women. The sun was shining brightly, and the sky was clear, so we could see the more distant islands, which looked very picturesque. A high church tower amid a few trees made one island look like a ship surrounded by water. We came next to the island of San Lazaro, where there is a college for the education of Armenian priests. One of the fathers, P. Nuri Khan, took us round and showed us everything. Here reside about thirty young men studying for the priesthood. They remain until the age of twenty-two, after which they are sent away to some other place. Their chief aim is to spread civilization, and preach against the Mohammedan religion, as the Christian Armenians are very much persecuted by the Sultan of Turkey. We went over their museum, containing a good collection of antiquities, also some old books written on parchment and painted by hand. The father then took us to a room where there were some astronomical and electrical instruments, among them being a telescope which brings the moon 900 times nearer, but as the moon was not visible we could not use it. He showed us the church, refectory and kitchen, and very kindly took us to the printing room, where some books written in Armenian were under preparation. Father Nuri Khan told us that their press worked in twenty-eight different languages, and also that Armenian corresponds more nearly with Sanskrit than with any other tongue. Then we wandered round the garden, and saw the place where Lord Byron used to hold converse with the priests, and where, in a corner with three trees, he wrote " Childe Harold." We finished up by going to the book repository, where I bought a few books, and then after thanking our kind guide we rowed to the Lido, a bathing resort on the Adriatic Sea. On this island we saw a horse tramway and a few carriages; these conveyances looked

VENICE, LORD BYRON'S SEAT

CORFU

quite strange to us, as for the last four or five days we had seen nothing except gondolas. From the landing-place we drove to a spot where a number of people were having tea and enjoying the view of the sea which spread, unbounded, for miles before them. After taking some refreshment we left this beautiful island and made for Murano, rowing past many others and new districts which are being reclaimed from the sea. There is also a very long breakwater which keeps the sea out when there is a storm. At Murano we went over the glass works of Salviati and Jesurum & Co. The managers were all most polite, and gave us any information we desired, and a skilled workman in the factory, who was making a vase with great care, showed us every detail. If one could start a glass factory on a big scale in India it would do a great deal of good, as there is so much demand for glassware.

We left Murano and rowed through the lagoon, where fishermen were putting out their lines. The gondoliers are very self-respecting; they do not quarrel among themselves as cabmen and coachmen do. They are gentle, but the motor boats test their patience, as they think that these noisy, swiftly travelling craft will take the place of their gondolas. From our boat we saw the railway line which joins Venice with the mainland. The length of this line, which runs over a series of bridges, is 3,400 metres, and there are 120 arches. Then we came into the Grand Canal, and on into the Jewish quarters, to the house in which it is said Shylock used to live. At that time the Jews had separate quarters, and were not allowed to live in any other part of the city; what injustice it was for them!

Whilst we were at dinner we heard music coming from a boat below, in front of the hotel restaurant, which was lighted with Chinese lanterns. About a dozen men and women were playing musical instruments and singing at the same time. There are three parties who come in turns, and a man goes round with a hat to collect money from visitors. They sing so well that it is a treat to hear them in the stillness of the night. Visitors were sitting quietly on the terrace of the hotel listening to the music; this the gondoliers did not

approve of, so they began to make a noise, and the musicians had to row out into the middle of the canal, where the visitors soon followed them in gondolas. We also went for a row in ours, and stopped near a musical party to listen. Some of the Italian songs are similar to certain Indian tunes, and the manner of singing is much the same as ours. In Paris I heard an actress at the opera singing like our *Kalawats*, who was much admired, and people said that there are few who could equal her. We listened to another party at the Grünwald Restaurant, and afterwards went on as far as St. Mark's Square, which is very beautiful. All the high towers on Venice lean to one side or the other, as the foundations are not strong enough. The houses in Venice are like those of Amsterdam, every one being built on piles of wood. Long poles are driven into the mud with the help of a weight which is supported by a scaffolding and allowed to fall on the poles. In this way a platform is made, and then the work of building begins; to keep the building intact, iron poles or bars are put through the walls and screwed down. A house may lean to one side, but there is no chance of its falling.

The following morning we visited the Museo Civico, which belongs to the town. The most interesting things in it are the mouths of old wells. As Venice is surrounded by the sea, people had to drink rain water all the year round, but now there is a regular water-supply brought into the town from the mountains, which are twenty miles distant. The sanitary arrangements are like those of Germany; all the filth and dirt accumulates in deep pits, and every six months or so they are cleared out and the refuse used as manure. No one is allowed to throw anything into the water. The roofs of most of the houses here are covered with tiles, such as one sees in India; and every window has a balcony, whereas in other Italian towns there are very few balconies.

After luncheon we went to a place where gondolas are made. In a corner stands an old-fashioned house; this has been bought by the Government and will be kept as it was. The walls of the house are made of wooden planks and the roof is of red tiles, which have become black owing to long

exposure to the action of sun, rain and wind. Here many gondolas were lying face downwards, and one was actually in course of construction. There is a fixed measure for gondolas; a model of one is attached to the ground at the workshop, and each part of a gondola is made to correspond exactly with this model; in this way the length, breadth and height are uniform. They are all covered with black paint, which counteracts the action of the sea water on the wood, and every month have to be scraped and a new coat of paint put on them. One gondola costs about 300 francs, and will last for a century. The bottom is flat, and consequently there is more safety in a gondola than in a boat which is otherwise constructed. For repairs, hemp and flax are used which, by means of an iron chisel and a hammer, are forced into the crevices, and then a coating of paint is put on. The headquarters of the gondoliers is by the column of St. Theodore, who stands on a crocodile. St. Theodore was the protector of Venice before St. Mark was brought over from Egypt. When this Saint was in Egypt a band of brigands attacked him, and he managed to escape from them by standing on a crocodile in the Nile, which took him to the other bank in safety. On the corresponding pillar stands the bronze Lion of St. Mark.

On the Continent generally the English word "Hulloa!" is used when one wants to attract the attention of another person at the telephone or elsewhere, but in Italy they have their own expressions.

On the morning of October 15th we visited the Arsenal. One has to pay something to be allowed to go inside this building. There is a collection of ships of all periods, among these being a very good model of the craft which the Doges used on the occasion of the "Marriage of the Sea," a ceremony performed on Ascension Day every year, on which occasion a ring especially made for the purpose was thrown into the Adriatic, as a symbol of Venice's supremacy; this was a great festival in olden days. Here, too, were the remains of a Mohammedan ship, captured by the Venetians at the battle of Lepanto, 1571; as well as some flags and standards taken at Corfu; these are all preserved

to show the power which the Venetians formerly possessed. An interesting model, too, is one showing the system of piles on which the city is built. On our way back we took a photograph of the "Calabria," an Italian battleship.

In Italy generally people drink Chianti wine, but in Venice they drink "Nostrano," which means "our wine," though it is made near Padua. The famous Portia, Shakespeare's heroine in the "Merchant of Venice," is said to have lived at Padua, but the house in which Desdemona, the heroine of "Othello," is supposed to have lived is not far from our hotel, in fact only a few feet away. Gondoliers have peculiar cries for warning their fellow boatmen. If one wants to go to his right he says "Premi," to his left "Stali," and straight on "De lingo." When they stop they say "Sisa." These people are really very good, and can be fully trusted; all of them have pleasant faces.

We left this lovely city for Brindisi at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and travelled to Mestre over a long series of bridges. From the viaduct we could see the place where we had rowed the previous night and the islands we had visited; now the time had come to say good-bye to this beautiful town, and I did so with much sorrow. We reached Rovigo at about 5 o'clock. The country was flat but the soil very rich, and there was plenty of vegetation. After a time we stopped at Pontelagoscuro, a fine place with many factories; a fairly good-sized river flows by it, and there is also a bridge of boats. Bologna was not reached until 7 o'clock, about forty minutes late; we had, therefore, no time to get any food at the restaurant, so the attendant wired to Rimini to have four dinners ready, which we were only too glad to find when we got there. Italian railways are very badly managed, and nobody takes any notice of one's requirements. The people generally are very backward in education.

Upon rising on the morning of October 16th we found ourselves in a country devoid of any picturesqueness or beauty; it was just like Spain. On both sides of the line vines were growing, and olive trees shaded them from the sun, but the country was rugged and broken. We could see the Adriatic Sea, as this railway travels along its coast.

From Bari we could discern the Marconi wireless telegraphic station. Marconi is a wonderful man, and is still quite young; no doubt before long he will present the world with more inventions.

We reached Brindisi at 12.20, and drove to the Grand Hôtel International, which is the best there. This place abounds with beggars, thieves and dirty loafers; the hotels are inferior, in fact devoid of every species of comforts. It is difficult to realize that, 1,900 years ago, Brindisi was very much what Liverpool and Glasgow are for the British Empire —an emporium of trade and a main artery of communication between East and West. *Sic transit*! Visitors are mere birds of passage. When they come by train they sometimes find no steamer waiting for them, and have an hour or so to spare for sight seeing; but arrivals by steamer make for the P. & O. special train, which always stands with steam up a few feet from the quay. It was two hours behind time that day, so the corresponding steamer will be proportionately late in starting for Port Said.

After a poor luncheon we went for a drive; the horses are small and ill nourished; one can count their very bones. A boy in the street struck one of our pair with a stone; such little rascals should be punished severely; they give annoyance to the visitors and are a disgrace to the town. We saw some ruins of the great Roman period, and then drove to a Christian church which was built some 500 years ago; it has a very curious porch over the main portal. A little further on we came to a farm, where we alighted. A woman with some girls invited us to enjoy fruit from their trees; she gave us some very fine figs, which she picked for us, and afterwards a bunch of grapes. She had a vegetable garden and a well, the inside of which was covered with maiden-hair fern. These poor folk were very hospitable, and we felt quite at home in their company. They live on bread and vegetables, maize being their staple food. On our way to the church we saw a castle where 900 convicts are imprisoned. We also visited a place where wine was being made; the grapes are put in a large vat and allowed to ferment for five days; then people crush them with their feet, and the juice

runs into casks through pipes of coarse cloth. They also make a sweet variety of wine from perfectly ripe grapes. The place was very dirty; if one saw how this wine is made no one would drink it. We passed through extensive vineyards on each side of the road. Our train was late owing to others which were going up country laden with wine; there is but one pair of rails, and the ordinary trains have to run on it.

The S.S. "Drepano," of 2,000 tons burden, in which we were going to Athens, was standing in front of our hotel. We left the latter at 11 o'clock, and were on deck in two minutes' time. A party of musicians came on board, composed of a man, boy and girl of eight. The adult played a guitar and the others mandolines. Italians take to music as ducks to water; it comes by nature to them. The girl played the mandoline beautifully. In India, alas, musical talent is rarely cultivated.

CORFU, BRITISH DESTROYERS

ATHENS, TEMPLE OF VICTORY

CHAPTER XVI

GREECE

At 5 p.m. on October 17th our ship weighed anchor and steamed into the Adriatic Sea. On rising at 8 a.m. next day I found the mainland on our left, and the Ionian Islands on our right. An hour later Corfu came into sight, and Albania in Turkey on the opposite quarter. This latter country is very mountainous, with few trees on the slopes, proving that its soil is poor, or perhaps neglected.

After a run of twelve hours from Brindisi, our steamer anchored in the harbour of Corfu, and a good many boats came alongside to take visitors ashore. We embarked in one without Dr. Ramlal, who stands in mortal dread of a steep ladder, and drove to the Grand Hotel St. George for luncheon. It was a strange coincidence that the manager of this and the Egerland Hotel at Marienbad were one and the same person. He recognized us at once, and did all in his power to make us comfortable. We enjoyed an excellent luncheon, as did some fellow-passengers, Mr. and Mrs Mowbray Howard, whose acquaintance we had made on board. Corfu belonged to the English from 1815 till 1864, when Mr. Gladstone's administration ceded it to Greece. In that year a German king was superseded by the reigning monarch, who is a brother of our Queen Alexandra. Its area is comparatively small, but the scenery is beautiful and the soil extremely fertile. We drove through the capital town ; the houses are only one-storeyed, except hotels and shops, some of which are four or five in height. In ancient times it was known as "Pyrgos." We saw the grave of Menekrates, who was

drowned and buried there. A Byzantine saint's body is taken round the town thrice a year with great pomp, and a fair is held on each occasion. The holy corpse is kept in a silver coffin in the church of St. Spiridion. Vegetation is very prolific, and sub-tropical plants grow in abundance, though the climate is not wholly suitable to them; I saw in the Royal Garden palm trees bearing fruit, but they did not ripen to perfection. They reminded me of Bombay, where, however, palms render excellent fruit. Geraniums grow wild here. The people seemed to be of different types, but generally poor; boys and girls run after visitors' carriages with a few flowers, in hopes of having coppers thrown to them. We saw the Palace, which was originally built by General Adam, Lord High Commissioner during the British régime. The King of the Hellenes occupies it for two months of each year. It is well proportioned, with a splendid view of the sea and the Albanian coast. The garden is spacious, and full of brilliant flowers. In a state bed-chamber I observed some interesting calligraphy. When King George is here and his relations come to stay with him, it is customary for them to write their names on a glass door attached to a wardrobe, or *almirah*. Among the autographs I saw those of our late King Emperor, who cut the word "Eddy" with a diamond; of Queen Alexandra, "George" (Prince of Wales), and several Russian Royalties. There are places for sea-bathing near the Palace. Thence we drove to Canone, from which a grand view of the harbour is obtained, and of small islands in the sea beyond it. One of them is called the "Mouse Island," another the "Ship of Ulysses." The villas and villages on the slope of the mountains look very picturesque. In order to reach Canone we drove along a winding circular road which passes through groves of olive and orange trees. On our way back to the hotel we saw Persian roses growing wild, and hedges consisting of beautiful flowering plants. At one place we bought a few oranges, which are grown here in abundance. Our carriage passed a two-storeyed house in which some lads were being taught the rudiments of knowledge. The schoolmaster was a priest of the Greek Church, and the pupils were committing their

lessons to memory just as they do in India. This dominie resembled a street chestnut-seller in London. Then we drove by a famous avenue, which does not deserve its reputation, to an old fortress, now used for barracks, where some recruits were going through the first military exercises. After buying a few photographs of Corfu, we returned to our boat, which left at 4.20 p.m. Four or five British men-of-war were anchored in the harbour. We had observed the crews enjoying themselves after a boisterous fashion on shore ; some of them were drunk and being carried shoulder-high by their friends, others were seated at a table with wine in front of them. When a fleet comes into port after a long cruise the sailors get their pay, and spend most of it in wine and folly. I saw some of them driving about in carriages ; they were smartly dressed, and seemed to be good-hearted fellows. The island of Corfu is long, and for a considerable time we did not lose sight of it. At 6 p.m. supper was served in the dining-saloon, when the captain came down from the bridge. After we left Corfu a slight breeze sprang up, and the ship began to be lively. I could not take any food, but ran up on deck and lay down on one of the ventilators and covered myself with a rug. As we proceeded, the rage of the storm increased, and the ship began to pitch violently. I remained glued to my place. When the steamer rounded Corfu she rolled terribly, and the waves struck her with such force that I half expected her to break up. Every minute I feared she would ship a great sea, which would make a clean sweep of the decks, my poor self included. I do not remember such a storm before. Rain came down in torrents, and there was hardly any person on board who did not get sick. As I lay still, without getting up, I did not suffer. Dr. Ramlal, too, was proof against sea-sickness, but he did not come to us on deck, as the ship was pitching heavily. Two or three times he tried to do so, but was so overpowered by the motion that he could not stand, much less climb stairs.

At 4 a.m. on October 18th the storm began to abate, and I was able to move towards my cabin. On reaching the top of the staircase I encountered an awful odour, a

by-product of the gale. In spite of this unpleasantness, a craving for sleep compelled me to push onwards, and in a few minutes I was locked in slumber. I got up again very shortly, as we had to land at Patras at 7 o'clock, but our steamer was late, and we did not arrive till 7.50, when the train left for Athens. Mr. Wood, the British Consul, came in a boat from one of the torpedo-destroyers; two European officials also came to receive me, and in a very short time we were in the Grand Hotel at Patras, which belongs to Messrs. T. Cook & Son. I never met with such bad accommodation anywhere. To start with, there was no bath-room, the fare was poor and scanty, and everything in the worst possible condition. Mr. Wood informed me that three weeks ago one of the destroyers sank with all hands; she was going at full speed, when suddenly she began to wobble, and in seven minutes went to the bottom. Divers are at work, as the Government wishes to find out what was wrong with the boat. The crews of other destroyers are naturally anxious, for there must be some radical defect in construction if these vessels can disappear without having suffered apparent injury. Patras is one of the principal ports of Greece. It is possible to travel by sea for some distance up the gulf, but we took the railway. The town is a small one, but electric trams are running and much frequented, as the roads are very rough on wheeled traffic. In front of the hotel I noticed a row of ten or twelve cobblers, *Chamars*, as we should say; I had never seen such a collection of shoemakers at one place. Many of the people wore the picturesque Albanian costume. It includes white skirts, just like the *Jamas* one sees in India, but the Albanian skirts come only down to the knee, whereas our *Jama* reaches the ankles. There is another curious thing about this dress; it has two extra sleeves which hang down behind; I do not know whether they serve any useful purpose. The further east one goes, the more one finds people dirty and dowdy in their habits. We left Patras about noon, Mr. Wood came to see me off; he is really most courteous, and did everything possible to make us comfortable. The railway passes along a range of stately mountains, those of the Albanian coast being especially

beautiful. The stations on this line are very small, and no sort of order is maintained by the officials. I saw scores of people jumping on the foot-board and travelling with the train for a considerable distance, yet no one seemed to take any notice of them. The trains go at a very low speed, something like those on our Rajputana-Malwa line. As we left Patras two fortresses came in sight; they were used in ancient times to protect the gulf from an enemy's attacks. Towards the evening we arrived at Corinth; the modern town is newly built and every house is of one storey, but remains of ancient grandeur show that Corinth was once a glorious city. Then we crossed a canal which was begun in the time of the Emperor Nero, to pierce the narrow neck of land which separates the Morea from Greece proper; traversed groves of olive trees well laden with fruit, and vines planted so thickly that one wondered how the produce is disposed of. Grapes are consequently very cheap. In this country, horse conveyances and ploughs are of much the same shape that one sees in India. Education is evidently at a low ebb; the higher authorities should pay more attention to this. At the station we found a shop for the sale of fruit and drinks, and at every stoppage passengers rushed out to purchase.

We reached Athens at 8 p.m. Mr. Desgraz, the First Secretary of Legation, was waiting for me with a state carriage, in which I drove to the Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre, where a few minutes later the British Minister, Sir Francis Elliot, called upon me. After our long journey from Venice to this place we were compelled to rest awhile, for we had not had any decent food these last few days; we therefore settled down here for a spell, as the hotel was a good one. The manager went to meet us at the station, and a red cloth was spread for me on the steps and pavement leading to our carriage. On October 19th I paid a return visit to Sir Francis Elliot at the Legation. We sat in the library, and, in course of conversation, he gave me a book to read on "Ancient Athens," by Gardner. We returned to the hotel to change our top-hats and frock-coats, and before visiting the lions of Athens, first saw a gate built in the year 140 A.D.

by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, who divided the city of Athens into two quarters, the inner one for Romans and the outer for Greeks. We next went to the Temple of Jupiter, which is quite near. A few stupendous columns alone remain standing, and one fell down about fifty years ago. The pillars and the carving of the capitals is very good indeed. From this temple the Acropolis and other hills can be seen. Then we proceeded to the Panathenaion Stadium, or race-course, which is under construction. A sum of 6,000,000 francs, equivalent to 36 lakhs of rupees, has been given for the purpose by M. Averof, who is a wealthy Greek merchant of Alexandria. The guide told us that within two months the building would be completed. The stand can hold 60,000 spectators, and marble is the only material employed throughout. The original Stadium was built by Lycurgus in the year 630 B.C., and the outdoor international "Olympian Games" will be held here next year. Near the Stadium there is a round building which used to display a panorama of the Siege of Paris in 1870, but the paintings were bought by an American and removed to the United States of America. We drove past the Palace of the Crown Prince, who is temporarily Regent. The road in front of the Palace is lined with pepper trees, which bear fruit, but the pepper-corns do not ripen; perhaps the climate is not hot enough for them. The Royal Palace is visible from our hotel. It is a heavy building, with no gardens visible, situated on a prominence where the slope is covered with yellow earth. In front of the Palace there is a square, where bands play on certain evenings for the amusement of the public. There are no electric tramways in this city, but wretched looking horses drag vehicles running on rails. The Greeks do not breed horses, and so have to look to other countries for their draught animals. The people are fond of out-of-doors life, and generally sit outside the cafés, chattering and consuming preserves, coffee, etc. They seem poor, but active and fond of discussion. The roads are badly kept, and seldom or never watered. No doubt there is some deficiency of fresh water, but the sea is comparatively near, and might supply what is needed. After lunching we

drove to the Acropolis, or ancient citadel, visiting *en route* the Theatre of Dionysus (Bacchus). Its dimensions were enormous, capable of seating 30,000 spectators. It had no roof, as the performance took place only in fine weather. The best and most prominent seats were allotted to priests attached to the different temples; their marble chairs still have the names of the different temples carved on them, and there is a dais on which the throne of the Emperor Hadrian used to stand during the performances. The stage is supported by stooping figures of the god of music, etc. The orchestra was paved with marble, and a peculiarity of the old Greek theatre is to be seen in three doors leading to the stage from the regions behind the scenes. At a short distance are the ruins of the " Theatre of Herodes Atticus," or " Odeum," which was rather a music hall than a theatre. It could hold 60,000 people. At one time it was roofed with wood, which was destroyed by fire, and the theatre was allowed to fall into decay. On the top of the stage the guide showed us a very small room, and told us that when there was a performance in which gods and goddesses were required to appear they used to come out from a trap-door, and in that room the apparatus stood which worked them up and down. This theatre was built by a rich Roman, and called after the name of his wife. Then we saw the jail where, according to tradition, Socrates was imprisoned, and afterwards poisoned because he scoffed against the religion of the time. It consists of three rooms hewn out of the living rock, two of which are shut, while the third is a double chamber, at the back of which there is a smaller one, which is domed. To this day in Seistan (so Major Benn told me) people build houses with similar domes. We also saw the ancient Parliament House, of which nothing remains except the stage of Demosthenes, which is cut out of the rock, with three steps leading up to it. When any member of the assembly wanted to make a speech he had to mount that stage. Near by are the ruins of the ancient walls which surrounded the city of Athens. From this spot there is a very good view of the olive groves and of Piræus, the port of Athens and the sea. Between the House of Assembly

and the Acropolis there used to stand a Palace of Justice, which is now being excavated. Many ruins of houses have been unearthed at this spot, and no one can say what wonderful things they will bring to light. On our way to the hotel we saw the Temple of Theseus, which is the oldest of all the ruins of Athens. When the Christians became masters of this great capital they turned the temple into a church, and when the Turks got the upper hand they converted it into a hospital, and finally into stables. It is well preserved, and gives a good idea of the Hellenic temples of old. We saw a man, evidently very ill, lying on the solid stones near this temple. Several boys were standing by, but no one helped him. I asked the guide to find out what was the matter with the poor creature; first, he said that the man was drunk, but when I insisted that he should make further enquiries, he did so, and reported that it was really a case of illness. We ordered the guide to take the sick man to an hospital in our carriage, but he said that the police had sent for an ambulance cart, and he could soon be moved. Thank God, in Greece there are no beggars like one sees in Italy, though cripples are met with here and there! I think that England, France and Germany are the countries which take the greatest care of their sick and maimed; in other lands the people are not so humane in this respect. Mr. and Mrs. Howard dined with us, and after dinner we talked long and earnestly about palmistry and hypnotism.

On the morning of October 20th we drove to the Acropolis, where there are some deeply interesting ruins. First, we admired a little gem of a temple dedicated to Victory (Niké), and then entered the Acropolis by its main gateway. The whole is made of massive blocks of marble; it is difficult to surmise how people of those times contrived to lift such immense stones to a height of 100 feet and more. This entrance is called the " Belin " Gate, after a French gentleman who identified its ruins. Proceeding further we saw the place where animals used to be sacrificed, and then the great Temple of Athené, patron goddess of Athens, called the " Parthenon," from the Greek word for " Virgin." It was turned into a church when the Christians came into

power. When the Turks succeeded them they converted it into a mosque, and actually erected minarets, which were destroyed during a bombardment of the Venetians. Frescoes on the walls, painted during the Christian occupancy, can still be seen, though faintly. The Turks had a powder magazine here during the siege of Athens by the Venetians, and a shell fell into the temple, destroying the roof, and dislodging many of its mighty pillars. Most of the sculptures which adorned the exterior were removed by a Lord Elgin, and are now in the British Museum. The Erectheum, hard by, is a smaller but very beautiful temple, and the figures of the six virgins which support the porch instead of columns are very well preserved. This temple is under restoration, and in a short time will be in perfect order. I was glad to hear from our guide that English, French, German and even American societies are employed in excavating and searching for antiquities. The Greek Government has given them a free hand, but does not allow them to remove their " finds," though they can have as many plaster of Paris casts made of them as they please. Their researches show that the ancient Greeks were versed in the use of iron and lead; at many places I saw huge blocks of marble riveted together by ties of these metals. Then we went to the museum which has been established on the top of the Acropolis, and contains all the statues and other articles found within that citadel. In one room we noticed a female statue draped in the old Maráthá fashion, with earrings resembling those which are now worn by Indian ladies. After lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Howard we drove to the National Museum, which really has a very wonderful collection of antiquities. First, we went into the centre room, in which gold ornaments and masks found in ancient tombs are kept. Some of them are as old as the twelfth century B.C.; they are very finely made, the chains being especially artistic. In this room we also saw some instruments of the Stone Age, far older than the gold articles. After the Romans conquered Greece they removed many statues to Rome in ships, one of which foundered in the Mediterranean. Its location at the bottom of the sea has been discovered, and many works of art,

especially a beautiful statue, have been recovered. This represents Athené, and is a real masterpiece. Another of Neptune is equally worth seeing. We then examined sarcophagi in which the dead were buried, with glass bottles for holding the mourners' tears. We also saw stone jars containing the ashes of the dead, from which it appears that cremation was customary, as it is at present in India. A number of statues dredged up out of the sea have been placed in the veranda : most of them have suffered much from wave action and accretions of shells. There is a small garden in the front of the museum, which is beautifully kept. In European gardens raised flower beds of different designs, with plants of varied foliage and flowers, are common. I saw many children playing about, with their nurses watching them. Greek women are generally simply clad, and most of them are of a dark complexion. We then returned to the hotel. In the square a band was playing, and many people were lounging about to enjoy the music. We took our seats on the balcony, and Major Benn very kindly made tea for Mr. and Mrs. Howard and myself.

On October 21st Major Benn and I went to the telegraph office to send some messages. While waiting outside I observed a man leaving the office with a newly-written paper, which he dried with dust from the street. Evidently blotting paper is not provided in Greek telegraph offices. Many people dressed in Albanian costume were walking in the streets, and some had rosaries in their hands as one sees in India. *Hukkas* with a very small *Chilams* are smoked in the cafés. Then we went to an old cemetery, which proved very interesting. One of the tombstones displayed a fine figure of a bull ; on another, Charon, the mythical ferry-man, was rowing some souls across the river Styx, and prudently taking their fares beforehand. Then we saw the main entrance to Athens, and the old walls which went as far as its port, the Piræus. Through this gate Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, entered Athens, though half of his army had been annihilated. Next we saw a Turkish mosque, which is the only one of its kind in Athens. This was at one time a prison, and is now unoccupied, but

ATHENS, TOWER OF THE WINDS

A DESERTED MOSQUE

merchants and shopkeepers, when so inclined, may pray there. Near the mosque is the Colonnade of Hadrian and a gymnasium, now in ruins. Further on we saw the Agora, or market of ancient Athens. It consisted of shops, the remains of which are still visible, bordering an open space or court-yard. At one place, where the country people sold their goods, I observed an antique jar sticking out of the wall; no one can tell to-day what it once contained. The "Tower of the Winds" is a delightful building; it has eight regular sides, each of which is adorned with sculptures typifying a wind. There is also a sun-dial and a water-clock, which used to show the time in cloudy weather. Hard by were several ancient wells, deeply scored on the parapet by the ropes used in drawing water. Then we went to a small Greek church which is 700 years old. These churches are very rich, and their mural paintings are covered with gold and silver. Thence to another church, which is no less than 1,500 years old; its interior is most beautiful, and the high altar so sacred that no one except the priest is allowed to approach it. We returned at 12.15 to see Mr. and Mrs. Howard off for the Piræus and Crete. After lunch Sir Francis Elliot called and took us to the English School, which has a good library. Messrs. Tod and Corelie showed me round, and explained different things connected with the library. Then they took us to "Finland," which was started by a gentleman of that name who once lived here and collected a good library. He was a wonderful man in some respects; he kept a full record of every book he wrote, and the opinion upon it expressed by various people in letters or newspapers. These registers contain cuttings from the newspapers, and original letters written to him by different persons. New additions are being made to the school, where the authorities are thinking of setting up a bust of Mr. Primrose, who was its first president. In the evening I dined with Sir Francis Elliot, to meet H.R.H. the Crown Prince and Princess Beatrice, also the Prime Minister, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the representatives of Russia and Germany. The Princess was very charming, and conversed for a long time with me. In the course of talking

with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, I learnt that the project of making railways to connect Greece with Europe was under consideration, and that in four years' time Greece would not remain so secluded as at present. This will be an immense advantage, as it will bring a host of tourists; many people long to visit the cradle of European civilization, but are deterred by the long sea passage. I had a brief conversation with the Crown Prince and the Prime Minister, who were most affable, and interested in my opinion of their country.

Next day we again visited the Museum, as the Minister for Foreign Affairs very kindly sent one of its Directors to show us round. We now found the objects we had already seen even more interesting, as we learnt more about them. There is a tombstone, the carving of which shows most exquisitely the grief of an old man who had lost his son. We again met Mr. Corelie here, who had been studying coins. He explained to us that, before the invention of money, Western people used to give cattle in exchange for other articles; whereas in the East swords were used for the same purpose. After lunch we took photographs of the Acropolis from the Observatory, and saw the different instruments used for taking observations; there is an anemometer, which automatically registers the direction from which the wind is blowing, and its speed per hour. We saw a huge telescope, which was not in working order. The official who took us round said that it would soon be repaired, but that the Observatory dome was too small for this telescope. We were shown other instruments, such as barometers and rain gauges, but the most interesting was a seismograph for measuring earthquakes, which consists of a heavy weight suspended to a long wire. The least tremor gives motion to this weight, which automatically registers the strength and direction of the shock. On our way back we took photographs of the old theatre on a flank of the Acropolis; I had taken one at the Museum of a beautiful bronze statue, which had lately been raised from the sea. I saw a number of Greek soldiers wearing skirts, which the guide told us was their uniform. It has a very quaint effect. In the evening I again dined

ATHENS, PART OF THE STADIUM

THE PIRÆUS, A VEGETABLE-SELLER

with Sir Francis Elliot, and afterwards went out on his terrace. The moon was full and the sky clear; it was a perfectly beautiful night. Through Sir Francis Elliot's telescope we could see three out of four of Saturn's moons. Lady Elliot is very lively and charming, and I was delighted to make the acquaintance of both.

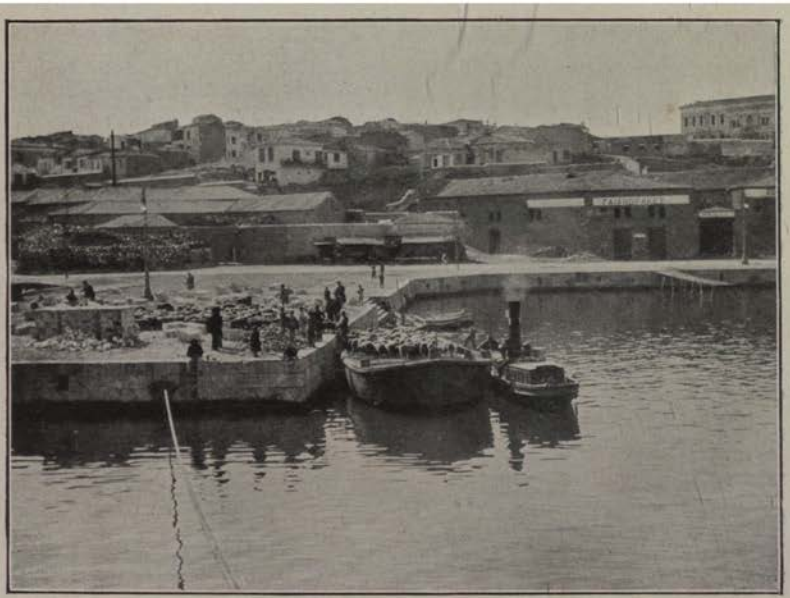
In the morning of October 23rd I visited the British School of Archæology. From this building one could see a curious conical hill dedicated to St. George, on the top of which is a monastery and church. From this hill one obtains a magnificent view of Athens and the country round. This morning I left cards on Sir Francis and Lady Elliot, and two photographs for her and Mr. Desgraz. They have been most kind and hospitable.

We left Athens at 10.30; the roads within the city are infamous, but, curiously enough, when we reached the open country we found our track good in every respect. At this place street hawkers sell their goods from donkeys, which have a very rough time of it; all day long they have to trudge from one street to another, laden with grapes, etc. The newspaper boys make a terrible din, shouting the names of papers, and sometimes call out important news. The language of the country is that of ancient Greece, alphabet and all. On our way to the Piræus we saw Phabron, a rising town in the neighbourhood of Athens. In this country the people consume goat's meat, as other kinds are very dear. We reached the Piræus about noon; it is a fashionable summer resort, and has considerable trade. The Russian steamship "Tsar" was waiting for passengers in the harbour. We left the shore in a small rowing boat, which took us to the "Tsar" in five minutes' time. She was fairly large but very dirty, and had about 300 deck passengers, all of whom, being Turks, were addicted to smoking, and generally unclean in their habits. There were also at least 100 sheep, and fowls innumerable, so the odour from this dense mass of human and animal life was overpowering. The passengers were packed like sardines; there was no difference between first and second class, while deck passengers roamed at their own sweet will. Many men

were accompanied by dogs, which kept up an incessant barking. It was curious to see Turks dressed in gay colours making tea, smoking their pipes and shouting, whilst sheep were bleating, dogs barking and some passengers running to and fro in order to put their luggage in the proper place, others cursing the authorities of the ship for the inconvenience caused them. Many had to sleep in the dining-saloon, which was piled with luggage—a thing never allowed on board the P. & O. steamers. Fortunately our cabin was spacious, and was so situated that we suffered no inconvenience.

We left the Piræus at 2.15, after another boat had entered the harbour, which is so narrow that not more than one ship can pass at a time. As we steamed out of the harbour we had a fine view of shipping in the foreground, and the lofty white houses of the Piræus in the rear. Up to 9 p.m. we sighted various islands, as our course lay through the " Isles of Greece," sung by Lord Byron so enchantingly. The night was very beautiful, with a full moon and a clear sky. The sea was smooth, the din quelled for a time, and everything seemed to be at peace, so I remained long on deck. In Russian ships the captain has nothing to do with the cooking or the food of the passengers; but the stewards did everything in their power to make us comfortable; and some of them were very smart. It is passing strange that this steamer, carrying several hundred passengers, had but one bath-room. Russian people are clearly not so fond of bathing as are Englishmen.

The sea was rather rough on the morning of October 24th; we were travelling parallel with the Island of Crete, and at 4 a.m. the ship stopped at Suda Bay for half an hour to deliver mails. The town is garrisoned by a detachment of 200 Greek soldiers. Crete once belonged to Turkey, but after the war of 1897 it was placed under the Governorship of Prince George of Greece, who has lately resigned his post. I felt very unwell, and had to remain in my cabin till late in the afternoon. We were able to see the Cretan mountains for a considerable time on our left hand, and also the Island of Karpathos. The captain paid me a visit, and we had some talk about the weather. He invited me to his cabin,



THE PIRÆUS, THE HARBOUR

ALEXANDRIA, EXCAVATIONS

where he showed me a sextant and other instruments connected with navigation. I read till very late, as the sea was calm and I enjoyed sitting on deck. The night was warm and cloudy; the moon was not seen in her full splendour, but a breeze blew gently, which had a soothing effect.

CHAPTER XVII

EGYPT, AND HOME AGAIN

WHEN I got up on the morning of October 25th I found that we were still in the Mediterranean. At night the captain sent for me to examine the working of his sextant and the charts by which he checks the ship's course. The weather was perfect; there was a slight swell—so slight that the ship did not feel it.

At 9 a.m. on Wednesday the captain told me that we were 67 miles from Alexandria, and at 3.30 we came in view of its highest light-house. As our ship proceeded at a uniform speed of thirteen knots per hour, other houses and ships in the harbour began unfolding themselves to our vision, and by 4.30 the steamer was alongside the quay. There was a great rush of hotel-keepers and passengers; no one knew what he was doing; the gangway was monopolized by the deck passengers, and everyone wishing to leave the ship had to fight his way through a struggling mass. There was much noise and no order whatever. Egyptians are very fond of tattooing; I saw many men whose hands and feet were covered with patterns. After a prolonged struggle we reached the New Khedivial Hotel at 6 p.m.

Next morning, October 26th, we awoke on *terra firma*, and found everything in its usual course. Major Benn went to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son for our boxes, which were to have come from Europe, while I made the acquaintance of Mr. Chitty, Director General of Customs in Egypt. We started for an excursion through the streets of Alexandria, which is divided into two quarters—one in which the natives live,

and the other sacred to foreigners, just as in continental Europe the Jewish quarters are distinct from others. The streets are full of people of various types, and differently dressed. The natives wear long robes and loose pyjamas, but the educated classes affect European costume. The police seem very smart, as the administration of Egypt is practically in the hands of the English. The streets are dirty, even in the European quarters; the principal thoroughfares are asphalted, but the side roads are paved with large stone slabs, and consequently very noisy. An interesting character is the water-carrier, who sells iced water to the passers-by. He has half a dozen small glasses in a leather belt specially made to hold them, and a curiously shaped instrument with many trinkets hanging to it, which produce different notes as he walks; while another made of brass is held in his hand, and gives out a peculiar noise. The price charged for the iced water is almost nominal. The common people generally walk without shoes. The police are dressed in a white uniform, which looks very neat; they wear red Turkish "fezzes" with a black silk tassel on the top. There are many cafés, where people enjoy themselves and take shelter from the sun. I saw some playing backgammon; nearly everyone takes immense interest in this game, which may really be called the national game of Egypt; others were engaged on dominoes, and the Germans are much addicted to cards. Donkeys are ubiquitous; one sees people of all ranks riding them, gaily caparisoned. Egyptian donkeys attain a good size and are very strong. In the streets the respectable women wear veils on their faces; their chins are generally swathed in white cloth, and an ornament is placed on their foreheads, to which the veil is attached. They really look very quaint in this costume. In higher circles they have adopted the European dress, with some modifications. The women also wear ornaments round their ankles, as ours do, and it was strange to find many others using *mehdi*, or henna, on the soles of their feet, and *churies*, or bangles of glass, round their wrists. Tattooing is common with both sexes, proving that Egyptians retain many traits of primitive man. We drove to the

Place Mehemet Ali, which is a square with fine trees and a bronze statue of the soldier of fortune who founded the reigning dynasty of Egypt. Then we went to the Khedive's Palace, styled "Raset Tin," which is situated on the Mediterranean Sea, and commands a fine marine view. Its exterior is by no means imposing.

We then drove to Pompey's Pillar, which is surrounded by mounds of earth, in which the work of excavation is still progressing. This is a lofty column, which was formerly surmounted by a colossal statue. Then we came to catacombs discovered only a few years ago, where excavations were going on with much ardour; visitors who wish to descend have to pay a fee of a piastre, or eight annas. They go by easy steps down a well, which is covered with a glass roof to allow sunlight to enter. Electric light has been installed below, which makes an immense difference to the visitor. These catacombs appear to date from the Roman conquest, as the sarcophagi are ornamented with Greek designs. The lower depths are still flooded with water, and work is suspended until it can be pumped out. It was very curious to find figures of gods, resembling those we see every day in India painted on the walls of our temples. Thence we drove back to the hotel, through the old and new quarters of Alexandria. After lunch I visited Chitty Bey, Director of Egyptian Customs, who took me to his office and the godowns, where tobacco is kept. They are very extensive, and contain tobacco from every quarter of the globe, as cigarettes are made here for exportation. Chitty Bey told me that a very considerable quantity of cotton is exported every year from Egypt, which has become hugely prosperous by importing and exporting merchandise. The Customs is a paying department and managed creditably. He told us that it requires great care to prevent *bhang* and *ganja*—intoxicants made from hemp—from being smuggled into Egypt from Greece, where this crop is specially cultivated for export to Egypt. Then he took me to a school which he had started only four years ago. It is supported by Government, and peasants pay only one penny per diem for the children's education. The Heir of the throne of Egypt

is a patron of this school. Chitty Bey took us round the classes, where boys learn to read and write Arabic. There is also a school here where girls are taught the rudiments of learning, lace making, sewing and knitting. The boys attend every alternate day, and in the intervals they receive instruction in handicrafts, such as carpentry, modelling, shoemaking, etc. An Italian bandmaster instructs some of them in music. In this way every possible effort is done to make the future generation capable of earning their livelihood independently. The boys ought to enjoy good health, but I was sorry to see many of them looking pale and ill-nourished. It was pleasant to find that the authorities had not forgotten to place a small gymnasium at their disposal. As we entered the school the boys' band played the National Anthem, and, while we took coffee, they charmed our ears with selections of good music. One of which was a march composed in honour of Chitty Bey. I enjoyed myself very much at this school, and on our return to the hotel Chitty Bey gave us tea. In the evening we bought some photographs and postcards, our guide receiving the usual commission surreptitiously from the shopkeepers. Great is the power of *bakhshish* throughout the East!

The following morning, October 27th, having obtained some money from Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, I sallied forth to procure photographs of the principal characters of Alexandria, such as the water-carrier, or *bhisti*, the bread-seller and women wearing veils. I made preparations to photograph one of the water-sellers, but when he saw me with a camera he would not stand to be photographed, and ran away! The date is the chief fruit of Egypt; we saw date palms in abundance everywhere, and they really looked very beautiful.

We left Alexandria for Cairo at noon by train, which passed through large swamps and then over a series of bridges, across canals, which intersect the country and carry Nile water everywhere. The Nile is a wonderful river, and is the source of this country's prosperity and wealth. Credit should undoubtedly be given to the English, who have made Egypt what it is to-day. The whole plain is covered with

fields of maize and cotton, and a good sprinkling of sugar cane is also seen. The soil is very rich, but rice seems almost unknown, although I wonder why it is not produced, there being plenty of water for its cultivation. Our train, after a run of one and a half hours, with three short stoppages, brought us to Cairo at 3.15 p.m. We drove to Shepherd's Hotel, which is known all over the world. The manager gave us an excellent suite with a fine balcony in front of my drawing-room. I was much disappointed at finding no letters, but Major Benn went to Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son's office and brought back a registered letter for me, which contained a draft for £300. Our first thought was to make a general survey of the city, and we therefore went to the Citadel. On our way we saw a library which had been completed only a few months ago, and the exterior of two mosques which people say will never be finished, namely, Riaaiyeb and Sultan Hassan. We drove to the Citadel by a winding road. It is occupied by English troops, but is nevertheless open to public inspection. From a battery of Krupp guns a very fine view of the city of Cairo and of the tombs of the Khalifas is obtained, and one can also make out a road running between high walls, where the Mamlukes were treacherously killed by Mehemet Ali's orders. They were hereditary guards, who became so turbulent that their massacre was resolved on, and carried out with cruelty, only one escaping. Then we went into the mosque Mehemet Ali, which was built about 50 years ago. Its vast dome is supported by four square pillars, and it was necessary to replace those originally erected, because they were unequal to the strain placed on them. Every mosque contains a lofty pulpit, from which the sheikh preaches. The tomb of Mehemet Ali stands at one of the four corners of this mosque; it is a fine piece of work. We then walked round the building, and reached a spot facing the setting sun, from which we could see the Khedivial Palace and the quarters occupied by the Ministers when the Citadel was the abode of royalty. The Mukkattam Hills near by command the site of the Citadel, and would make it untenable in war. The Pyramids and the Nile were very distinct, as the sun was setting through

CAIRO, A STREET SCENE

A BAKER'S STALL

clouds; the reflection of the red sky was lovely, and I enjoyed it very much. From this place the tombs of ancient Mamluke sovereigns are also visible. On our way back we passed through dirty bazaars, some of which gave forth such offensive smells that we were obliged to drench our handkerchiefs with eau-de-cologne. In the evening we crossed the river by a fine bridge, with two bronze lions keeping guard on either side of it. We saw private villas springing up in all directions. The Ghizera Palace Hotel is very pretty, and its garden tastefully laid out with some good statues and fountains.

On our way to the Muski Bazaar on October 28th we passed the Frery Bridge Station, which was constructed only a few months ago in English style. It looked very neat and clean; I do not know whether people work here with the same activity as they do in England. There is not much attractiveness in the Muski Bazaar for an Indian, although it contains a good deal to amuse Europeans who have never seen an oriental city. Then we went to the great Mohammedan University, where 14,000 students are taught Arabic. It is a vast edifice, but I do not think that it is properly managed. Every district has its own section, and there are professors of different sciences, who sit on rudely-made chairs, while the students make a circle round each. All the professors expound text-books to their pupils at the same time, and the latter repeat their lessons loudly, creating such a din that I wonder how they can hear what their teachers say. The sections are not divided by party walls, and it is quite impossible to confine the noise to one room. Another drawback is that boarders have an allowance of bread only. I doubt whether this system is conducive to turning out great and noble men. They may be good professors of Arabic lore, but the authorities ought to bring the University up to date, if it is really to be an instrument for regenerating Egypt. From the University we went to the tomb of the Khalifas, which look very picturesque. The old Arabs did great wonders in this respect. Their religion forbids them to carve or paint any living object, and so they could use lines only; but some of their designs are most

beautiful. In this mosque we saw two stones which are said to bear the footprints of Mohammed himself; they are held in great reverence. Then we saw the late Khedive's tomb, which is under construction, or rather being repaired, and when the ornamentation is finished it will be occupied by the royal corpse. He was the father of the present Khedive. Thence to a huge mosque which, according to our guide, would never be completed. This mosque was begun by the mother of Ismail Pasha, and is very rich in architectural ornaments. There is another of Princess Twafidah Hassan, which has quite recently been finished, with great wealth of inlaid work of wood, ivory and mother-of-pearl. Its architect, Mr. Parvis, is an Italian gentleman, who did a great deal to resuscitate the old Egyptian art, which had nearly been forgotten. The world should be very thankful to him, especially Egypt, to which he has rendered inestimable service. The Sultan Hasan Mosque stands just across the street; its only merit is its size. The cornice is rather pretty, but placed so high that one cannot see its details, and the lofty flat walls look like those of a store-house for grain. Inside, all was in great confusion. Then we went to see "Howling Dervishes," in a small house situated near the Citadel. Their hall is in a horse-shoe form, a railing surrounds the space in which the dervishes stand to howl, and beyond it there are benches for visitors' use. When we arrived a number of young men were standing in this circular space, and at the far end there was a small raised platform, on which a number of singers were standing, with a middle-aged man who was, perhaps, the head of the party. When the singers struck up, the dervishes kept time by moving their heads, or bending their bodies downwards. In course of time an old man with long hair took the centre of the group, and began to oscillate his body frantically. All this seems to be done for the amusement of Europeans; I doubt its being a part of their religion, as the persons who took part in the affair were the reverse of sanctimonious, but young and mischievous. One of them slapped another by way of a joke. Then we visited the tombs of the Mamlukes, of which there is little noteworthy to record, except

that all the Mamlukes slaughtered by Mehemet Ali lie in peace at this spot. Here is also the tomb of Ibrahim Pasha, the stepson and successor of Mehemet Ali. In some of the more important mosques one sees large carpets which travel to Mecca and back. Richly embroidered rugs are sent there yearly, and after a year are returned to Mohammedan States, or sold for large sums of money. Many advanced Egyptian ladies have adopted the European fashion; they wear stockings and high-heeled boots. Women of the populace wear blue linen or cotton dresses, and their red caps look very pretty. Mr. Andrews and his wife dined with us; he is in the Government service and resides in Upper Egypt.

The city of Cairo is very busy; at night I was kept awake by carriages rolling in the streets, which was unusual, as I am not disturbed by ordinary noises. At 11 a.m. on October 29th, accompanied by Major Benn, I paid a visit to the Earl of Cromer, who practically rules Egypt, though he is simply styled "British Agent." He received us in his library, which contains a great number of beautifully bound books. These, he said, in course of conversation, were mostly works of reference. He is one of the world's principal personages, and has done wonders for Egypt. He very kindly showed us the ball-room, which is spacious and beautifully decorated; and a veranda overlooking the Nile, from which a lovely view is obtained. After taking leave of Lord Cromer we drove to the great Museum which is still under construction, but open to the public. It contains a vast collection of antique objects; one would require six months to learn one's way about. The hieroglyphic writings are numerous; they contain the history of the country, and some of them are 6,000 or 7,000 years old. The statues are well executed, some bronze and wooden ones being especially good, and their expression was life-like. There is a great assortment of embalmed corpses, styled "mummies"; the method of preserving them is still a secret. Some of them have not been unwrapped, but are still covered with the cloth which people used to wear at that remote epoch, mostly of silk. We were shown different departments containing arms, vases and such like things; lastly, a room in which

valuables are kept, displaying articles of gold, silver and jewellery set with pearls and other precious stones, much after the fashion which is seen in modern times. Another hall contained canoes and boats used by people of those days, identical in shape with our own. In one room we saw animals embalmed as sacred; their mummies were in wonderful preservation. I was introduced to the Director of the Museum, who very kindly showed us many curiosities and gave us full explanations of them.

After luncheon Lord Cromer returned my visit, and we sat talking on the terrace for some time. He served for several years in India as Finance Minister, and previously as Private Secretary to his cousin, the late Earl of Northbrook, and was interested to learn my ideas on that country. In his opinion the Indian Government changed its officers too quickly; he thought that a man should be left for several years at least in a province in order to make himself acquainted with the people and local conditions. After his visit was over we drove to the Pyramids on a road which lay across the Nile, over which there is only one good bridge; but the authorities think of constructing another. On the other side of the river the road is well protected from the sun by an avenue of *Siras* trees. The country is quite flat and fertilized by the inundations of the Nile, which covers it with a fresh coating of silt every year. Some villages are built upon islands. Malarial fever is very rife among dwellers in the marshes; it is high time for Government to undertake a campaign against the disease-dealing mosquito. The Pyramids looked magnificent with the sun behind them. There are so many opinions as to their origin that it is not an easy matter of which to give an off-hand explanation: one's only impressions are those of size and perfect symmetry. Then we gazed on the Sphinx, that object of world-wide fame. It was perhaps an idol of the Egyptians, and when the Mohammedans invaded the country such monuments as this suffered severely at their hands. We mounted donkeys here, and were photographed with the Sphinx in the background and its recently excavated temple constructed of huge granite blocks. This stone was brought

A WATER-CARRIER

CAIRO, A MUSSULMAN GRAVEYARD

here from quarries 600 miles distant. We also went round one of the pyramids. A man mounted to the summit and came down in six and a half minutes. The height of this pyramid is about 450 feet, and it is called after its royal founder, Cheops.

After taking tea we returned to Cairo; the weather was perfect, the sky clear and the stars shone brilliantly; a gentle breeze was blowing, and the Nile glided by with scarce a ripple on its surface; the whole scene was unforgettable. On reaching Shepherd's Hotel we dined, and then went to an Arab, called "Egyptian," theatre to see a play styled "Cruelty of Fathers." The scenery was very poor, and the actors by no means good. Only one man played moderately well; he was a Sheikh Professor at the University, who is himself a dramatist. The other actors simply repeated their parts like so many parrots, without the slightest expression. There was no accompaniment, and the songs were not unlike Indian vocal music. In India people delight in seeing useless and irrelevant matter on the stage, and much time is wasted in these side-shows. I noticed the same thing in this Arabic play. At its close some moving pictures were shown; I heard men in the audience shouting the name of the pictures they wished to see; but it was a poor show. We returned to our hotel at 1 a.m.

On October 30th we sallied forth to make purchases at different shops. At one we bought veils and a few table cloths. We also saw the Scent Market, where *'itr*, commonly called "Otto of Roses," is sold. The street was very narrow, and the place so dirty that, but for the scents, it would be intolerable to visitors. We bought some *'itr* and amber, and at this place a shopkeeper offered us real Turkish coffee mixed with amber, which was very highly flavoured, but too strong for me. We then visited Mr. Parvis's shop, where many antiques are displayed. The carpets are very good indeed; I had never seen such beautiful silk ones before. Then we moved to another shop kept by an Indian; I was glad to see my countrymen carrying on a thriving business; I admired their courage in leaving India and coming to trade in a foreign land. Nearly every man here had caste-marks

on his face. These marks are impressed in childhood, and increase in size as the person grows older. There is a curious custom here—a syce is not allowed to stand at the back of the carriage, but must run before the horses to keep the road clear. These syces carry long sticks in their hands with tassels much longer than those of the common people.

After lunch we drove to Heliopolis. On our way we passed the Khedive's Palace, enclosed by a high wall and garden; it is not imposing from outside. We entered a garden where there is a fig tree said to be 2,000 years old. People allege that when the infant Jesus Christ and his family were expelled from Palestine they rested under this tree, which is therefore called the Virgin Mary's Tree. It still bears fruit and looks its reputed age. A gentleman who accompanied us said that the Egyptian fig tree yields the best and strongest wood. After having been cut down it is laid in mud, and allowed to remain there until a very offensive odour comes from it; and after this treatment the wood never goes bad nor is eaten by worms. At this place we bought some oranges and figs. Then we drove to the site of Heliopolis, the "City of the Sun." It is marked by an ancient obelisk, all the rest of its antiquities having been removed to other countries. This obelisk, which has hieroglyphic writings, is 66 feet high and surrounded with trees. The fields hereabouts produce heavy crops of maize. Our next visit was to an ostrich farm, which is not far from the railway station. It is stocked with 1,400 ostriches, all bred here. Some were pointed out which were twenty-five years old. The male ostrich has black, the female grey plumes; and the coveted white feathers are taken from the tails. A hen ostrich will lay thirty eggs in rapid succession, but up to the age of two years it is impossible to tell the bird's sex. They are kept in a "corral," enclosed by a wall 8 feet high made of unbaked bricks, and live on grain and vegetables. This farm stands on the threshold of the African Desert, a boundless stretch of hillocky sand. We made a few purchases of ostrich plumes and of eggs. On returning to the hotel I had a visit from Professor Nimr, Editor of the newspaper

Mukattam. He is really an able and interesting man; Major Benn and I had a long talk with him about Egypt and her future. He said that Lord Cromer had worked immense good to the country, and that, if the present rate of progress continued for twenty years, Egypt would be in quite a different condition. The Egyptians suffer terribly from ophthalmia, and a considerable number of the common people squint. Some attribute these maladies to intermarriage with too close relations. If so, the Hindus, who have condemned such marriages, must have done so for some good reason. But the swarms of flies which settle on the children's faces and defile the food are enough to account for the prevalence of eye diseases.

On the morning of October 31st we were engaged in buying photographs and postcards. Mr. William Basset, an American gentleman of Boston, paid me a visit; he told me that he was going to India in a few months' time, and I assured him that I should be glad to welcome him at my place if he cared to leave the beaten track. Our train left the station at 11 a.m., and we went as far as Benha on the line by which we had reached Cairo. After an hour's run we began to travel at right angles to the former line, and at 2 p.m. arrived at Ismailia, a fairly large town. The country is not so rich as that which adjoins the Nile. From Kantara a fresh-water canal runs to Port Said, and a large fresh-water lake is situated between them. We reached our destination, Port Said, at 3.20 and put up at the Savoy Hotel, from the balcony of which one could see a procession of steamers passing through the canal, and the S.S. "India" taking in coal for the journey to Marseilles. We have begun to pack for India, as the "Egypt" will call here to-morrow afternoon.

We had made no programme for the morning of November 1st, so everyone of us was at liberty to do what he wished. I went for a walk, taking Dr. Ramlal with me, as far as the statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, which stands at the mouth of the harbour. It is of bronze and beautifully executed. There were ships from many countries lying in the harbour, and a stream of people pouring to and from them. When a

steamer arrives the port becomes very lively, and, as every ship which comes here takes coal, there are hundreds of people who earn their bread by conveying it on board. These men have sometimes to coal four or five ships without ceasing labour, but they earn good wages, which reconcile them to living in a state of perpetual grime. If some chemist discovered soap which would remove coal dirt at one wash he would make a fortune. Some small Russian cruisers are expected to pass through the canal shortly. The shopkeepers of Port Said have a bad time of it. They must sit in their shops from daybreak till midnight, as their presence is essential when a steamer arrives at the port, and they cannot tell beforehand when customers may come to buy things. My Alexandria friend, Chitty Bey, Director of Customs, has very kindly sent me two samples of the cotton seed which is grown in Egypt, with the mature cotton produced by it, in order that I may compare the result with our Indian growths. In the afternoon, while sitting in Dr. Ramlal's balcony, I saw in the distance the "Egypt" coming into the harbour. She looked very majestic with her two black funnels, as she anchored near the P. & O. office. I took a photograph of this mighty ship as coolies were at work coaling her. In the afternoon we bought some deck chairs. The shopkeepers here are really greater knaves than any I have encountered. Immediately they see a passenger coming down the gangway of a steamer they put off in small boats, and begin to shout the names of the articles which they have for sale. No sooner has a visitor landed than he is surrounded by match-sellers and boot-cleaners, and on stepping into the street the shopkeepers come from their dens, stand in his path, and worry him to enter their shop. In this way the poor visitor has no peace; and everything is very dear, as the shopkeepers ask very high prices. I think that the authorities should put a stop to these practices, or else, in course of time, these harpies will seize visitors by the hand and drag them into their shops. Englishmen treat such people with scanty respect; shop-touts and carriage drivers are especially condemned, and an Anglo-Indian never hesitates to use bad language in

CAIRO, A STREET SCENE

A MARKET-PLACE

addressing them. We dare not behave thus on the Continent, but it is hardly fair to blame Englishmen for this conduct, as the provocation they receive is great. In the evening I went to see our cabin on board the "Egypt," where I was glad to meet Kemp, our former cabin steward. While we were on board coolies were coaling the ship, hence every window and port-hole was shut, and she looked quite deserted. The mail boat is expected at 7 p.m. to-morrow from Brindisi.

On November 2nd we heard that the "Egypt" would leave Port Said at noon, but this morning Major Benn told us that she would start three hours earlier. I therefore rose betimes, and was ready by 8.30. The hotel people were very late in taking the luggage to the ship, and we had to see everything off ourselves. Mr. Tarrel, the Collector of Customs, kindly sent his boat for us, and 9 a.m. saw us safely installed on the "Egypt."

We weighed anchor at 9.30, and soon lost sight of Port Said. It has but one building, which looks imposing from the harbour. The fresh-water canal runs parallel to that of Suez, and enables people to display a little vegetation near their homes. On the other side lies Lake Menzaleh, consisting of brackish water, which is of no benefit to the country. At half-past three we approached the Station of Ferdinand, where the canal has been cut through hard stone, and at 4.50 reached Ismailia, where we were held up to allow another ship to pass. At this place a palace was built to lodge the Empress Eugénie of France when she came to join in the inauguration of the canal in 1869, but it now belongs to the English. There are some trees near the town, and the road which leads to the palace is lined with avenues. Their foliage seems intensely green, owing perhaps to its contrast with the surrounding desert. Steamers are not allowed to travel faster than six miles an hour in the canal, lest their wash should cause erosion to the banks.

On the morning of November 3rd bearings were taken at 7 a.m., and we found we had travelled 134 miles from Suez. That day we were going down the Red Sea. It has a bad reputation for unbearable heat, but the morning was perfect, a nice head wind was blowing and the sea quite calm.

Towards evening, however, the thermometer rose; but the temperature was endurable, thanks to two electric fans in our cabin. It was a great relief to have these appliances. Mr. Nawaoji Pestonji Vakil was on board, also his nephew. I was glad to see them again. Mr. Vakil presented Mahbub Ali Bey, a boy of fifteen, who is a son of the Commander-in-Chief of Hyderabad, and being educated at the Forest Hill House School, near the Crystal Palace. He also introduced his niece, a girl of eleven, who had a sweet, childish face. Rich Indians should follow his example if they wish their sons to be really educated. Mahbub Ali is a good boy, with pleasant manners and full of life. He asked me to write my name in his album, which I gladly did. In the Red Sea one seldom loses sight of the land. At 10 a.m. we saw some lofty mountains on the African coast, all very barren. Here I made the acquaintance of a lady who, with her husband, Major Reid, was on her way to India for a cold weather tour. I invited them to Jhalrapatan, if they ever found themselves in my neighbourhood.

On rising on the morning of November 4th we found ourselves still in the Red Sea and out of sight of land; two or three steamers passed us in the distance. The day was perfectly calm, but terribly warm; I thought this must surely be the worst day, and that on the morrow it would cool down. Sports were held in the afternoon. The first was "Threading the Needle," the second a "Telegram" competition. In the latter a word was given—for instance "Africans," and every competitor had to write a telegram using the letters composing it as initials. The lady who won the first prize wrote: "Arrived from Riviera ill; cannot attend night service"; the second lady, "Annie fainted right in captain's arms; nobody shocked." I should have given her the first prize, for her attempt caused great amusement. After dinner there was an auction on deck of the numbers drawn in the lottery on the ship's course. Towards evening a light breeze always sprung up, which was a great relief; one had an opportunity for reading books, which are *tabu* when the thermometer marks 90° or upwards.

We were still in the Red Sea on the morning of November 5th, and it was as hot as ever; but for the electric fans life would have been unbearable. The sea was rather rough, and our ship pitched, but fortunately not much. That afternoon sports took place, in which both ladies and gentlemen participated. The first was the "Whistling Coon," in which each gentleman who competed was given an envelope enclosing a scrap of paper with the name of some tune inscribed on it. Competitors had to run 50 yards, then stand in front of their respective lady-partners and whistle the tune, whilst the lady had to guess its name and write it on a piece of paper, with which her comrade had to run back to the starting-place. Then there was an "Egg-and-spoon" race, in which only ladies took part.

November 6th found us still in the Red Sea, but a light breeze made the weather somewhat less oppressive. We could see land on both sides, and shortly afterwards passed Perim, where the S.S. "China" went down. The P. & O. Company refloated her, in order to keep up their prestige; they could have built a new ship with the money spent on raising the wreck. Before we reached Aden we passed some hills destitute of even a blade of grass. The whole peninsula seems barren, and has no attraction of any sort for a foreign nation, except that Aden commands the southern entrance to the Red Sea, which is a main artery of communication between Europe and Asia. We could see a signal-house perched on a lofty hill, and at its foot, as well as on other hill slopes, the lines of the British troops, and formidable batteries to boot. During the summer Aden is a furnace, but it is said to be very healthy. The mail steamer "Taurus" arrived to receive and deliver post-bags, followed by other boats containing swarthy natives of Aden, but no divers as of yore. Government has put a stop to diving for coins from these boats, owing to the presence of voracious sharks.

We cast anchor at 4 p.m.; I did not land, as the few sights would require more time than we had to spare. After a stay of three hours, our ship continued her voyage to Bombay. At dusk the lights of Aden looked beautiful

against a dark outline of hills in the background and shedding their reflection on the smooth waters of the harbour. In a few minutes we entered the Indian Ocean.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Blakesby, who was stationed at Mount Abu some time ago. He complained that transfers were too frequent in the Political Department, and that officers rarely remained long enough to make themselves acquainted with local affairs. I afterwards conversed with a gentleman who owns an estate fifty square miles in area in the *Terai* of Nepal. He told me that irrigation is essential there for raising good crops, and that his father-in-law had done much to improve his estate, which possessed a perfect system of canals. On getting up the next morning we could still see the mountains of Aden in the distance. The passengers' committee had approved of my giving prizes for a "Book Dinner." It was now much cooler and very pleasant. A nice breeze had been blowing without disturbing the surface of the Indian Ocean, which stretches grandly towards the horizon on all sides. It was as calm as when we crossed it on our voyage to Europe last April. In the afternoon we saw some flying fish, and watched porpoises leaping with much grace and beauty. Sports began soon after luncheon. The children's race was very funny, owing to the eagerness of the tiny competitors. The next item was a potato race, which caused equal amusement, as the boys and girls, while running, had to pick up potatoes set in a row, one by one, place each in a basket, and carry it to the starting point. Then came competitions for the grown-ups. Closed envelopes, in which were slips of paper bearing the name of some animal, were offered to each man. He took one at random, tore it open, and then had to run to a black-board and draw thereon a picture of the animal whose name was written on the piece of paper. His partner, a lady, had to guess the creature depicted. Each competitor was timed from the start to finish, and he who took the least time, and whose partner was most ingenious in interpreting his efforts, won the first prize. Next there was an "Arithmetic Competition," managed as the last, except that the envelopes contained figures which the lady partner had to add up.

There were dead and final heats, the winner of which carried off the prize.

There are few Indians who could take part in such competitions, not to mention our ladies, who seldom know whether two and two make four or eight! My unhappy countrymen, who cling to ancient ways, while Japan has thrown off her mediæval slough in one generation! What is the boasted progress of India compared to hers? One night there was a fancy dress ball for the second-class passengers; I went there and enjoyed it immensely. A lady representing the S.S. "Egypt" got the prize, but other costumes were excellent, considering the limited resources of 'board-ship life.

November 8th found us still in the Indian Ocean, and enjoying the calm weather which is usual here except during the monsoon. The same afternoon we saw some flying fish, which might be mistaken for birds when seen from a distance. A school of porpoises sprang out of the water in line, and kept alongside our ship for some way; I am told that they sometimes play round the bows of a steamer at full speed. I witnessed a tug-of-war between single and married ladies; the celibates won easily; among the married team Mrs. Reid did her best, but she was not supported by her partners. For my "Book Dinner," which then took place, some of the ladies had thought of clever devices for expressing the name of a book. The first prize, however, was awarded to Mr. Blakeney, who wore two dice with sixes—the highest possible throw—representing a book called "Bound to Win." I presented the prizes.

The next day was very fine indeed, and the sea like a lake. In the afternoon there were more sports. A "Potato Race" for ladies was very amusing for spectators, but hard work for the fair competitors. Later on a game of "Are you there?" began. Two men, who were blindfolded, lay in pairs on deck, face downwards, each holding the other's left hand, with a funnel made of newspaper in their right hand. At a given signal one of the pair asked the other, "Are you there?" The other replied, "Yes," and moved his head away, and then the man who put the question had to hit him with the newspaper. In this way

ear and nerves are trained, which is a very good thing. After dinner our captain proposed the King's health, and this toast was drunk with due honour and respect. These Englishmen are very loyal and faithful to their King; nothing would induce such men to act contrary to his interest. Here is a lesson for us Indians who have no fatherland as yet. A fancy dress ball took place on deck. A "Norwegian Country Girl" took the first prize, a "Lemon Squash" and "Toy Shop" shared the second. A few other costumes, such as a "Barber's Shop," were worthy of notice, but the whole affair was lacking in "go." The fancy dress ball got up by the second-class passengers was far more lively.

We were nearing India on November 10th; though she has not advanced as far in the path of civilization as some of the countries I have seen, still she is my home, and I am glad to see her once more after an absence of seven months. The only sorrow is that my dear father is not alive to welcome me, for then I should have enjoyed my return much more; but it will be a delight to see my mother again, who has been seriously ill during my absence. The Rani Saheba will be pleased to see me back, as will our darling baby.

After dinner Mrs. Rowe made a speech, in which she thanked the gentlemen on board for getting up sports on the ladies' behoof, and very kindly mentioned my name as one of the promoters, whereon the other members of the committee replied briefly, thanking their fair colleague. The voyage has really been a success hardly qualified by the Red Sea heat. Many of our passengers must have regretted the peace and absence of responsibility of sea life, which ended as we approached Bombay.

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GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

00058748

Due Date

15 JUN 1972

Digitized with financial assistance from
Ms.Vaidehi Thakar
on 06 November, 2019